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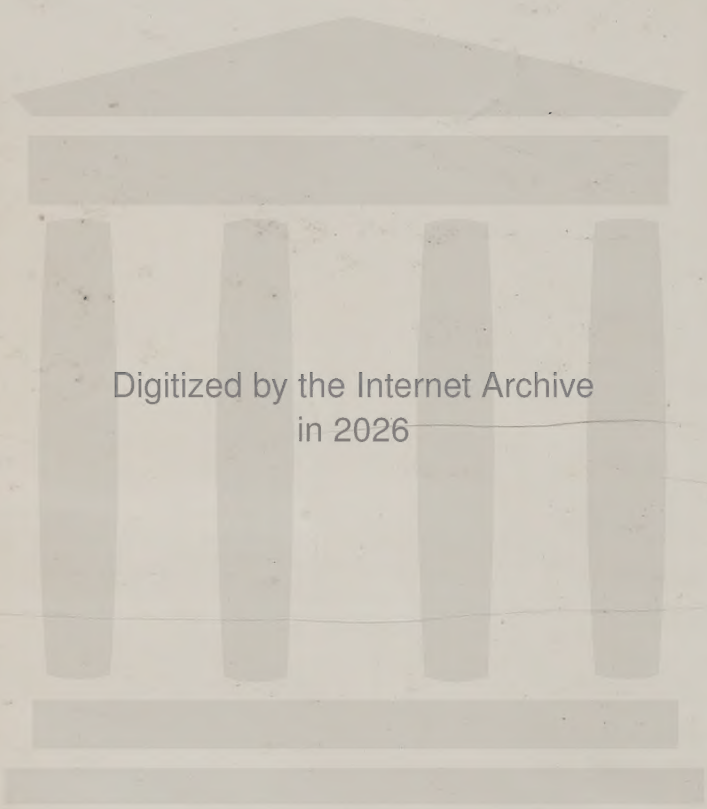
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SHAMROCK-LAND

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Old Blarney Castle.

The most noted structure of its kind in the world. It was erected by Carmac McCarthy in 1446.

SHAMROCK LAND

A RAMBLE THROUGH IRELAND

BY

PLUMMER F. JONES

ILLUSTRATED

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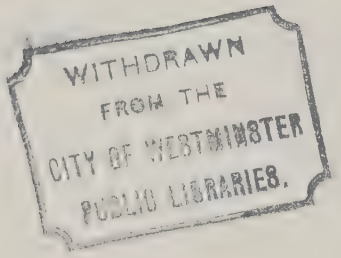

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Dedicated to

MY PARENTS

FROM WHOM I INHERITED A LOVE FOR NATURE
AND A SYMPATHY FOR MY
FELLOW-MEN

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	First Glimpses of Ireland	1
II.	Old Cork and the Castle of Blarney	30
III.	Walks and Talks with the People of Killarney	58
IV.	A Ramble through the Golden Vale of Tipperary	87
V.	On a Jaunting-car in Tipperary	118
VI.	With the Peat-cutters in Galway	147
VII.	Galway's Tragedy — The First Lynching	175
VIII.	In Quest of Goldsmith's Deserted Village	198
IX.	The Irish Woman — Aristocrat and Peasant	218
X.	The Two Irelands — North and South	247
XI.	Rural Ireland as it is To-day	282
XII.	Sunset at the Giant's Causeway	313

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Old Blarney Castle . . . . . *Frontispiece*	
Queenstown and Her Harbor	10
An Irish Train, Primitive as all Irish Trains are . . .	16
Round Tower and Village Street in Cloyne, near Cork Harbor	18
Mardyke Walk, Cork	34
A Post-office, Three Miles from Cork	42
Blarney Castle, near Cork	48
On an Irish Road	56
Old Weir Bridge — Killarney	64
Upper Lake — Killarney	66
A Lane in Killarney Town	72
The Lower Lake, Killarney	80
Old Ross Castle on the Lower Lake, Killarney	86
In an Alley of an Inland Irish Town	102
A Cromlech, near Dundalk	106
Old Cross and Round Tower	110
View from the Summit of the Rock of Cashel	116
The Irish Jaunting-car	118
A Typical Irish Landscape	124
A Road in Tipperary	128
"The Top o' the Morning to Ye"	136
An Irish Country Store	142
A Rural School	152
In Sight of the Grassy Fields	160
On His Knees in a Potato Patch	164

FACING PAGE

In a Galway Peat Bog 166
Three Half-grown White Shoats Emerged from the Open Doorway 172
"From that Window Walter Lynch was Flung" . . . 196
Standing Bare-legged on a Rocky Irish Hillside . . . 202
"Glory to God! Amuriky will yet be th' Home of this Ould Mon" 204
Ruins of the Goldsmith Home 206
In the Heart of the Deserted Village — a Home that has Survived 212
Ruins of the "Busy Mill," Goldsmith's Deserted Village . 214
Tavern — the Three Jolly Pigeons, the Deserted Village . 216
View from the Home of One of the Gentry 220
Milking the Goat 226
An Old Timer Coming Home from the Wood 236
Peddling Turf — Twelve Sods a Penny 238
A Seller of Blackthorn Sticks 242
A Landscape View of North Ireland 264
Homes in Southwestern Ireland 270
Coragher's Farm, the Home of the Ancestry of President McKinley. 282
Landscape — Western Ireland 284
An Irish Interior 292
The Vale of Glendalough, County Wicklow 304
A Bit of Coast in North Ireland 318
Dunluce Castle, near the Giant's Causeway 324
Sunset at the Giant's Causeway 332

SHAMROCK–LAND

CHAPTER I

FIRST GLIMPSES OF IRELAND

IT was the afternoon of a June day, and a cold, biting wind swept the decks of the great ocean steamship which a few days before had set sail from America for Queenstown and Liverpool. The day had dawned bright, and clear, and cold, — just such a day as one who was reared in a Middle Atlantic State is accustomed to associate with early October, — the opening of chestnut burrs, the jay's shrill cry, and the tang of autumn fields. Yet before noon, contrary to every American notion of climatic virtue, the air began to fill with a blinding, stinging mist which settled down over the ocean like a pall.

The ocean chart, posted in the cabin at noon, had indicated that we were within a hundred and thirty miles of Queenstown. Eyes that had grown tired of the gray monotony of the ocean

now brightened as they peered through the gloom for some sign of the journey's end. Land could not be far away, for seagulls and swallows had begun to follow behind our vessel, and far off ahead in the misty distance steamers with long trails of black smoke passed beyond our range of vision bearing the commerce of a foreign world. Out in front of us three naked spars stood between our ship and the gloomy sky. About this vessel, scattered here and there upon the sea, little black specks rose and fell with the waves. It was a fleet of dark-sailed fishing craft, manned by fishermen of swarthy complexion and the strong, firm features of the Celt. They waved us a rough welcome from their unsteady boats as we passed.

A rift appeared in the storm-clouds and the swirling waste of mist. The red sun struggled out of the gloom, sending long lines of light across the white-capped waves. Far away on the north, peering through a melting cloud of vapor, and swept with restless winds, arose — ah! how wondrous in beauty! — an opaline mountain of Ireland! What a significance that thus through storm and darkness should have

come to us the first glimpse of this strange, sorrowful island of the sea!

It was Lord Beaconsfield who in the climax of a great speech ascribed all the troubles of Ireland to the fact that she is surrounded by a melancholy ocean. And who indeed can resist the thought that the minds of men are governed and their dispositions and temperaments largely determined by the sky under which they live and the horizon by which they are circumscribed?

Picture, if you can, a jagged line of shore, with mighty cliffs lifting themselves above the gray waste of sea, the scarps and mountains broken and bare, the crumbling boulders fretted with the furious lashings of storm-waves which have beaten in with dreadful monotony since the very beginnings of time. Then think of that sea stretched far, far out until its restless infinitude becomes one with the sky of wind-driven cloud and melting, twisting skeins of streaming rain. And see the country behind, rocky, worn, and bare, swept with the storm and soaked with rain. And farther back still the tall mountains rise, their sides breasting the tempest, their tops enshrouded with fog which

clings to the layer of wet snow. And think of the bleak winters of this far northern land, with short gray days and long, long nights of gloom.

Then think of him and of her who dwell within that stocky gray hut of stone at the base of the cliff or in a hollow on the mountain side, bending low over the peat-fire, dreaming and crooning to the sound of the storm which howls around the eaves of thatch or dashes in gusts down the chimney and scatters the turf-embers about the hearth. And when at last the gray dawn comes, see them go quietly out and stand on the rocky hillside and gaze across the checkered wind-swept fields.

Ah! what wonder that a soul, dwelling thus in the shadow of storm, should drink in something of its strife, and take unto itself a portion of its energy and unrest! And who but can see, as an Irishman has recently pointed out, that the sons who have drunken terror and hatred of the sea with their mother's milk should have gotten into their blood "some of its salt bitterness, its mystery and melancholy," and that the race upon the shore, though with sunshine hidden in the heart, should wear ever a

quiver upon the lip, and dwell always upon the very borderland of tears?

We passed Glandore Harbor and Ross Carbery Bay, and old Galley Head, dripping and damp. Then came Clonakilty, and Seven Heads and Courtmacsherry Bay, and the Old Head of Kinsale, with lights ablaze, projecting far out into the waves. Then the signals from our ship, — red and blue and green, — and rapidly passing lights upon the shore. An old Irishman, square-jawed, black-haired, blue-eyed, stood for a long time with his hand upon the rail weeping silently. His boyhood had been spent upon one of those rocky hillsides in the distance, under whose stones lay buried the bones of the old ones he had long ago parted from at the lowly cabin door. He had come back at last to gather a sprig of shamrock from their graves.

We sailed along the coast whose giant cliffs reeked with greenness. Sometimes far in the distance, along some mountain slope, we saw white stone cottages sprinkled about; and as we passed nearer we could discern through the fog a network of gray stone fences which checkered the smooth grassy hills, dividing pasture

from pasture, and separating sheepwalk from sheepwalk. At nine o'clock the Irish twilight gave way to darkness filled with fog and rain.

At midnight we reached the mouth of Queenstown Harbor. A tender came alongside our vessel, lashed to her sides, and began to take on the passengers and the mail. The first genuine product of Ireland which I saw at close range in Irish territory was an old man with turned-up coat collar, greasy vest, heavy brogan shoes, and stove-in derby hat, selling pink and green newspapers to the passengers at a penny apiece. When he first stepped upon the gang-plank he commenced vociferously to shout his wares: "The *Cor-r-k Examiner!* The gra-a-te newspaper! All the news of the worruld! Jist wan pinny apiece!" He had come in so suddenly upon us, and his appearance was so ludicrous that it seemed but natural he should have aroused all the pent-up facetiousness of a shipload of people. They plied him with all kinds of foolish questions, offered absurd trades, and made him the butt of innumerable jokes and jests. But he was used, it seemed, to such experiences. With a smile upon his face that increased into a chuckle, then into a roar, as he

jostled those in his way, he scored every point against a shipful of antagonists. In measuring wit against this old son of Erin one might as well have been opposing Gibraltar with a blunderbuss. Blackguarding and bantering was his profession, newspaper selling only a pleasant avocation.

We steamed five miles north into Queenstown Harbor, our course for some distance being almost overhung with hills that seemed to show a touch of greenness in the semi-darkness. One old Irishman on board, coming back to the mother country on a visit after a residence of thirty years in the United States, was fired with enthusiasm at the sight of the old hills. The Yankee twang left him. Every sentence he uttered was in the richest Kilkenny brogue. Pointing proudly to the hills on each side of the rapidly-moving little tender, he said between his teeth: "There's enough cannon under them hills to blow ye all to flinders! We could sink ivery ship in th' Yankee navy into Davy Jones' locker in tin minutes by th' clock. Glory be to God!"

A priest was standing by in the darkness and heard the remark. "Ah! Dinnis, and did ye

forget the ward fight in Pittsburg lahst year and ye bearing the great brass American eagle in front of the parade? Blow the Yankees to flinders, is it? Ah! Dinnis! Dinnis!" The old fellow grinned and turned shamefacedly away, but there were those in the crowd who found it easy to forgive him for thus forgetting himself in the shadow of the old home hills.

When we disembarked from the little steamer a curious crowd of men and boys, packed closely about the gang-plank, eyed us with unending curiosity. But their mute inquisitiveness was returned in kind by one member of our party at least, for they could not have given the Americans a more careful scrutiny than I gave them. They were proper objects of study. Before going into the custom house I made it a point to go up and engage in conversation with a rather strangely dressed youth of eighteen or twenty years of age. The light of his piercing gray eye and the round rich brogue remained with more vividness in my memory than any other impression of the night. He was versed in everything of local import, and he imparted information with lightning-like rapidity.

In the custom house the usual formalities were

observed. The officers, though stolid and mechanical in the discharge of their duties, possessed that one characteristic of the Irish public servant — kindness.

Down an ancient street, facing the water, flickering lights revealed the door of a hostelry. Assigned a room by a woman clerk, and led circuitously thereto by a porter in livery, I was soon buried in a wilderness of feathers and lost in downy dreams.

The white sunshine, filtering through the branches of a gnarled old elm-tree and falling across the window-sill upon the wall at my head, awakened me to the fact that it was morning in Ireland! While dressing I looked out of the window into a little court or yard enclosed with a great stone wall, gray with age, and surmounted with pickets of rusting iron. A cat with two kittens played in the sunshine, and a string of geese filed slowly past the iron gate. A little cart, drawn by a brown donkey, and driven by a boy with breeches extending half-way from his knees to his ankles, went slowly up a sunny lane. In the far distance I heard the hoarse whistles of steamers, and nearer at hand the subdued sound of movement in the streets outside.

In the dining-room a waiter with a quizzical Hibernian face served me with a pot of hot cocoa and mutton chops. Then I went out into the street. The day was clear and warm. The rich June sunshine streamed down upon the harbor shut in with smooth green hills. Sails glistened in the distance. The whole wide landscape dazzled one with its richness and splendor. White roads wound up the sloping hills in the distance. Old castles, gray with age, lay half buried in the rich shade of trees gnarled and bent with age.

Queenstown is built upon the hillside in terraces, its buildings gleaming like variegated porcelain in full exposure to the southern sun. The harbor is naturally one of the most beautiful in the world, and the surroundings are rich with history extending back to the earliest dawn of Celtic life. The town itself was known as "The Cove of Cork" until 1849, when its name was changed to Queenstown in honor of a visit paid it in that year by the Queen. Its population is said to be about twelve thousand. I was told that the immediate town is not an ancient one, as towns go in Ireland, but it presents an ancient appearance to a traveler fresh from

Queenstown and her Harbor.

the west. John Wesley either visited or passed through Queenstown, or Cove, in 1752, and he recorded that "there was nothing to be bought there — neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese, so I was obliged to be well contented with some eggs and bread." But since his day a substantial little city with every modern convenience for the traveler has been built. Though many ancient castles and forts adorned the hills centuries before this time, the town itself is a product of the activities first induced by the American Revolution, and continued by the departure of the emigrant vessels which for the past three-quarters of a century have been draining the richest life-blood from Ireland. Emigration from Ireland received its first great impetus at the time of the potato famine in central, southern, and western Ireland, about 1846, and has continued to this day. Two or three times a week vessels sail away from Cork Harbor, bearing the best of what is left in the old island after six decades of unremitting exodus. The population of the island has been reduced from more than eight million in 1845 to a little over four million in 1901, the time of the last census. Throughout Ireland

those who are left behind speak of Queenstown with subdued voices and sighs. It is safe to say that there are not a dozen families in the island who have not at some time lost a brother or a sister or a child or a relative or a friend through this port of tears.

I walked about the little city and observed its strange sights. The houses were stolid and squatty and strong, built of stone or stucco, and, outside of the immediate town, were covered with straw or thatch. The trees even were gnarled, and bent, and old, and furnished the densest shade. The grass, luscious and flourishing, covered every portion of the land, except the bare rocks, with a smooth and velvety green.

I wondered as I strolled along, immersed as I was in a whirlpool of unusualness, whether traveler ever entered a strange land with the curiosity and interest with which I entered Ireland. Every rook that croaked and cawed from beetling chimney-top engaged my attention; and every ragged boy on his way to school was a source of unending wonder and amusement.

Upon the corner of a street I saw my first jaunting-car. It was a two-wheeled vehicle, with a seat for the driver in the front and two

other seats, back to back, with footboards hung over the wheels, for passengers. When there is but one passenger the driver sits over the opposite wheel to balance him. The driver of the car which stood before me came up and engaged me in conversation, and suggested that I take a "dhrive" with him. I allowed him to argue his case at full length, now and then putting in a word to get him more thoroughly into his subject. He told me of the many sights which were to be seen around the harbor. There were ancient castles along the way that fairly reeked with the history of bloodshed and cruelty in early feudal days. And there were stones and crosses that had been erected at a time when Ireland was covered with woods and harassed with wild animals. Down at the eastern end of the harbor was Rostellan Castle, the ancient home of the O'Briens, and near by the site of the castle of the Fitzgeralds, the ancient seneschals of Imokilly. Here also was to be found a "cromlech," or collection of crudely-shapen rough stones upon which the Druids are supposed to have sacrificed human victims. And at Castle Mary, near by, was another cromlech of "grate beauty." Would I care to see these

things? Over there south of us near old Aghamarta Castle was Drake's Pool, which sheltered Sir Francis Drake "long years ago," when he was pursued by the cruel Spaniards. And up at Black Rock Castle on the River Lee, William Penn embarked for America. Ah! I should stay at Queenstown a long time and take a ride on a jaunting-"cyar" every day. Down at Cloyne, three miles east of the harbor was an "ould, ould village strate," upon which was a cathedral built in the thirteenth "cintury," and a round tower, a hundred feet in height, built so long ago that no one knew what it was built for anyway. And oh! there was the grave of Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," lying up there "jist over th' hill in th' burial-ground of the ould ruined chur-rch of Clonmel." Had I not read the poem,

"Not a dhrum was hearrud, not a funeral nóte"?

Other jaunting-car drivers came up, each seeking with his eloquence to persuade me to go for a drive. "Jist look at this hor-r-se!" said one of them. "Ah!" said another, "the cyar-springs is what counts." His "cyar" was

as smooth as an "owtomobile." It was rather painful to have to make a selection from this list of contestants and to see the look of disappointment upon the faces of those who were rejected, but after I had made up my mind one of the disappointed ones took me aside and said, "I feel sorry for ye, sorry indade. I hope ye'll get back home aloive. Jist think of it! But misshtakes will occur. Hiven help you, sir, Hiven help you!"

One cannot forget the enchantment of a trip on a swiftly-moving jaunting-car around Cork Harbor. A tender beauty hangs over the whole wide expanse of earth and sea; and the thoughts that come to one as, flying over the white roads, he feels in his face the fresh winds from the ocean, and looks upon white sail, dank meadow, thatched cottage, and crumbling castle wall, cannot in human language be explained or expressed.

When leaving Queenstown, I determined to go to Cork by train rather than by boat up the river Lee. When I reported at my hotel to make a settlement I found that my luggage had already been taken to the station with that of some ship acquaintances of mine who were leaving for Cork. The hotel people had thought that I was

a member of the party. I had not a moment to spare, so I rushed into the station and called for a ticket to Cork. "What clahss?" asked the ticket agent. While I was trying to determine what I wanted an official standing by told me that my friends had purchased second-class tickets and had gone through the gates. I also bought a second-class ticket and hurried into the sheds where I found a boy with my baggage standing at the door of a compartment in a little railway coach where my acquaintances had already seated themselves. They had persuaded the train officials to hold the train fully five minutes for me! Such things can occur only in Ireland where system always gives way to courtesy and kindness.

I was locked into a compartment with a Baltimore man, two American (former Irish) Catholic priests, and a young Irish girl with blue eyes, bright face, and coal-black hair. The priests were on a summer visit to the old home, the Baltimore man was getting a glimpse of Ireland on his way to Liverpool, and the young girl was going with her basket to Cork. I watched the expression of this typical Celtic face as we talked of America and drew comparisons. I

An Irish Train, Primitive as all Irish Trains are.

afterwards thought that perhaps the intense interest which she betrayed in what we said about America was due to some hidden hope in her heart that some day she too might go down to the ship and follow the thousands she had seen depart for homes beyond the Atlantic.

In Ireland one may travel first, second, or third class, as he may elect. The first class charges are about the Pullman rates in the United States, the second class a little less than our regular rates, and third class considerably less. If one wishes to be alone when in Ireland he should travel first class. If he wishes to see Ireland and the Irish people as they are he should travel second and sometimes even third class. What he sees and hears in third class carriages will more than repay him for the discomforts of the ride. In England the vast majority of the people travel third class. In Ireland and in France, if one is looking simply for comfort, he should not travel that way.

Soon after our little train had squealed in announcing its departure from Queenstown we were out in the green fields speeding northwestward towards the city of Cork. A rich country lay about us. The fields did not appear to have

that intensive cultivation which one sees in England, or France, or Holland, except in small garden patches here and there, but there was luxuriancy visible everywhere. The meadows and pastures were exquisite with their thick, black-green growth of hay and grass. The fattest of cattle and sheep grazed on the sloping hillsides. Wild flowers bloomed along the roads and about the little village greens; old stone walls enclosed every white limestone road, and divided every hillside into little lots and fields. Now and then some old building, a landmark, hoary with age, came into view; and we often caught glimpses of the river Lee, gleaming through some dense grove, and flashing back the rays of the June sun. Old Black Rock Castle, in smooth gray stone, hung over the river, standing waist-deep in its waves. And along the banks were stone walls and smooth white roads.

We passed solidly built cottages, or cabins, of the peasantry, all of stone or a kind of mud or stucco, whitewashed, without porches or verandahs, with roofs of straw or thatch from six inches to a foot in thickness. Around the primitive doorways, worn smooth with the patter

Round Tower and Village Street in Cloyne, near Cork Harbor.

of little Irish feet, were goats and pigs and chickens, and sometimes long strings of geese. These sights flew by us in bewildering confusion all along the course of the twelve delightful miles between Queenstown and Cork.

Upon our arrival in Cork I hastened out of the little train and looked about me. The first thing that I saw was a railway freight yard filled with numberless little black freight cars, standing upon spoked wheels, without roofs, capacity from seven to nine tons, a type of the freight car that does the business of the British Isles.

I sat beside the driver of the 'bus as we drove into the city. He pointed out to me the principal buildings as we passed them, and talked volubly upon such things as were connected with the history of the old Ireland. We passed up King Street, thence along St. Patrick's quay until we came to St. Patrick's bridge just south of St. Patrick's Place and at the foot of St. Patrick's hill; after crossing St. Patrick's bridge we drove into St. Patrick's Street, the leading thoroughfare of the city, and halted in front of the hotel — by some outrageous and sacrilegious

blunder called something else instead of "St. Patrick's."

St. Patrick has a strong hold upon Ireland. It would indeed be interesting to know just how many churches, chapels, cathedrals, streets, bridges, schools, friaries, chantries, orphanages, convents, priories, parks, monasteries, driveways, and reformatories, scattered over the country from Kerry to the Giant's Causeway, bear to-day the name of Ireland's patron saint.

But perhaps St. Patrick has a good claim to the affections of the Irish people. He it was who gave them their religion and laid the foundation of a church life which for the undying loyalty of its constituents has had no parallel in history.

The early history of Ireland, known to the Romans as Hibernia, is buried in obscurity. The ancient Hibernians were a mixed race, but prevailingly Celtic. Among the few things that the modern historian knows about these people is that they were divided into tribes ruled by petty tyrants, proud, rapacious, and warlike, who kept the island in perpetual strife. Their religion was that of the Druids, with human sacrifices, the ruins of whose altars

may be found in many parts of the island to-day.

Patrick, or Patricius, most probably a native of Scotland, or of Gaul, was captured about the year 430 A.D., and taken to Ireland where he was sold as a slave. Here he served his master for six years as a shepherd, and learned to love the Irish people. Escaping from the country, he fled into France or England and became a hard student for several years. About the year 440 he returned to Ireland and labored as a missionary of Christianity until March 17, 493, when he died and was buried at Downpatrick, or Gabhul, as it was sometimes called, an ancient town in county Down, twenty-six miles south of the modern commercial city of Belfast. Here he had held his first mission, gained his first converts, and spent his declining years. But his missionary journeys had extended to the remotest portions of the island, and his converts had been taken from the most warlike tribes.

A vast mass of tradition has grown up during the course of the centuries around the name of St. Patrick, much of which is interesting as folklore though vague and unreliable as history.

There are those to-day who are actually beginning to doubt the reality of that great achievement ascribed to him, and expressed so forcibly in the old Irish song:

"Upon the top of a tall green hill
St. Patrick preached a sarmint,
He drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint!"

But no one doubts that Patrick has an abiding place in history, and that he was a man of lofty character and untiring zeal. At his death he left Ireland so strongly rooted in the Christian faith that for many centuries the island was the center of Christian learning and piety for all western Europe. It is scarcely a wonder that the Irish people, of that intense, emotional Celtic temperament, should have become attached to the memory of a man who turned their ancestors from Druidism to Christianity.

Returning to our hotel in the heart of Cork, on Patrick Street: I went in and registered, or, at least, the young lady "clark" according to custom, took my name and asked me some questions as to my wants. She then handed me a card containing the number of my room and delivered to me a key of the St. Patrick pattern,

made of iron, a fac-simile of the kind our Colonial great-grandmothers used to lock their smoke-houses with a century and a half ago. There was no tag attached to the key for its identification in case it should be carried off and lost, but I thought perhaps the pretty young "clark" felt there was little danger of this since I had no wheelbarrow with my luggage.

The porter grasped a piece of my baggage in each hand and beckoned me to follow him. There was no elevator, or "lift," as they call it, in the hotel, so we passed around through a moldy passageway, went up a long and tortuous flight of steps, then across the hall, then down a short flight of steps, then around a corner, then a sharp turn to the left, and three steps up, and behold! we had reached our destination. Such is Ireland!

I was told some time after this when sojourning in Dublin that the hotel at which I stopped while in Cork was not the best one in the city. I do not doubt that the statement was true, though I did not know it at the time. But I did not go to Ireland to enjoy luxuries, but rather to live for a while the actual life of the

Irish people. This hotel certainly afforded me the means for doing that.

There are some excellent hotels in Ireland. Dublin, Belfast, and all the more prominent tourist resorts are provided with hostelries containing all modern conveniences and comforts. But in the Irish country-town hotel there are few modern conveniences. Bath rooms are few and primitive beyond belief. Many of the smaller hotels are lighted with oil lamps or even with the old-fashioned tallow candles. One finds it difficult to have a fire kindled in one's room, though it is often as cold and damp in Ireland in midsummer as it is in our country in April and November.

And naturally the service is slow. When the young lady clerk sends the porter to your room for information as to what you wish for breakfast, you send word back that you would like to have a steak, some Irish bacon, potatoes, scrambled eggs on toast, and cocoa. Then you wash, shave yourself (for there are few barbers in Ireland), dress in a leisurely manner, find your way down through labyrinthian windings to the street level, take a walk about town, make some purchases of souvenirs, talk with country peas-

ants upon the street corners, come back to the hotel office, write a letter or two, send off a batch of souvenir post-cards, then repair to the dining-room and open the morning newspaper and begin to search therein for news. Continue this search long enough and the good-natured waiter will break into your labors with as good a breakfast as any one could wish. The Irish pride themselves upon their mutton, beef, and butter. And all kinds of fowl may be had for a pittance. There will be no pies upon the table, for the Irish people do not care greatly for "sweets," but no breakfast table is complete without a big bowl of bitter orange marmalade, an excellent appetizer and digestant.

I strolled about the streets of the old city of Cork throughout the first evening of my arrival there. To one who is accustomed to American cities with their newness and bustle, Cork presents an ancient and time-worn appearance. The goods in the shops are peculiarly arranged, and the windows are strangely dressed. Everything savors of the long distant past.

I met a ragged boy selling pink newspapers. I bought one and eagerly searched its pages for some bit of American news. But I was dis-

appointed. The newspapers of Cork, though fairly good as Irish newspapers go, are rather gloomy sheets, the quality of paper being poor and the print bad. And they are unusually bare of news. The first page of the paper, where display heads are wont to be made in American papers, contains nothing but long, legal notices, verbatim political and parliamentary speeches and some unattractive advertisements. The "news" is at length discovered hidden away under one-line heads in the middle of the paper. There are no display heads of any kind, not even over the most important news, and, with the exception of minute accounts of deaths, funerals, wakes and "League" meetings, local happenings appear to be disregarded. The Irish press at this time, in mechanical make-up and in the treatment of news, is about where the American press was six or seven decades ago. One can easily verify this by comparing the average newspaper of Cork, Limerick, or Dublin with the files of American newspapers to be found in any well-equipped public library. An Irishman will tell you that what we might term the primitive appearance of the Irish newspaper is due to the conserva-

tism of the Irish people. This to a certain extent is true; for however dull the Irish newspaper may be, it is entirely free from a certain kind of sensationalism which is one of the gravest defects of the average American newspaper.

There are barracks in Cork where large numbers of soldiers are stationed. These men in uniform may be seen at all hours of the day, singly, in pairs, or in groups, walking upon the streets, smoking, chatting with each other, and ogling the girls who may generally be found in large numbers somewhere along the soldiers' usual route. Many of the soldiers belong to Scotch regiments, and right proudly do they wear their kilts and plaids, with bare knees made black by the rough Irish weather.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when I returned to the hotel, but it was still light. Cork, in Southern Ireland, is situated near the 52d parallel on a latitude with the southern portion of bleak Labrador in North America. The latitude of the Giant's Causeway, in North Ireland, is the same as that of Southern Alaska. In midsummer the nights in Ireland are so short that the flush of evening has hardly faded from

the western sky before the morning light begins to steal into the east. In the misty twilight I saw a steamer acquaintance, standing with his hands behind his back, looking up St. Patrick's Street toward America, the very picture of abject lonesomeness and homesickness. As I walked up he turned to me and said: "Old friend, I have been waiting here three hours for night to come. I want to go to bed. I know all this is *picturesque* enough, and all that, but, well — Baltimore for me!"

After I had retired to my little stuffy room and blown out the light I heard a brass band pass down the street with clatter and cry. It was the winding up of some big holiday athletic event. And after the streets had become quiet I thought I heard the strains of some gentler music. I crept to my window and listened. Far away, somewhere out in the darkness, some one was strumming a guitar, and now and then I heard snatches of a song which a clear Irish voice was singing:

"When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day;
A low-back car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;

And when that hay was blooming grass,
And filled with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing."

CHAPTER II

OLD CORK AND THE CASTLE OF BLARNEY

When I arose from the breakfast table I was informed that a jaunting-car awaited me at the hotel door. Equipped with camera and rain-coat (the two indispensables in Ireland) I took my seat over a wheel opposite the typical Hibernian who had agreed to drive me out to Blarney where I might see the ancient castle and kiss, if I wished, the Blarney Stone.

We started off with a brisk trot down the old city's street. All about us was Ireland. Even here in the heart of Cork one could see those marks which distinguish the Isle of Erin from the rest of the world. Jaunting-cars moved hither and thither through the busy morning crowd; stout old women with short skirts, heavy shoes, and somber black shawls drawn over their heads, stood in and about the alley entrances; ragged, barefoot boys shouted green-tinted newspapers at "a pinny apiece"; and little low-back donkey-cars from far out in the country, loaded

down with peat-turf, or butter, or gooseberries, crawled slowly along towards the market-place.

Now and then snatches of rich Irish brogue reached me where I sat perched upon my jaunting-car. The faces in the street were unmistakably characteristic of Erin; and down an alley which opened upon our street I caught a hurried glimpse of children playing upon the bare cobble-stones, with here and there a lean cat or a stray dog that bore his share of the penuriousness of his surroundings. Even the air was Irish; and the whole scene about us was such as Hibernia alone can furnish.

Cork is a city which delights the traveler's heart. With the exception of Dublin, the capital, there is no other Irish city which so fully reveals the marks of "the old Ireland." Within it and about it are the evidences of centuries of Celtic life. It is an ancient city. Its history extends so far back into the past that the antiquarian studying its beginnings finds his chief difficulty in separating fact from legend, truth from a veritable wilderness of tradition and folklore which has grown up through the centuries.

It is said, however, and possibly with truth, that good St. Finn Barr, monk and scholar,

established his cell in a little mound on the bank of the river Lee about the year 650 A.D., and that to him, on account of his piety and learning, flocked monks from every part of the newly awakened Ireland to receive instruction at his school. Thus a settlement was made, and a city grew up. For some centuries its history was unmarked with event of interest save now and then a bloody raid from a native chieftain; but records show that along in the eighth and ninth centuries the Danes, who in those transitional times were ubiquitous in western Europe, frequently sailed up the river Lee, leaped forth from their vessels with fire and sword, plundered the villagers shamefully, striking down such as opposed them, and as hastily disappeared, taking with them vast quantities of wool and butter and other Irish products. Gradually, however, these fierce northerners began to be more gentle in their dealings, and they came upon fairer terms. They even established trading-places along the Lee, as they had done in other parts of Ireland and in England; and at length they became so friendly with the Irish that about a half century before the Norman Conquest, or, to be exact, in the year 1020, they laid the foundations of what

they determined should be a permanent city on a rich green island in the river Lee near St. Finn Barr's old settlement. This place the Celtic Erse-speaking Irish called "Corcach," which literally means a marshy place. Subsequently this bisyllabic guttural was Anglicized into "Cork," but the Gaelic tongue has never accepted the change.

The city grew rapidly in the Middle Ages, and was for many centuries as well known to continental Europe as Dublin or Edinburgh. It would take a volume to tell fully of its checkered and bloody history. Yet we find Cork at the summit of its prosperity during the early days of the nineteenth century. Its decline in population has dated from the great exodus from Ireland which began in the forties. In 1845 the population of Cork and environs was possibly more than a hundred thousand. In 1861 there were eighty thousand in the municipality. The census of 1901 shows a population of 75,978.

Still there is much bustle in an Irish way about the old city, and as a seaport it still ranks well — sending forth vast quantities of fat cattle, wool, bacon, and Tipperary butter to the markets of England and the continent. It also has

many churches, certainly one first-class institution of learning, and a number of well-built commercial streets and splendid stone quays.

As we drove along the old streets that sunny June morning a glamour seemed to hang over the ancient settlement. Everything seemed to tell of the things of the long ago. Turning here and there, we at length crossed a bridge into that portion of the city north of the river, and after a few more turns in picturesque lanes we arrived at some steep steps leading up from the street to a quiet, melancholy-looking graveyard which surrounded an old church crowned with a square black tower of stone. Tall grass and wild flowers grew amid the graves. Off in the west, beyond the city's limits, lay the rich valley of the river Lee. The summer breeze which blew in our faces brought us the odor of fresh earth, blooming wild-flowers, and new-mown hay. The church was old St. Anne's, and — "Hush, hush," said my driver, "it is the hour! Listen to the Shandon Bells!" And then the bells in the black tower began their strange, gentle chimes. So perfectly did the melancholy music fit in with the beauty, the quiet, and the summer bloom, that it was not hard to see how their

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Mardyke Walk — Cork.

strains might have inspired an Irishman to produce one of the sweetest poems of English literature. My driver was quiet for a moment after the bells had ceased to chime, and when he looked up there was a tear in his eye. Then he recited for me in his full rich brogue the exquisite verses which had been written by Father Prout, whose bones lay there at our feet in the shadow of the old black tower where, still resonant with the song that had gone forth, swung

THE SHANDON BELLS

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

When we drove away from the old church we turned suddenly into a street where we came face to face with a sight that made me wonder whether indeed this was one of the much talked-of "congested districts" of Ireland. It was fairly teeming with inhabitants. There appeared to be little or no traffic in the street, with the exception of a donkey-car or two trading about the doors, but a number of old men, some of extreme age, hobbled along upon their sticks or sat in chairs outside the doors in the morning sunshine. And there were many women to be seen, young, middle-aged, and old, standing in or about the doorways or in groups on the corners; and the whole street, particularly at the alley entrances, swarmed with children of every age, size, garb, complexion, and state of griminess.

When our jaunting-car came upon the scene with what seemed to them a tourist upon it, there was one concerted movement in our direction. As an experiment I threw a half-penny into a crowd of boys. There ensued a wild scramble which attracted the attention of others in the street and alleys near by, and in about a minute we had a following whose picturesque-

ness and marvelousness of dress and expression of countenance our language has no words adequately to describe. Some of the boys appeared just to have come from ash barrels, and others showed signs of having been scouring the gutters with their backs and heads; and the costumes of some of them would have made a study for an artist. One little fellow with white, flat face and a ragged cap upon the top of his big round head had his visage literally bisected with a heavy streak of dirt which extended from the corners of his mouth unto and even behind his ears; and another black-haired boy, without any head-covering, who I thought for the precarious manner in which he was dressed was quite too active in his scramble for pennies, was so scantily clothed that the accidental breakage of a frayed string upon the shoulder would have left him, there in the street, in a condition approximating that in which he first made his appearance in the world.

As I flung a penny here or there in the crowd they rushed together and piled upon each other until they formed a mound-like mass of writhing and squirming humanity out of which often bare legs, crowned with rusty-looking soles and wide-

apart toes, extended high into the air. And it was all accompanied with the most intense earnestness. So eager and excited did the little fellows become in their pursuit of the coins that after they had been told that the supply of copper upon the car had been exhausted, they stretched their legs to the utmost as they followed our vehicle, now traveling rapidly down the street to avoid them, with wild eyes and wide-open mouths, shouting, "Cop-p-e-r-r-s! Cop-p-e-r-r-s! Cop-p-e-r-r-s!" with all the power which their lungs could put forth.

This sight alone, though it was abundantly supplemented by other experiences, was sufficient proof that the beggar is still in Ireland. Whatever force may have been expended in making efficient the work-house system of the old island, and however strong the sentiment against mendicancy may have developed among the Irish people, there are to-day in Ireland still a large number of those who get their entire living from unorganized charity. The only difference between these and the old times is that now the beggars are not so numerous and by no means so persistent as they once were. In olden days, say about the thirties or forties

of the last century, when Ireland swarmed with a population such as a strictly agricultural country of its size could not well support, beggars in a manner controlled the traveling situation. Many writers, but none more picturesquely than the Irish themselves, have related most ludicrous anecdotes of those interesting days.

A traveler with an eye to the picturesque relates that on a trip through southern Ireland in the days when beggars were numerous he was sometimes fairly held up until his pocket had been relieved of its superfluous change. If he failed to show his liberality he was sometimes roundly abused; and if perchance he showed his temper at the importunities of the mendicants he was even in danger of personal violence.

One day from his window in a south Irish inn, this traveler saw a well-dressed young man go up and knock loudly upon a door opening upon the street. At the sound of the noise a woman came out from somewhere and accosted him: "Do, dear, honorable, handsome, darlint young gintleman, bestow a ha'penny on a poor lone widdy with *siven* small starvin' little childer that haven't broke their fast this blissed day." The young man kept on knocking without notic-

ing her. She continued: "God kape the stringth to your wrist to knock harder, sir, and the heart in ye to lave the little token of a ha'penny with the lone widdy and her *siven* fatherless childer." "I have no silver about me," said the young man with some impatience. "I did not ax ye for silver or goold, but jist for one lone ha'penny for the broken-hearted widdy and her siven poor little naked fatherless childer." The young man lost his temper. "I tell you, I have no ha'-pence!" he shouted at her.

"Why, thin, bad luck to ye!" she hotly exclaimed, setting her arms a-kimbo and looking a fury, "thin what the divil did ye bring me from my comfortable sate across the strate for, if ye had no money in yer pocket, — ye poor, ugly, miserable, half-starved, whey-faced gossoon!"

Happily, Ireland has recovered from the poverty of those days, and now the principal beggars are the ragged boys in the slums of the cities — a class of mendicants for whom the tourist is to some degree responsible — and the importunate souvenir-sellers at all of the leading tourist resorts.

As our car speeded along through the alleys

and streets, leaving the boys behind, we passed numerous low-back donkey-cars, loaded down with produce of one kind or another, on their way into the city. These little carts, without springs, and with only boards for seats, are much used by the Irish peasantry to-day. They are midway in point of evolution between the old low-back drag car — a kind of basket or box fastened to shafts whose ends were mere runners upon the ground — and the modern jaunting-car which is the public vehicle of Ireland.

In getting out of the city we saw many other interesting sights suggestive of Ireland; but in making a sudden turn we came in full sight of the broad open face of the country. What a transformation! Behind us was a city, at best old-fashioned, dingy, timeworn — in front lay stretched out in the haze of a June day as fair a country as the sunshine ever fell upon. This is the paradox of Ireland — poverty and beauty going hand in hand.

The drive from the suburbs of Cork to the village of Blarney is considered by many to be one of the most charming in the British Isles. On every side the green fields lay about us —

rolling, variegated, beautiful. There was no raggedness or uneven growth of copse, or weed, or briar; but every field was as smooth as velvet, with no extraneous growth except the myriads of minute sod-blossoms, and a larger growth of field daisy and red wild poppy that grew in the most obscure corners of the fields and upon the brink of the streams.

Now and then we passed some old stone bridge, or remnant of a castle, or, perchance, an ancient marker at the turn of the highway. The road on each side was walled in with gray stone, out of the interstices of which grew stunted white-thorn and wild roses. In the meadows cattle and sheep grazed lazily, sometimes standing half a knee deep in the sweet lush grass.

My driver, being an Irishman, talked incessantly of the country — its traditions, its people, its customs, and the landmarks which we passed. He knew all the cross-roads, and was acquainted with the occupant of every peasant's cottage. He could relate the history of every mansion of the "gintry" that we passed, and bring back to life many a scene of violence and bloodshed in the distant past. He knew of noted funerals and wakes over the dead; and of these and many

Photo by Guy, Cork.

A Post-office, Three Miles from Cork.

other interesting things he talked to me on our ride to Blarney that day.

Before I could realize that we had reached our journey's end my driver drew up his horse under the gnarled elms that shaded the street of the village of Blarney. Rows of white cottages lined the street. On one side was a long one-story building which for many years had been operated as a tweed mill. Here the fine wool grown on the surrounding meadows is converted into a handsome tweed which is much sought after by the tourist. The operatives of the mill lived in the houses which lined the village street.

I paid a sixpence at the little gate-house buried in the shade, crossed a rustic bridge, and found myself within the broad shady grounds that surrounded old Blarney Castle. The ancient building, like a mountain of gray stone, loomed up in front of me in poetic beauty. A few persons, apparently tourists, were strolling about the grounds; and a number of children were swinging under a tree.

Within the door, or cavern-like entrance, of the castle, an old Irish woman had a stand where she kept for sale an elaborate assortment

of trinkets and souvenirs of Ireland. With genuine good nature she pointed out to me the portion of the castle which held the Blarney Stone, and after exacting of me the customary admission fee of a sixpence, she pointed me to the stairways that led above.

Within the castle the air was damp and cool, and heavy with musty odors of the past. I groped my way up the great rambling stairways of stone, passing through dungeons, and cuddies, and strange old chambers, lighted only with a slit of sunshine which came mysteriously through the heavy walls of stone. More than once I strayed off from my proper course and lost myself in some gloomy nook where it required little effort to imagine many a bloody tragedy had occurred in olden days. For many generations ago this castle was the storm-center of Ireland, and sometimes, they say, dead men were strewn in heaps along these grewsome stairways.

At last I reached the top. The ancient roof had fallen in, but enough of the former coverings of the old pile remained to shut out the sunshine and the rain. The walls, immensely thick, furnished a good walk-way around the top of the building. From this vantage-ground I looked

about me at the landscape. As far as eye could see there was a succession of green fields, and white roads, and ancient manors, and thatched cottages, and tiny lakes half-hidden by green patches of wood where grew the most densely foliaged trees. The scene was one of peculiar tenderness and peace, — a contrast indeed to some of the stormy times in the past history of this fortress.

The castle was erected in the year 1446 by Cormac MacCarthy, bishop and mighty warrior, whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster Ireland from a period long antecedent to the English invasion. He built the castle for a military stronghold, and here he quartered a large number of men, bold, quick, and watchful, who kept at bay many an invading and hostile army.

Cormac's descendants, the Lords of Muskerry and Clancarty, retained possession of a large portion of the vast surrounding estate until the year 1689 when it was confiscated, and the last earl became an exile. In 1702 when the castle, village, mills, fairs, and customs of Blarney were "set up by cant," Sir Richard Pyne bought the entire estate of 1400 acres for the sum of £3000.

The following year he disposed of it to Sir James Jeffreys whose descendants or heirs held the property for several generations, if, indeed, they do not hold it to-day.

The present owner of the estate, including the old castle, makes his home in a modern "castle" — as the homes of the gentry are called in Ireland — about half a mile from the ancient building. Here he lives in the seclusiveness and exclusiveness usual to the modern gentry of Ireland. Visitors and tourists seldom see or hear anything definite of these elusive aristocrats who bury themselves in the center of a park which is shut in from the highways by tall stone walls.

Descendants of the original MacCarthy clan may be found working, as day-laborers, around the ruins of the castle where their forefathers ruled so long. Tradition has it that the Earl of Clancarty, who forfeited the castle at the time of the Revolution, cast all his plate into a certain part of Blarney Lake, near the castle, and that three of the MacCarthys inherit the secret of the hiding-place. When one of them dies he communicates the secret to another one of the family, and thus perpetuates the secret which is

never to be openly revealed until a MacCarthy is again Lord of Blarney.

Every step of ground within a mile of the castle is hallowed by legend. According to local report, which is faithfully believed by many, enchanted cows on midsummer nights dispute the pasture with those of the present possessor, and many an earthly bull has been worsted in the contest. And it is also said that fairy rings are upon the grass from early summer to the last week in harvest.

Blarney Castle obtained its present popularity from a famous stone, still in the walls, around which clusters much of romance and superstition. Tradition says that after Cormac MacCarthy had built this castle he chanced one day to save an old woman from drowning, and to show her gratitude the old woman offered Cormac a golden tongue which should have the power of fluent persuasiveness — a tongue that could influence men and women, friends and foes, as he willed. To get this power, however, Cormac must climb to the keep of the castle, let himself down in some difficult way, and kiss a certain stone in the walls situated about five feet below the gallery running around the top. It is

said the great warrior-churchman followed the old woman's directions with great minuteness, kissed the stone, and at once obtained all the persuasive eloquence which had been promised him. Soon the story was told throughout Ireland. It went also to other countries and made Blarney one of the best known castles in the world.

Walking around the top of the castle walls in the warm sunshine, I began to look for the noted stone, and at length found it held in place by two iron bands suspended from the very top of the stone battlements. A row of iron spikes has been placed on the top of the battlements above the stone to prevent foolhardy adventurers from attempting to kiss the stone by being let down over the walls by the heels as was the custom at one time to do. Now the pilgrim to this shrine of eloquence must get down on his knees, or lie flat down on the stones, bend his body at the waist and thrust his head and shoulders down about three feet through a square opening in the stones opposite the cornice, and in this position turn his neck and kiss the stone from the under side. An attendant with good muscles must be at hand to hold the heels of

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Blarney Castle, near Cork.

The Stronghold of the McCarthys and the Shrine of Irish Wit.

the one who attempts to kiss the stone, else, by the law of gravitation, he will topple over and go through the hole to the green turf a hundred and twenty feet below.

It is said that this stone (provided this is the genuine stone) formerly had a Latin inscription carved upon it:

"CORMAC MACCARTHY FORTIS MI FIERI FECIT, 1446."

If true, time and multitudes of osculations have served to wear all the Latin away; for the glimpse which I got of the stone when I kissed it revealed it as being as smooth and as greasy-looking as if all Ireland had been kissing it for centuries.

At the time when I was upon the top of the castle there were also present possibly a dozen persons, most of them tourists, looking around and speculating, as all visitors do, about the Blarney Stone. None of them had kissed it, owing to the difficulty and supposed danger of getting to it. After due examination I decided that the feat was not necessarily a dangerous one, so I bargained with a young man whose attire and accent showed that he was an American, each agreeing to hold the heels of the other

while he bent down through the square opening and kissed the stone. One or two other Americans came up and helped me hold this young man's heels while he went down to obtain the eloquence. I followed him with some degree of boldness, and then several others volunteered to try the experiment. One young New Yorker came forward enthusiastically and asked the fellows standing by to hold his feet. Just as he leaned over the square opening he happened to get a glimpse of ground below, when he suddenly decided that the whole thing was the rankest kind of superstition and that the stone was not worth kissing after all.

Most of the visitors had gone down when I observed two handsome young ladies evidently seriously perplexed about something. Then I heard one of them say, "Oh, indeed, how anxious *I* am to kiss the stone!" The ladies were accompanied by a gentleman, a brother to one and a cousin to the other, as I afterwards learned, who was willing to oblige them, but he needed some one to help him hold the heels of the ladies as they bent over the dangerous opening. The young man from America was obliging, so the rather more eager of the two young

ladies soon swung down and kissed the stone. Her companion, a rather timid and modest-looking young girl, was more reluctant to accomplish her hidden desires, and it was only after a great deal of persuasion that she consented to kiss the stone. But when she did yield she came up very red and very happy.

Armed with tourist license (something about as vague and indefinite as poetic license), and feeling compelled to say something pleasant, I congratulated the young ladies upon their bravery, at the same time assuring them that it was my candid opinion none but Yankee girls would attempt the difficult task.

With some amusement they assured me that they were not Americans, but were both natives of good county Cork. They had often visited Blarney, but this was the first time that they had ever attempted to kiss the Blarney Stone. The gentleman who accompanied the young ladies then formally introduced me to them, and we had an extended conversation upon many things Irish as we walked down the labyrinthian stairway of stone and even after we had reached the grounds outside. Before I left them they had registered in my traveler's book, and

both had extended invitations to me to visit them in their homes. One of them lived on a residential street in Cork, and the other, her cousin, lived in a village some miles outside of the city.

"Ah," said the fair young Corkian, "you should take tea to-morrow evening in our home in Cork, and then you may visit Delia's home where you will find the best cake to be had in south Ireland. And, indeed, it is the product of Delia's hands."

It was ever afterwards a source of regret that circumstances did not allow me to go to Delia's home and eat some of that cake for which the girl had become so famous.

Whatever one may find to say against the Irish, their splendid hospitality can never be impeached. It extends through all grades of society from the gentry to the lowliest peasants in houses of thatch. And it is great because it is so genuine. Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland in 1825, traveling all through the island. He remained several days at Cork and visited Blarney Castle. In writing to his friend Morritt he expressed himself as being greatly pleased with the Irish hospitality. Said he: "Indeed, it

is impossible to conceive the extent of this virtue in all classes. I don't think even our Scottish hospitality can match that of Ireland. Everything seems to give way to the desire to accommodate a stranger, and I really believe the story of the Irish harper who condemned his harp to the flames for want of firewood to cook a guest's supper."

In strolling about the grounds of the castle after coming down from the keep, I was charmed with the great beauty of the surroundings — the grassy grounds, the great old trees, the rocky glens, and the romantic nooks. "The sweet Rock-close," a part of the grounds of singular beauty, was made famous by a poem written in 1798 by Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney of Cork. The poem, catchy and musical, was intended as a parody on "Sweet Castle Hyde," a song-poem very popular in Ireland at that time. Two of the verses were about as follows:

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

The groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks —
All decked by posies that spontaneous grow there
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,

Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly —
All flowers that scent the sweet, silent air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation
For regulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

To the six rollicking stanzas of this popular parody, Francis S. Mahony, of Cork, better known as Father Prout, added the following lines which have served to carry the tradition of the Blarney Stone to every part of the world:

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of sweet Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer,
To be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."

I found my jaunting-car ready for me on the outside of the castle grounds. The driver was contentedly smoking his pipe. Irish drivers do not become impatient. Their temperaments make it impossible.

We drove back to Cork by another and even more picturesque route than the one by which we came. All Irish roads are good, but those roads were perfection. On each side was a picture of rural prosperity; and when we reached the hills overlooking the valley of the Lee a broad prospect of intensive cultivation was disclosed.

There were houses of different kinds along the road, some of them "castles" of the gentry, set back in groves, and others, much the larger number, were but huts of stone, plastered over with mud and whitewashed. Some of them were newly covered with slate (the result of agitation on the part of reform societies), but many of them were still roofed in with the old-time thatch. Around the doorways moved the usual objects of animal life, and little barefoot children played and shouted just as other children are wont to do.

We met or passed many vehicles in the road,

some of them carrying representatives of what might have been three or four generations of the same family. Those in their prime sat in front and drove, the old, with pipes, sat farther back, and the children filled the cart's body and clung to the tailboard, behind. And there were pedestrians going hither and thither, their dress too often corresponding but poorly with the richness of the landscapes against which they could be seen. For throughout this region of south Ireland one gains the impression (which I am not sure he ever succeeds in getting rid of) that Ireland as a country is very rich, while Ireland as a people is painfully poor.

And the faces we saw in the way! The impression has gone forth, how or why no one seems to know, that the Irish are a race of idle buffoons whose thoughts go no deeper than the mere surface of things, and whose speech is made up of bulls, and burlesques, and blunders. To be sure, the Irish are a quick-witted people, and their sense of humor (not unusual with an intensely emotional race) is particularly keen. But the one who holds that they are thoughtless is no less mistaken than he who believes them to be a jovially contented people. Directly upon

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

On an Irish Road.

"The Top o' the Morning to Ye, Glory be to God!"

the contrary in both instances, the Irish are veritable artists in introspection, and their temperaments are essentially melancholy. Almost every native face shows, sometimes though it be through smiles, a shade of unutterable sadness.

It may be those bog-lands filled with mist; it may be the old crumbling ruins; it may be the gray lakes; or all, behind the quiet Irish face, which cause every visitor to the isle of the shamrock to bring back with him the impression of having visited the saddest land of earth. And the one who goes there and thinks and feels knows that the "Irish question" is as deep as Irish character, and as solemn, indeed, as the gloomy mists which settle down every night upon the ruins that crown the hilltops and bury in darkness the hovels of thatch that nestle pathetically in the valleys.

CHAPTER III

WALKS AND TALKS WITH THE PEOPLE OF KILLARNEY

The day I left the old city of Cork for Killarney, out in the mountains of Kerry, the rain fell incessantly, the thick, damp mists blowing in from the sea and enveloping the whole dank, luscious, green country in a melancholy gloom. Nature's tears fall freely over Ireland. Not even June with her daisies, her roses, and her red wild poppies, can claim for her meadows more than fitful gleams of sunshine flashing down through swiftly-moving clouds; or, at most, a gentle, hazy day shut in on either side with long seasons of wind and rain.

Perhaps the sadness and hopelessness seen on so many Irish faces may in a measure be due to the climate of that strange island of the sea. Many thinkers assert that all the apparent thriftlessness of this people at home results

primarily from conditions which are more or less climatic. Those who have studied deeply into the racial characteristics of the Irish people and are sufficiently familiar with ethnology to draw broad conclusions, say the Irish were originally a far southern people, and for thousands of years lived in the sunshine of some mild Oriental land. They had from the childhood of the race the habit of living out-of-doors and breathing the fresh air of the fields and woods.

Many thousands of years ago they found their way into Europe, possibly overland, possibly through Phœnician ports, and in the process of time they were driven by encroaching tribes farther and farther into the north and west, until they reached Ireland, the ultimate island of Europe, set in the path of the currents and winds of the ocean that envelop the land for most of the year in mist, and fog, and rain. Here they have lived since that remote period, holding in their hearts an inherited passion for the sun, the fresh air, and the fields; and while their environments are so cruel and harsh, their instincts revert to that age when a long line of progenitors lived under sunlit and star-bedecked skies, Nature's wards, their food the milk of the

goat, the fig and the olive, their home but the flapping tent of wild asses' skins. And thus the Irish peasant to-day, by nature a poet, by inheritance a dreamer of dreams, lives in a constant and unequal struggle with his environments, denied every requisite which his sympathetic nature demands; and always remembering the old, and never adapting himself to the new, the open air is still his home, that cottage of stone on the hillside but his nightly resting-place.

And so, they say, the Irish people can never thrive so long as they remain in the island home, but they need transplanting in some sunny climate where they can return to the habits of the youth of their race and receive a fair share of nature's smiles along with her necessary tears. It may be this old call which has lured so many of them to follow the sunset's line of light across the Atlantic, to become so happy and so strong in a land where, neither in nature nor among men is the hand of a tyrant lifted against them.

But to return to that day in June. — It was indeed a gloomy day without, but within my compartment in an antique coach on an antique railroad there was a plenty of sunshine. My

fellow-travelers were a young man from county Clare, a typical old Irish woman of Kerry, and a black-haired, crimson-cheeked girl with a glint in her gray-blue eye. The old woman talked incessantly of her neighborhood and its affairs — potato weeding, the fowls, haying, and this glorious rain. The young man smoked his pipe, now and then making a facetious remark at which they all laughed; and the young girl, who had remarkably pretty teeth, was a constant smile.

At Mallow Junction in northern county Cork, I was switched off on the westbound train for Killarney, forty miles away, where I arrived in the pouring rain at nine o'clock in the evening. In the lobby of a well-appointed tourist hotel I found a number of congenial American travelers and not a few well-dressed Englishmen and Irishmen who were there ostensibly to enjoy the scenery of that most romantic district of Ireland.

Killarney has long had the reputation of being the most entrancing spot in the British Isles. The charm of this region lies not only in a natural beauty which is unsurpassed anywhere else in the world, but also in a vast number of

wonderful ruins which serve vividly to remind one of the historic richness of the Celtic past. There is a chain of lakes, overhung with precipitous mountains, rising in dense blue lazulite to lofty heights above the lapping waves. There are long glens, shut in with green cliffs on either side, where the sunlight barely enters at noonday, and where the evening shadows quickly fall. There are islands scattered here and there upon the lakes, ruin-clad, and rioting with dense growths of holly and arbutus; and forests of tangled beech and oak and larch and fir and elm, almost tropical in growth, covering the mountain-sides. And there are peasants' cottages everywhere to be seen; and a multitude of ancient ruins, on the islands, down by the lake shores, in the valleys, and up on the sides of the cliffs — castles, towers, monasteries, priories, and abbeys — vine-clad and yew-shaded, with histories extending back into the very early days of Irish life.

The Lakes of Killarney proper are three in number. The Upper Lake, the southernmost, covering an area of only 430 acres, is overhung with mountains, the Purple Mountain being directly on the northern shore, and the Derry-

cunihy ranges on the south. Upon this lake are many romantic islands and some old ruins. The Middle Lake, known also as Muckross or Torc Lake, contains an area of 680 acres. Over it hang Torc Mountain on the south, and Sheehy Mountain on the west. Between these two mountains flows the Long Range, a stream which joins the lakes together. Above this stream also hangs Eagle's Nest, whose cliffs rise perpendicularly 1700 feet from the water's edge. Where the Long Range joins Lake Muckross, old Weir Bridge stands, and near by is the Meeting of the Waters. The northernmost lake, known as Lough Leane, has an area of 5,000 acres and is five miles long and about three miles broad. Clustered around it are innumerable ruins.

On the west of the lakes rise tall mountains, beyond which, extending from north to south for five miles, is the famous Gap of Dunloe, one of the curiosities of Ireland. Farther still to the west are the MacGillicuddy Reeks, the tallest mountains of Ireland.

North of the lakes are cottages, roads,streams, villages, churches, and ruins of castles and round towers. On the east is a rolling grassy country,

with many white roads, the railway line, and the well-known town of Killarney.

Early on the morning after my arrival, tourists were getting ready for extended drives about the lakes and through the famous Gap of Dunloe, where they might see the purpling of the hills and the flashings of light above the gray waters in the distance. I took my note-book and my camera and determined that I would while my first day away just walking and talking with the people of the little town and the surrounding countryside.

I strolled down the old densely shaded street until I reached the town. And what a town Killarney is! Its population is about five or six thousand — the vast majority of the inhabitants being real Irish of a type that charms and a manner that enthralls a traveler's heart. The main streets are fairly well kept, with some good shops, and a handsome church or two, but the byways and lanes are picturesque indeed. Here dilapidated houses meet one at almost every turn; thatched roofs line the cobbled streets; strings of geese roam at sweet will from doorway to doorway; crows and rooks chatter and caw from every spire and beetling chimney-

Old Weir Bridge — Killarney.

top; grimy children play in front of bare stony doorways; and low-backed cars from far out in the mountains stand in the sunny open squares, waiting for purchasers of their peat, their feathers, and their gooseberries.

I soon found myself in a market square where a line of low-backed donkey cars were standing, all loaded and piled up with black, brick-shaped blocks of turf or peat from the bogs somewhere out in the country. Beside the miniature teams were the drivers, either standing alone absorbed in dreams, or in little groups talking with that solemnity of manner peculiar to Ireland. When I walked up I had no difficulty in engaging them in conversation. Like most Irishmen, they were willing to talk, and were happy to give me such information as they could about such things as I wished to know. They told me this peat, or turf, as they called it, had been cut from bogs out in the mountain passes and small valleys, and that they had brought it to town to sell to the villagers at two shillings the load. Their dress was original and in some cases shabby, but it was decidedly picturesque. The three or four mountain girls among these peat-sellers were dressed in the usual inland Irish costume —

short skirts, heavy woolen stockings, and very heavy, thick-bottomed shoes. And they all had shawls over their heads drawn so closely that their faces were hidden except from those who stood immediately in front of them.

I wished to get a picture of the line of carts with their drivers. So I asked one of the girls if she objected to my taking the photograph. She seemed embarrassed and pretended not to hear what I said. I insisted, however, and brought together a number of the turf-sellers, including some peculiarly rustic-looking old fellows from somewhere far out in the mountains. One of the old men seemed at first rather undecided about the matter, as though it were no trifling thing thus to give away a privilege which might prove to be a valuable one, so he stood aside and thought it all over. Finally he took his pipe from his mouth, looked deliberately at his companion, and said: "Now, since we think, Michael, what *is* the objection? Can ye think of inny?" Michael stood for a moment scratching his head in the most intensely thoughtful manner, then he said, "No, *dommed* if I can!" And with this decision reached they got in line and I photographed the entire group.

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Upper Lake — Killarney.

Leaving the market square, I strolled leisurely through the long main street of the town, past the suburbs, and into the green fields of the country. From the vantage ground of a high grassy hill I looked over towards the south and west where the tall blue mountains stood above the Lakes of Killarney. It was a showery day, and a mist now and then passed below the mountains' summits, obscuring their green sides with skeins of rain.

Somewhat below me stretched the broad demesne of the Earl of Kenmare, the owner of that whole vast countryside, including the lake front, many extensive old ruins, and the entire town of Killarney. The fine mansion of the Kenmare estate, a very extensive castellated structure in red sandstone, recently erected, is about a mile from the center of the town. One may be admitted to the private demesne, which is shut out from the public on every side by tall stone walls, upon the payment of a sixpence at any one of several gates. The grounds are handsomely kept, and contain points where extensive views of the lakes may be obtained.

It is said that about a hundred years ago the town of Killarney was entirely rebuilt by the

landlord who wished to make there a model town. He left room behind every dwelling for a garden, and provided other attractions for the villagers. In the leases, however, he failed to embody a clause prohibiting the use of the garden spaces for other purposes, and as a consequence the tenants, taking advantage of the liberty allowed them, built cheaper houses, in some cases mere hovels, upon the leased areas, and sublet them to other tenants. This apparently is the reason why there are so many poor cabin-like structures on all the lanes and back streets of the little town.

Coming back into the town, I stopped at a little corner pharmacy, or "medical hall," as the Irish would call it, and made a few minor purchases. The proprietors were particularly kind to me, and conversed with me for some time upon Ireland, especially in its relation to England. I asked if it were really true that the Irish hate England at this time. "I suppose," said my newly made acquaintance, "that the word which you use is the proper one. Yes, we *hate* them!" His statement reminded me of a conversation which I had had not many days before with an Irish priest. He said, "Yes, we hate them, and

we thank God for the blessed privilege of hating under the circumstances. There is such a thing as a holy hatred — a hatred that edifies."

Just outside of the pharmacy stood two healthy, strong young policemen, or constables. They talked with me for some time about their duties, and related some interesting experiences. They were a part of a system which is bitterly distasteful to the average Irishman. The Government of Britain maintains a small army of twelve thousand constabulary in Ireland, their barracks being established in all parts of the island, including the most remote country districts. The Irish bitterly resent this police supervision, and in speaking of them prefer to characterize them with the term, "Government military spies." There are, however, comparatively few arrests in recent years, and clashes between the constabulary and the people are becoming less and less frequent.

I moved across the street where a middle-aged woman of pleasant face was presiding over a provender stand and dispensing eatables of various kinds to barefoot boys and young men who happened to pass. I had no difficulty in engaging this good-natured seller of goodies

in conversation. Fully a dozen young men and boys, most of them evidently village loafers, stood about me listening to what I had to say about America, now and then, in characteristic Irish manner, putting in a telling question. It seemed that most of them could tell at a glance that I was an American; and they could not let an American pass without notice. Like most of the Irish, they appeared to love the "grate counthry" across the Atlantic, and they were willing to suffer many an inconvenience to do a western traveler a good turn.

I noticed that every now and then a small boy would come along, give the lady a farthing or a ha'penny, get a handful of something out of a round wooden box, stuff it in his pocket, and go off chewing happily. The substance looked like dried rose petals, but I was told that it was a kind of a seaweed which was very wholesome indeed. "Foine f'r the diegistion!" explained one of the young men. "Virry salty and good. Thry it at my expinse." They all, including the old lady, insisted upon my tasting this sea product, but I told them that I had just had breakfast and seldom ate anything between meals.

Upon the stand also were turnips, carrots, potatoes, and a great pan of extraordinarily large gooseberries. I bought a pound of the berries for a penny, and found them to be excellently flavored. There was also upon the stand a box containing about a peck of snails which were selling rapidly, the small boys purchasing them readily at a ha'penny for a handful. I asked what they were, and the old woman called them by a name which I could not catch, though it was repeated to me several times, not only by the old lady, but also by several of the obliging bystanders.

"Jist think of it!" said the kind-hearted old dispenser of goodies, "the gintleman has niver tasted inny of this food. These is foine; jist thry one!" And before I knew what she was doing or could interpose an objection, she pulled a hairpin out of her hair, twisted it into the snail shell, pried the slimy creature out and had it almost in my mouth as I dodged backwards. I bade her a too hasty good day, at the risk of sacrificing all my American manners; but I simply had to do this, for I had not long before had a most severe case of seasickness, and without a change of scene and thought I could not

have contained myself another minute if my life had depended upon it.

I was afterwards informed by an Irishman that what I took to be snails was a species of snail-like shell fish brought in from the seashore. It was considered in that section to be excellent food.

Idly rambling about the town, talking to such of the inhabitants as I met in the way, I entered some of the small shops and even dwellings. On the back streets of Killarney, as elsewhere in rural Ireland, the front doors of the dwellings open on a level with the street, and not one house in a dozen has anything except a dirt or rough stone floor.

It was a showery day — what day is not in Ireland? — and whenever a hard, cold shower would come over, chickens, geese, ducks, cats, dogs, and children would scramble over each other to get into the house. When the shower was over, they would come out again to wade and wallow or scratch or play in the mud and dirt of the gutters.

There was one long string of geese in Killarney that appeared to be ubiquitous. They seemed to have the freedom of the town. They moved

A Lane in Killarney Town.

swiftly, and did not seem to care particularly where they went. These geese that day were about the wettest and dirtiest that I saw anywhere about me, and I am sure their impudence and boldness surpassed their dirtiness. They seemed to be perfectly indifferent as to whose house they entered and into whose dinner pots they thrust their dirty heads.

I saw these geese diving and playing in a gutter running with black filthy water just after a shower, and then file suddenly into a house where a number of fowls and animals of various kinds had congregated. The old woman who lived there could stand much, and she showed by her countenance that she had gone through a great deal of rough treatment, but there was a limit to her endurance. I heard her mutter something about "dirthy spalpeens" and "long-nicked divils" as she grabbed hold of a broom-stick; and for the next five minutes the air was filled with goose feathers, cat yowls, table legs, dirty water, peat ashes, mud, dog hair, skillet tops, and bitter ejaculations, mixed in intricate and unutterable confusion. When finally the mists had cleared away I saw the string of geese, with feathers awry, passing hastily around a

corner, a dog was limping rapidly off, and a barefoot boy, with breeches legs extending almost down to his ankles, stood just outside of the doorway almost dying from laughter.

Still strolling around, I entered a very small shop, somewhat below the level of the sidewalk, on one of the principal streets of the town. In the window were a few small packages of groceries and ordinary household necessities. I wished to purchase a cake of chocolate, and I used this as an excuse for entering the little shop. Two middle-aged women of real Irish stock sat on opposite sides of the rude counter, apparently gossiping as all other women at times are supposed to do. When I entered, they asked me with characteristic Irish politeness of manner what I wished to purchase and how they might be able to serve me. They saw at a glance, as they told me, that I was an American, and this fact made them particularly anxious to treat me kindly. Both of them had many relatives and friends beyond the Atlantic; and while I was talking to them about cities and places of which they made inquiry, two little girls, a daughter of each of the ladies, came into the room from the back door, struggling fiercely with

each other over some point of difference in their play. The mothers were much disturbed that an American gentleman should thus witness such a display of Irish physical prowess in their home, so they began to make all kinds of excuses for the little tots. Finally they threatened to let the gentleman take both of them across the ocean with him unless they would at once discontinue fighting. This threat had the desired effect, and within five minutes they were in the very best of humor, chatting with me and telling me all kinds of wondrous things about their toys and playthings.

The ladies wished me to see the picture of a famous cow that had taken many medals and prizes at cattle fairs and shows in various places. They took me into an adjoining room, apparently the dining-room, where there was a table set with white bread and a plate of golden Irish butter upon it. I noticed that a dead crow was suspended by a string from some point above, and allowed to swing immediately in front of the window of the room. I inquired what this meant, and was told that the crows were so bad in Killarney that they would come even into the house and steal unless they in this strange

manner were frightened away. They could not shoot them because they were prohibited by law from keeping fire-arms in the house without a permit and the payment of a heavy fee. For this reason the crows and rooks had almost taken possession of Ireland.

While we were still talking about "Amuriky," an old Irishman, seemingly just from the pages of a comic weekly, came into the room from the street. He was almost a perfect specimen of the real Irishmen of the remote inland districts. He did not wait for the ladies to introduce him, but introduced himself to me and told me in a most cordial manner that I was particularly welcome to the premises. He was father-in-law of both of these ladies, his two sons having married them some years before. He lived here with them, picking up a stray penny wherever one might be found. I told him that I was intensely interested in the Irish people, particularly those of the peasantry class; and he informed me that he knew all that there was to be known about them, as he himself happened to be one of them and had lived for a good many years in intimate contact with them.

He told me that it would be one of the pleasures

of his life to go with me about the town and its environs and show me the sights. The ladies forthwith put in strenuous objection to this, declaring that they would not consent to his going with me unless I would promise faithfully not to give him anything to drink. "Och! he is a terrible dhrinker!" one of them said; and the other added, "And he is that foolish whin he gits a-dhrinkin' that we can't have any peace about the primises."

I gave the ladies my faithful promise not to give the old fellow anything to drink, and they gave their consent to his going with me. As soon as we had gotten out of the door he said in a contemptuous way: "Yis, the women thinks they know about all there is to know. Dhrink, is it? And I the greathest timp'rance worruker in all county Kerry!" His nose indicated what kind of "worruk" he was accustomed, when he had the opportunity, to do. But he continued:

"Women is that shtrange I sometimes sit an' wonder. Is it thrue in Amuriky that the gintle six is of such a nature? Och! what mysteries! And thin, more mysteries to thimsilves than to innybody ilse." Then he grew quiet and thoughtful as we walked along. Coming to

himself again, he looked down at his old clothes and began to excuse himself for his appearance. His dress was indeed shabby, but his very face showed that a kind heart had its home in his bosom, and I felt sure that he had no grudge against anybody or any living thing in all the world.

We set out under his direction to walk down towards the lakes, those sheets of gray water lying in the shadows of the tall green mountains. The road along which we walked was smooth and clean, and densely shaded with wide-spreading, gnarled old trees, bearing upon them the weight of centuries. Now and then we passed an old landmark — a stone set in the ground, some old cottage buried under the trees, or some reputed resort of the fairies. One tree, immediately in the way, marked with stones set about it, had witnessed a most tragic occurrence under its branches. A tall stone wall, extending from the town to the lake, a distance of nearly two miles, shut out completely from view the mountains and the lakes. Over this wall was the lordly demesne of the Earl of Kenmare. My companion told me that the estate had within recent years passed through financial stress,

but that he hoped it would all come out right in the end. Anyway, the people in and about Killarney were living, and now and then they got something good to eat and a drop to drink.

On our walk we met many semi-beggars — men, women, and boys — who wished to sell us shoestrings, cheap souvenirs, post cards, bog-oak pipes and other trifling gewgaws hardly worth the carrying away. My old companion did his utmost to protect me from the most annoying importunities of these people, and he even went farther than my conscience would approve in his efforts to befriend me. He told one of them on the side that I was a famous nobleman traveling incognito, and that too many words from him would surely land him in a dungeon in the Tower of London. The effect was magical. To another he said I was "Prisident of New Yorruk," and that I did not wish to be worried. To several others he made the statement that I was in a great hurry, and that I had to be at the station within the next quarter of an hour. This when I was two miles away and afoot!

At length we reached old Ross Castle, one of the best preserved ruins of that entire region. The castle is built immediately upon Lough

Leane, or the Lower Lake, on an island which is connected with the mainland by a very narrow neck of land. The ancient building is a most picturesque one, massive and strong, with a growth of ivy covering it almost completely from the foundations to the lofty tower. The castle was erected several centuries ago by one of the noted O'Donoghues, a chieftain and fighter, well known in Irish history. In early days the castle had a bloody history, but it is noted to-day because it was the last stronghold in Munster Ireland to surrender to the forces of the Commonwealth in 1652 when Cromwell and his lieutenants overran Ireland intent upon wholesale butchery.

A little distance away on the eastern shore of the lake were the ruins of another old castle, and a little farther still were the ruins of Muckross Abbey, founded by the Franciscans in 1340. These ruins are among the most famous in Ireland, and the spot itself is entrancingly beautiful. In the opposite direction was the island of Innisfallen, noted in literature and history. From the shore this little island appears to be but a mass of evergreens, but when one approaches it across the lake in a boat he sees that beneath the trees there are glades, and lawns, and paths, and

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

The Lower Lake, Killarney.

From Lord Kenmare's Mansion.

ruins, that give the appearance of a veritable fairyland. So rich is the soil that the arbutus and hollies grow into great spreading trees. Buried in a dense bower of immense, drooping trees are the ruins of an old abbey founded in the year 650 A.D., by St. Finian. Here in this wonderful old building the Annals of Innisfallen were written. This famous historical work gives us much of what we know of early Irish history. The Annals also state that in the year 1180, when this abbey held vast stores of riches, both silver and gold, Mildwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, plundered the treasuries and slayed many of the keepers in the very cemetery of the McCarthys.

One is almost overwhelmed as he contemplates the wondrous beauty of this dank, shady island with its ruins. It is scarcely a wonder that it inspired the Irish poet Yeats to write what Robert Louis Stevenson thought was the most exquisite poem of modern times:

"And I shall have some peace there,
For peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning
To where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer
And noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

"I will arise and go now,
For always, night or day,
I hear lake water lapping,
With low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway,
Or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

To Thackeray this spot was "quiet, innocent, and tender." Perhaps the sunshine falling across Purple Mountain upon the ruins remained the longest in the memory of Thomas Moore. Said he:

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

It was the view through the dense shade of bending yew and holly, of the cliffs of the Eagle's Nest, past Glena Wood and beyond the Meeting of the Waters, which inspired Alfred Austin to say:

"The first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe, only in order to heighten by passing contrast the sense of soft, insinuating loveliness. How the missel-thrushes sing, as well they may! How

the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh! For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears; the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal is never out of your heart. There is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney; and if mountain, wood, and water, harmoniously blent, constitute the most perfect and adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has, all the world over, no superior."

The boatman sat for a long time on the shore near the old Ross Castle and talked to me of his life and his little mountain home. Ah! how poorly he lived there! In summers he rowed the tourists upon the lake, but och! how long the dreary winters were when never a visitor came. He would have gone to America long, long ago, only he could never get enough money together to take him and his little family. He supposed he would have to live all his years here upon the lakes. But he asked me many questions about the great country beyond the Atlantic where so many of his friends had gone. Indeed, was it not the money which they sent back that paid all the rents of Killarney? Yes, and this was

true all through Ireland. The old people would starve if it were not for the help which they got from the boys and girls in America.

And then my old Killarney guide wished also to ask me some questions about America. He had long had the curiosity to know what kind of telephone poles they had over there. Were the fences made of stone as in Ireland? Were the chickens mostly white ones or speckled? And he had heard the freight cars were very large. But he was afraid he could not stand the climate. He had heard it was "tremindously" hot over there in summer, and too much heat made him dizzy in the head. He said he had heard the wages there were very high. In Kerry they were low. A good, stout farmer's boy would work a whole year for ten pounds and board. The board? Well, it was only fair, mostly bread and a little butter, with "tay" in the evenings. But meat was to be had sometimes, perhaps not oftener than once a week.

The lake water was lapping at our feet. The old man looked down at his worn old shoes. Ah! he hated to be seen out wearing such shoes, but indeed they were the best he had. The truth was he had buried his old wife not long before

and it had taken all his money to pay the undertaking expenses. Still he felt that he had done his part. It was "a grate funeral and a moighty wake."

Och! how he would like to get to a country where there was a plenty of money! He had heard that even the farm hands in America got good wages. But what did they eat? I told him they could get meat three times a day.

"Glory be to God!" he said in amazement. "And do they get tay to dhrink, and now and then some ale and porther?"

I told him they usually had all the tea and coffee they wished to drink, and they could generally get beer and porter when they wanted it.

"Glory be to God on high!" he exclaimed, rising from his seat. But he turned sadly away and sighed. "I've waited too long," he said. "I'm too old!"

It was getting late. A gray mist was settling over the lakes and burying the islands out of sight. We passed the ivy-clad castle and walked up the old roadway that reeked with the dense perfume of flowers and breathed forth the odors of the fresh showers of June. The sun had sunken far down behind the mountains, but its

rays had turned the clouds into gold. Some of the sheen fell athwart the summits of the lofty blue mountains above us, and lighted them up with a quiet, unspeakable glory.

Old Ross Castle of Killarney.

CHAPTER IV

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE GOLDEN VALE OF TIPPERARY

I HAD heard much of the Golden Vale of Tipperary. Guide-books say it is "the most fertile tract of Ireland"; travelers who have seen that portion of the "ould sod" write of it as a "prosperous and beautiful agricultural region"; and those Irish people who have found their way to America speak of it with a sparkle in their eyes and a pride in their voices as "the counthry God made afther His own pathern."

I was led to believe, from what I had heard and read, that that portion of south central Ireland known as the "Golden Vale" occupies a position of rural supremacy with regard to the Emerald Isle comparable to that which the Shenandoah Valley does to the State of Virginia or the Blue Grass Region does to Kentucky.

I was on my way thither one cold, showery June morning, and I expected to see before

night something of a "foine counthry." In my compartment of the train bound from south-western Ireland to Dublin, the capital, on the central eastern coast of the island, were two married couples, apparently somewhat under middle age. From the manner in which they were dressed and the accent so noticeable in their speech, I judged they were from Scotland.

One of the gentlemen, apparently a prosperous business man, was somewhat overbold, I thought, for he was actually talking politics here in Munster Ireland. One does not have to be an eavesdropper to hear many interesting things on the trains of the British Isles. Conversations are thrust upon one. This Scotchman, red-faced and tweed-attired, was descanting volubly upon political topics, and seemed not to be loath to express his opinions of Ireland and the Home Rule question. Said he, sometimes speaking directly to his companions, sometimes apparently with more or less introspection:

"If they *had* home rule what would the Irish do with it? Would it satisfy them? Are they ever satisfied with anything except fighting somebody or something? Ah! right there's the

secret of it all. Fighting is in their blood, inherited from a thousand generations of fighters. They've been fighting from history's very morning. Their first weapons were rough stones and dead limbs from trees; then they learned how to dress flints with which to mutilate each other. From this they went to the short sword and the spear, thence to the cross-bow, the musket and the cannon, tapering off with the kippeen and the shillalah. Now most of their fighting is done with the tongue around the ballot boxes, with the policeman's billy in alley disturbances, or with the naked fist in the prize rings!"

"Oh! they are a great people in their way," he was going on to say, "a wonderful people: but constitutionally they are unable to govern themselves. They are too visionary, too emotional — quite too passionate."

Then he undertook to explain how all the vast commercial interests of Protestant or Ulster Ireland would suffer if the Irish Catholic majority were given the upper hand, and concluded by saying that he as a Scotchman had absolutely no grudge against the Irish; upon the contrary, he admired them greatly for a num-

ber of their traits, but personally he did not think they should have home rule. It was against common sense, and, indeed, contrary to the teachings of history.

A few days before this I had heard a Catholic priest say that no Irishman worth taking into consideration would ever be satisfied with anything less than total and complete home rule for Ireland. The country would not prosper, nor did the average Irishman wish it to prosper, so long as it was connected under the present arrangements with Great Britain. Let no one labor under the delusion, he said, that Ireland would ever give up the fight until she became free.

Such conversations one may hear anywhere in Ireland if he chooses to listen. Every Irish newspaper is filled with discussions of the land and tenure question, the Gaelic League, or local Irish politics. The Irishman delights in long verbatim speeches and page-long articles dealing with the intricacies of the work of the reform societies or the Congested Districts Board. And he is ready at all times to discuss any phase of the so-called "Irish question."

This "question" is not a new one. It dates

from the year 1171 when Ireland was conquered by the Normans and brought under partial control of England. The years in between have been filled with striving and fighting, the Irishmen all admit; while perhaps the most noted living Irishman insists that it was the Irishman's predisposition to strife which first brought the island under the dominion of England.

Reliable Irish history relates that during the early centuries of the Christian era Ireland was divided into many tribes and small kingdoms among which there was almost constant war. But after the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century the island became a center of culture which far eclipsed England or any other portion of western Europe. Its teachers are said to have founded the University of Paris; and learned men from its shores visited all northern and semi-pagan Europe, giving religious and secular instruction. But when the Danes came in the ninth and tenth centuries, plundering, thieving, and murdering along the coasts, the Irish were literally worn out in their attempts to drive them from the country. Irish civilization and culture declined greatly on account of these disastrous wars. Finally, however, all

the tribes of the island were united under the leadership of Brian Boru, perhaps the most brilliant organizer and leader of the Irish race, and victory after victory was gained over the Danes. At Clontarf, the last great victory, Brian in returning to his tent was killed by a concealed enemy. This was in the year 1014.

After Brian's death the island was again divided into four kingdoms, Ulster in the north, Leinster in the east, Munster in the south, and Connaught in the west. These were subdivided into innumerable kingdoms and principalities. Then fighting again commenced among the island kingdoms. It was the culmination of these quarrels, relates Justin McCarthy, which brought about union with England, the most unfortunate event, average Irishmen think, of all the unfortunate events of Irish history. It happened in this wise:

The Lord or Chief of Brefni had a beautiful wife who attracted the admiration of Dermot Macmurragh, King of Leinster. Dermot, a reckless warrior, lover of the chase, semi-savage, and unscrupulous libertine, proceeded to Brefni's castle and with little difficulty persuaded the fair Devorgilla to return home with

him and become queen of Leinster. Brefni immediately took up arms to avenge the outrage, and the result was civil war. The King of Connaught, the nominal supreme head of the country, took sides with Brefni, and Dermot thought it best to escape the country. Henry II of England received him at his court, heard his story, and decided to invade Ireland and restore its equilibrium. Sixteen years before this he had obtained from Pope Adrian IV a Bull of Authority over Ireland, on the ground of the alleged ignorance and immorality of the people; and he was apparently happy to have this excuse for going over to possess the island.

Robert Fitz-Stephen, a Norman knight, with Dermot as guide, crossed the channel with a small army of knights, men-at-arms, and Welsh archers. The Irish kernes found the English arms and horses irresistible; Wexford was taken, and a veritable slaughter ensued. Dermot seized the severed head of a fallen Irish foeman and with his teeth tore off its nose and its lips, proving the brutal savage that he was.

Then came Richard of Clare, known as "Strongbow," who married Dermot's daughter Eva; and in 1171 Henry himself came with a

large army and overwhelmed Irish forces in different parts of the island. The Norman conquest was partial, but from that day to this England has ruled Ireland. This rule, tremendously aggravated by the Cromwellian massacres and the battles between the forces of William and James, and more than all by the Ulster dispossession and settlement, has never been kindly accepted by the Irish people. It is scarcely a wonder, then, that a grudge of seven hundred and forty years' standing should be considered a serious matter in Ireland. And it is not strange that a traveler should hear discussion of the old question even in the grassy vale of Tipperary.

We passed Mallow, in the Blackwater Valley, not many miles above the charming village of Lismore, whose castle, built by the Earl of Montaigne, afterwards King John of England, is now one of the twelve residences of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. This splendid castle, it may be noted, has for many years been looked upon by a number of the ultra-sanguine Irish people as a prospective royal residence in case anything does happen to make Ireland again a nation.

Traveling northeastward, we passed Buttevant, in northern county Cork, a town of much former splendor, but which even in Edmund Spenser's day was so old that the poet said in respect to it, "the ragged ruins breed great ruth and pittie."

Five miles northeast of the town, at the foot of the strangely beautiful Ballyhoura Hills, is Kilcolman Castle, the home of Spenser, where the *Faerie Queene* was composed. Doneraile Park, once the property of the poet, is a few miles away on the south.

At Charleville we passed out of County Cork into County Limerick. Here in the Valley of the Aherlow we caught our first glimpse of the Golden Vale. The Ballyhoura Hills and the Galty Mountains lay upon our south, and about us, blackish green, was a rolling country of grass, stretched as far as eye could see into the north, the east, and the west. Our next stop was at Limerick Junction, a busy railroad station out in the grassy meadows, twenty miles southeast of Limerick, an ancient Irish city, noted for its Treaty Stone and its fishing-hook factories. At Limerick Junction I left the train with my baggage and began to look about me at the sights.

The railway station at Limerick Junction was new and handsome, and was equipped with every modern convenience. It was a type of the buff-brick stations which within the past few years have been erected in all the principal towns and at important railway junctions in the island. There were comfortable waiting-rooms, lavatories, and news-stands, but by far the most conspicuous feature of the building was the bar, run in conjunction with the restaurant, which was tended by a number of unusually handsome young girls. The bar was elaborately and luxuriantly equipped, its full stock of choice liquors, brandies and wines being in full view of the passing multitudes. If one wished a cup of hot chocolate or cocoa or a slight luncheon he must have it served there in front of the bar. To one with the slightest tendency in the direction of dissipation, I fancy this place of refreshment would prove irresistible.

The willingness on the part of the Irish people to allow bars in their railway stations is one proof of the fact that the old Irish vice still exists in the island. In olden days, historians and travelers tell us, liquor was almost if not altogether free of tax, and Ireland was given over to drunk-

enness. Indeed, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was often considered a mark of hospitality in a host to insist that his guests be made drunk when under his rooftree. Ingenious devices, it is said, were invented for compelling intoxication. In some cases glasses and bottles were provided which could not stand and which therefore had to be emptied before they could be laid upon the table. It was a trick at dinner parties for hosts to keep the tea-kettle filled with hot whisky in order that those who attempted to weaken their punch would unwittingly strengthen it. A host was unmindful of even the smaller courtesies if he allowed his guests to get up from a festive table in the usual manner. Most of the men had to be pulled out from underneath the board. An Irishman drunk was an Irishman "all in his glory."

Father Theobald Matthew, a Capuchin friar, to whom a statue stands in Patrick Street, Cork, originated a crusade against drunkenness in 1838, and by 1840 he had upon his total abstinence rolls a total of two million five hundred and thirty thousand names. From that time an improvement set in, and drunkenness became

much less frequent everywhere in the island. Since Father Matthew's day, however, a reaction has set in, and a traveler to-day in Ireland will see much drunkenness. The attitude of the church towards drinking is less favorable than it once was, but efforts against the liquor traffic are desultory and scattering, and accomplish little. It is said, however, that this is to be expected since so many of the clergy themselves drink regularly and sometimes to excess. Many of the priests are sons of liquor dealers, and it is something of a custom for the Irish brewers or public-house keepers to give one of their sons to be educated for the priesthood.

One of the most brilliant Catholic priests in Ireland, himself, I believe, a total abstainer, told me he had come to the conclusion that his countrymen have little right to grumble about their tax bill of £9,000,000, while they cheerfully and hilariously allowed their drink bill to total £14,000,000 a year, and this too when Ireland of all countries in the world is the least able to afford it.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, talking to me about this matter in the Houses of Parliament in Lon-

don, told me that while the drink bill of Ireland was reported as being enormous there were extenuating circumstances. "Drink," he said, "has been called 'the child of despondency,' though it is also the child of hopeless poverty. Give the Irish a brighter outlook and their tendency to drink will no doubt be diminished."

But whatever arguments may be offered pro and con, the disinterested and unprejudiced traveler through Ireland would certainly feel more comfortable in extending his sympathies to the Irish people in their troubles if he did not see so many elaborately equipped bars and public-houses in such close juxtaposition to the thatched-roofed, stone-floored cottages of those who can in no possible manner afford the luxury of drink.

At the suggestion of the courteous and kindly station master, I decided to spend part of the three hours which I must wait in visiting the famous old town of Tipperary which was but three miles away on the south. I boarded a train bound for Waterford, and in less than ten minutes I was in Tipperary town. When I looked about me I felt sure that I was in Ireland indeed. Here all the marks were to be

seen. Jaunting-cars were drawn up in line, with drivers just begging one to go on a "glorious dhrive": chickens and geese and even goats appeared to roam about at will: "Patrick" was there with his Hibernian lip and his pipe; and stolid, thatched houses lined all the alleyways which extended out even into the grassy meadows that surrounded the town on every side.

I walked from the station up the walled-in roadway to the old town. All along the way were low-back donkey-cars, many of them loaded down with tall cans of milk which they were taking to the creameries. With the bare exception of Cork, Tipperary is the largest butter market of Ireland. The population of the town at this time is about six thousand, possibly three or four thousand less than it was sixty years ago. It is situated at the foot of the Slieve-na-muck hills in an undulating country of the densest green. Meadows of lush grass extend in every direction as far as the eye can see.

I explored one of the principal shops on a corner of the main street in quest of an umbrella. There seemed to be a full stock of

goods in the establishment, but the wares were piled about and most unattractively displayed. The windows were small, and the day was cloudy and damp without, so there was gloom indeed in the search which we made for the umbrella. At length the young woman clerk found the box containing the umbrellas and laid them out for my inspection. They were of the oldest and crudest pattern, though it appeared that the fair young clerk did not know that much better ones could be found anywhere.

It was raining and cold without, but nobody seemed to mind a little thing like that. I stopped a picturesque group of children on their way from school, and asked them if they objected to my making a small picture of them with my kodak. They not only had no objection, but were almost wild with enthusiasm over the project. Others came up, and in a short while they were joined by several old men and women who came up out of a neighboring alley. As I moved away from this place the crowd followed me, increasing as we went along. The old women were poorly dressed, with the usual somber shawl over the head, and heavy,

though badly-worn, shoes. One old man who hobbled up out of an alley with his cane was quite remarkable in his attire. His coat was cut according to a pattern that has long been ruled out of fashionable society, and his shoes were something enormous. The entire outfit was crowned with a derby hat of some style of the long ago, dented apparently with many an unlucky stroke from a shillalah or fist, and actually green with a growth of damp Irish moss.

Feeling somewhat embarrassed on account of the crowd which I had collected, I made an effort to get away from them; but the farther I went down the alley the larger the crowd became. If the whole lugubrious contingent had not furnished such a ludicrous scene, I believe I would have lost my courage. One might have thought, from the appearance of things, that a circus had come to town and that I was the parade. As soon, however, as I expressed my willingness to be left alone most of the crowd disappeared, but some of the schoolboys, like Peter of old, insisted upon following afar off, intent upon learning, if possible, just what the man with an American raincoat and a camera wished in Tipperary.

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

In an Alley of an Inland Irish Town.

I was fortunate in reaching Limerick Junction just in time for the train which took me to Goold's Cross, a station in County Tipperary, through which I had to pass on my way to Cashel, in the heart of the Golden Vale. When the train from Dublin reached Goold's Cross I observed that there were a number of what appeared to be excursion coaches attached, and when the passengers began to pour out of this train and board the train for Cashel I saw that in a number of cases John Barleycorn had done his work well. A guard of the Cashel train was particularly kind in placing me in a compartment all to myself, and thus in meditation and introspection I traveled to Cashel, listening to the boisterous songs that came forth from the train behind me.

I was visiting Cashel not only because it is in the heart of the richest section of Ireland, but also because historically it is one of the most noted small towns of the island, and possesses some of the most famous ruins of the British Isles. No one knows just when the town was founded, or the noted Rock of Cashel first possessed by civilized man, but the earliest historical records indicate that it was an important

settlement centuries before Christianity was introduced into the island.

In those early days Ireland was covered with dense forests. The trees were of enormous size, and in the rich swampy places there were veritable jungles. The inhabitants, about whom very little is known, had built no bridges except a few unsubstantial wooden structures, and boats and barges had to be used in crossing the streams. The houses were of wood — a kind of wicker-work, enclosing in some cases walls of clay, which were surmounted with conical roofs with holes in the tops for the escape of the smoke. The banqueting-halls were sometimes made of rough, sawn boards, and covered with boughs or with sedge-straw now known as thatch.

Wild animals were abundant. The red deer, the wild boar, the wolf, the fox, and the wild goat, with many smaller animals, were everywhere to be found. In the woods and mountains there were eagles and ravens, while on the water-courses and along the seacoasts were innumerable swans, gulls, choughs, and seals.

Even in the very early times the primitive inhabitants raised flax, wheat, and oats, and indi-

cations are that they kept many hives of bees that gathered honey from the myriads of blossoms of the wild-flowers of the island. With the honey they made mead which they drank freely, especially when they met together in the banqueting-halls to celebrate some victory. Traveling was done mostly afoot, but a kind of a drag was used for hauling, as well as a cart with solid disk wheels. From the very earliest times they grazed and milked the cow, and made her a standard of value, known as the "set," with plural form "senti." The pig, too, seems to have been with them from the beginning. Pickled pig, acorn fed, was always considered a great delicacy with the early Irelanders.

So far as is known, the religion of the people was Druidism. Their places of worship were the stone cairns or "cromlechs" which may be found in parts of Ireland to-day.

In those early days Cashel was founded. Tradition says its first settlement was in the reign of Corc, son of Loo-ee. Immense forests then stretched over this vast limestone plain, and here two swineherds — Killarn, herdsman to the King of Ely, and Doordiy, herdsman to

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the King of Muskerry—came to feed their pigs upon the acorns in the woods. They continued in these woods about a quarter of a year, making their home on an immense limestone rock, three hundred feet high, in the very heart of the woods. Here it is said they had a vision, when a brilliant figure announced that this hill was consecrated on account of the future coming of a certain Patrick who should Christianize Ireland. The masters of the swineherds, hearing their remarkable story of the vision, repaired to the spot and on the very top of the vast rock they built a palace called "Lis-na-cree," or the fort of heroes. Here the King of Munster received royal tribute, and the rock was thereafter called Cashel, from "Cios ail," the Rock of Tribute. Others, however, say the word is derived from "Cashiol," which in Celtic means the same as the Latin word *castellum*.

The train reached Cashel at sunset. Mounting a jaunting-car, I drove into the little town, or "city," one should call it, for it was chartered as a city by the King of England more than five hundred years ago. Rolling away on every side were meadows of grass, almost tree-

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A Cromlech, near Dundalk.

less, with white roads and stone walls. The great Rock of Cashel, crowned with ruins, towered above us, and the town of three thousand people lay at its base as if asleep in the gathering twilight.

I was hospitably received at a little stone inn, and after supper I was taken to a number of the shops and other places of business and introduced to some of the leading men of the town. I found these gentlemen to be thoroughly informed upon all subjects relating to America, and invariably they were deeply interested in American affairs. They subscribed for the American newspapers and knew numbers of Irish people in the principal American cities. One of them was agent for a number of the transatlantic steamship lines, and he said that in the course of a year he generally sold hundreds of tickets to emigrants bound for New York and Boston. One gentleman, the proprietor of a hardware store, talked to me volubly about New York and other American cities, naming even obscure streets and describing the leading places of interest. Upon my asking him when he had last visited the United States, he told me, with a smile upon his face,

that his feet had never rested upon American soil, but that he was so much interested in our great free country he almost knew it by heart. I could not have been more kindly and hospitably received anywhere than I was in this little Irish hamlet, shut out from the noise and bustle of the world.

Early the next morning I set out in company with a most agreeable and kindly acquaintance, a citizen of Cashel, with the purpose of seeing the old town and exploring the hoary ruins. As we walked here and there in the streets, I saw many sights that interested and amused me. One old woman, who drove a very small donkey-cart from house to house, distributing milk, seemed to meet us at every turn. Her costume was decidedly picturesque. And in one case we saw an extremely old man sitting out in front of his doorway. I was told by my companion that he was over a hundred years old. He would never consent to having his picture made, and whenever he saw any one approaching with a camera or kodak he went into his house and shut the door.

At length we reached the foot of the Rock of Cashel, and climbed slowly up the steep

incline until we reached the summit. It was clear and windy and cold, and we kept our overcoats buttoned up closely about our ears. That same day the thermometer registered above ninety degrees in all parts of the United States. As we reached the top we met a genial old gate-keeper who, after passing courtesies, gave us an immense key which opened a gate leading into the ruins. A veritable wilderness of masonry lay about us.

Upon this rock are ruins unsurpassed for interest anywhere in Europe. They consist of a cathedral, a richly decorated chapel, known as Cormac's chapel, interesting remains of immense monastic buildings, a round tower, and a great stone cross, in addition to the very old wall which surrounds the rock's summit. Perhaps all of these ruins belong to the Christian era, though undoubtedly the rock had been a heathen shrine long before Christianity was introduced into Ireland. Authorities assure us that there are records indicating that a synod was held upon the rock by St. Patrick, St. Declan, and St. Ailbe about the middle of the fifth century. Oengus, the king, at that time erected a church upon the rock to commemorate his conversion.

If we except the round tower, about which we know too little, the oldest building upon the rock is Cormac's Chapel, supposed to have been erected by Cormac MacCulinan, King of Munster, who died in 908; or, more probably, by Cormac MacCarthy, an ancestor of the builder of Blarney Castle, who was king and bishop about 1127. The cathedral was finished about 1169 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick. This building, except the woodwork, remains intact, and is very handsome with its lofty arches and groined roof. It is said that in 1495 the Earl of Kildare with his own hands set fire to the interior wood-work of this vast pile and reduced it to ashes. At his trial before the King of England he readily confessed his guilt, but said he would not have applied the torch to the sacred edifice if he had not been firmly of the opinion that his deadly enemy, Archbishop Creagh, was within at the time. Bishop Meath concluded his impeachment with the words, "Your Majesty, you see all Ireland cannot rule this gentleman!" King Henry replied, "Then he shall rule all Ireland!" And he forthwith appointed him to the lord-lieutenancy of the kingdom.

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Old Cross and Round Tower.

Close beside and built into the cathedral is Cormac's Chapel. Its carvings are exquisite, though black with extreme age. Wonderful old tombs, with strange inscriptions in Latin and Gaelic, and fanciful carvings representing strange beings and gods and goddesses, almost heathen in character, would almost lead one to believe it was formerly a heathen shrine. These carvings and tombs are upon all sides of the chapel. The tomb of Cormac MacCarthy, lying there in the quiet of the mighty mountain, overlooking the Golden Vale, almost startles one with its strange impressiveness.

The ruins of the monastic buildings remain near the cathedral; and in the same enclosure is the ancient cross, carved probably more than a thousand years ago. Below it is the coronation stone of the kings of Munster, the "Lia fail" of the south. Upon the stone are carvings in concentric circles, indicating that it was probably a Druid's altar. It is said to be the oldest stone-work of the place and certainly one of the most ancient carvings in Ireland.

Beside the ruins, and crowning them all, is the round tower. This remains in a perfect state of preservation. The other buildings are

of limestone, but this is built of sandstone or granite. This tower is fifty-six feet in circumference and ninety feet in height. It has four apertures at the top, opening to the four points of the compass, and windows upon the sides, indicating that it was originally divided into five stories. The entrance to the tower is a doorway cut through the thick walls, twelve feet from the ground.

It is not known when this tower was erected, as authorities upon archeology cannot agree upon the dates when these peculiar buildings arose throughout Ireland. At the present time there are about a hundred and eighteen round towers upon the island, of which many are in ruins. Only twenty are entire from foundation to conical roof.

There has been utter disagreement in the conclusions of scholars as to the purpose for which these towers were built. Volumes have been written upon the subject, but it is not known even yet whether these strange buildings belong to the Christian era or are relics of paganism. Some writers strenuously insist that they were built long before Christianity was introduced into Ireland, and that they were

erected to commemorate victories, or as monuments, and were used as places of retreat in times of danger. Some think they were erected during the early days of Irish Christianity, and were used as watch or bell towers by the monks. Excavations in a number of cases have revealed skeletons and charcoal beneath the towers, showing that possibly some of the towers were built over the graves of chieftains.

For whatever purpose the towers were built, they were admirably adapted for places of retreat at times of attack. Entrance to the tower was gained through the door usually situated from six to sixteen feet from the ground. The ladder was then drawn up into the tower, and as each successive floor or landing was reached, the ladder was taken up higher. The floors in some of the towers were constructed of wood; in others, of stone. Those besieged could rain rocks down upon the heads of the enemy at the foot of the tower and thus effectually prevent an entrance. There were no weapons in those days that could reach to the top of the tower.

I examined the Cashel round tower as carefully as I could, and through the door looked

up into the interior of the building. There was no sign of life anywhere except the chattering of the jackdaws that had made their home in the very summit of the tower.

After examining the strange cuddies, the damp, cool rooms, and the mysterious passage-ways in the lower part of the ruins, my companion and I sought the winding stairways of stone built spirally in the wall of the cathedral. I noticed the perfect fittings of the spiral steps, so skilfully cut in the dark ages. After many turns we came out upon the top of the walls. The flaming sunshine bathed the whole mass of ruins in yellow gold. I shall never forget the sight.

The view from Eiffel Tower over Paris and the valley of the Seine reveals much of man's skill and suggests power; the panorama of mountain, valley, and battlefield from Stirling Castle in Scotland is one of boldness and majesty; but this prospect of the Golden Vale of Tipperary from the summit of the Rock of Cashel is a picture of infinite peace.

To me it was glorious that June day to see the sunshine rest upon the earth. For twenty miles in every direction lay the valley, luscious and green beyond all that can be imagined.

In the distance, and far away towards the north, and south, and west, lay mountains, blue as lazulite in the golden sunshine. Field beyond field, meadow against meadow, stone wall joining stone wall, hedge following hedge — a panorama it was of all that is fair on earth to look upon. The lush grass and the shamrock covered the earth like a carpet, while blooming flowers, daisies, white clover, heather, hawthorn, poppies, and pink wild roses breathed out their fragrance into the soft air that blew about us from the western hills.

Sheep and cattle, like tiny specks in the distance, grazed lazily on the sunny hillsides. Placid streams, glittering in the morning sunshine, wound between the hills and circled about the villages and hamlets; and the white roads, lined with gray stone walls, stretched themselves over the hills and across the valleys until they appeared like white ribbons in the hazy distance. Even here on the top of the lofty ruins, moss-covered and vine-clad, the scent of clover-blooms and myriads of sod-blossoms came: and the far-away tinkling of sheep-bells and the songs of building linnets told a story of infinite tenderness.

Many miles away, towards the northeast, were the Devil's Bit Mountains which have a peculiar formation — a depression in a long, lofty range which appears to have been cut or bitten out by the teeth of some gigantic mouth. The legend current in that country is that the devil, in days of old, was passing those mountains, and becoming offended at the general perversity of mankind, took his spite out by biting a piece out of the top of the mountains and dropping it in the heart of the valley, leaving it there to be known as the Rock of Cashel. The driver who told me this story insisted that many of the old folks still believe this tale, but, said he, "Don't mintion it as coming from me, but I've always had my doubts about it."

Coming down from the rock, I was pointed to Hore Abbey, an immense ruin a quarter of a mile away. Here David MacCarvill, dreaming that the Benedictines wished to cut off his head, changed it into an abbey for the Cistercian order. This was done in 1272. To-day the pile of ruins is surrounded by fields of grass.

I stood upon the spot where tradition says St. Patrick stood when he baptized Oengus,

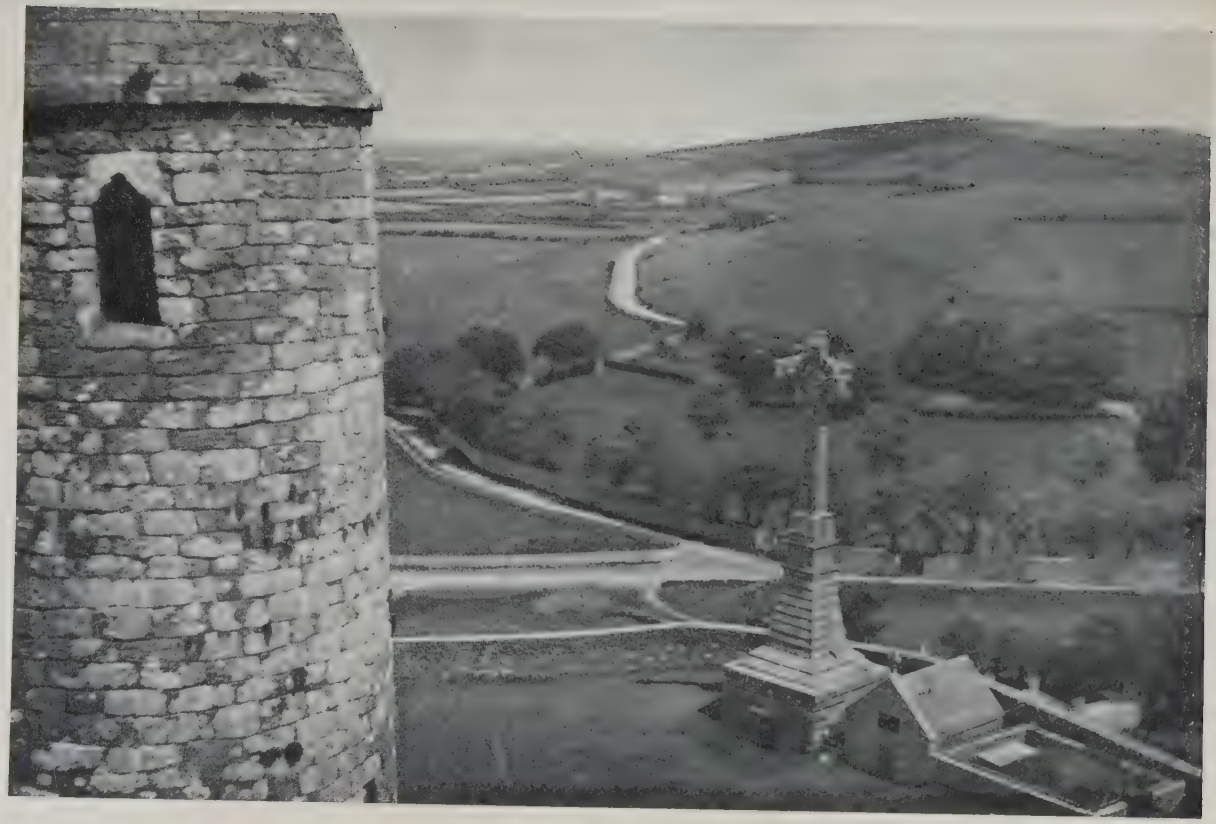

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

View from the Summit of the Ruins upon the Rock of Cashel, in the Heart of the Golden Vale.

son of King Natfraitch, nearly fifteen hundred years ago. This was the first conversion from heathendom in south Ireland. They say that when the baptism took place, after the young man had renounced heathenism and signified his desire to embrace the Christian faith, the spike of St. Patrick's crozier passed through Oengus' foot and remained there through the long ceremony. The good saint at length completed the rite, looked down and discovered the painful condition of his friend and royal convert, and was much distressed that the accident should have happened. "Why didst thou not tell me?" he asked the young man. "Ah! father," he replied, "I thought it was a part of the holy rite!" "Then," said the good saint, "thou shalt have thy reward. Not one of thy successors to the throne of Cashel shall die of a wound from to-day forever!" And it is said to this day in Cashel that twenty-seven kings in succession ruled over Cashel, all of them "belonging to the race of Ailill and Oengus until the time of Cenn-gecan, slain A.D. 897."

CHAPTER V

ON A JAUNTING-CAR IN TIPPERARY

My driver smoked his pipe and gazed dreamily across the fields. Just over the stone walls, in cottage yards, little barefoot children played in the morning sunshine, and chickens, wallowing and stretching their wings, scratched the warm, damp earth up into their feathers. Pigs nosed about the chimney-corners and the low open doorways. Out on the roadside strings of geese grazed the fresh green grass, resenting, with protruding necks, the too familiar approach of a stray dog or a wandering goat. The warm sunshine clung to the damp, steaming earth. Cattle and sheep grazed lazily in the meadows, and low-back donkey-cars crawled slowly along the old gray roadways. From the tree-tops came the chatter of jackdaws and the cawing of crows, and linnets sang in the hawthorn hedges which divided the fields.

Far away in the south lay the Comeragh Mountains, half-covered with summer haze;

The Irish Jaunting-car.

on the west, and in the distance, was the Galtee range; and far, far beyond, revealing a faint outline of opaline blue, lay the round, grass-covered Ballyhoura Hills. About us on every side was the rich lusciousness of the Golden Vale of Tipperary.

"Why so silent?" I asked my driver. "Tell me about those dreams."

"Och!" said he, drawing himself up, "I'm draming of the olden days whin this counthry was a land fit to live in. They were happy days! People lived here in dhroves. All these grassy fields were planted in potatoes, and wheat, and oats, and there was work a-plinty for all to do. Men and women worked together in the fields, weeding and spading potatoes or reaping and binding the grain. Tremindous crops were raised, and there were grate crowds of men and women to do the work.

"Miny the summer Sunday have I sat in front of Patrick Millikin's in Cashel and watched the crowds coming in from the surrounding countryside to be hired. For Sunday, you know, is hiring-day in Ireland. Mass first, then hiring in the market-place. They came in from iverywhere, grate crowds of men and

women and boys. They brought with them their spades for working and digging potatoes and reap-hooks for the harvest fields.

"The farmers, miny of them very rich gintlemen, stood upon an elevation or sat upon their horses and called aloud their needs and the wages they would pay; and hundreds of voices answered from the crowds. Upon the day appointed the laborers would report for duty in the fields.

"Och! wirrasthrue! but those good old days are gone. Now there is stagnation iverywhere throughout the Golden Vale. The crops are small indade, the boys and girls have gone off to Amuriky, and in ivery direction you turn there is nothing but grass, grass, grass!"

I questioned him further in regard to the hiring days and the great crowds that came together to make contracts for work. Much of the hiring, he told me, was done in March, at the first breaking of spring, before the crops had been planted; but in general every Sunday was a hiring day. When such crowds got together fights would almost invariably occur, many of them strenuous in the extreme, though there resulted but few fatalities. The public

houses were kept wide open, and all who had the price could get what they wanted to drink. Village champions would come prepared for conflict. No gathering of the kind was complete without one or more "good, shtrong fights." Seldom were firearms or metallic weapons used; and whenever a fight occurred in the crowd reap-hooks were held high in the air and carried swiftly out of the mêlée so that no one might either accidentally or intentionally be cut to pieces.

The weapon which was most used in such fights was the hard, naked fist; but nearly every Irishman possessed a "shillalah," a wooden staff or club which was capable of doing considerable execution. This stick might almost be termed the national weapon of Ireland. It derives its name from a famous body of woods near Arklow in county Wicklow, where the best oaks and blackthorns grew. The "shillalah" proper is a club about three feet in length, but there is a shorter and stouter weapon with a rough knot or an enlarged root on the end called the "kippeen"; and there is a still larger one, sometimes even eight or ten feet in length, known as the "wattle."

The "kippeen" or "shillalah" was carefully made and fondly tempered by the owner, who was as careful to have it "fit the hand" as a tennis player is to have the right "hang" or "balance" in his racket. In tempering his weapon the owner sometimes used slaked lime, or he rubbed it over repeatedly with butter and placed it "up the chimney" where it was allowed to hang in the peat-smoke for several months. After tempering it well the owner often carved lucky signs or Hibernian emblems upon his weapon, and he took care to make it his constant companion at every fair, market-day concourse, or political gathering. These picturesque clubs are not infrequently found throughout rural Ireland to-day; and when the occasion justifies it, the owners can use them with all the strength and skill which characterized the fights of the olden days.

In the village fights on fair or market days in olden times the women frequently took a more or less active part, more often as the instigator, but sometimes actually as a combatant. Some of the more pugnacious kinds would use a long and heavy woolen stocking with a rough stone in the foot which was flung right and left in a

hostile crowd with great effectiveness. Men were supposed never to strike the women except by accident, though when a stout woman, armed with a stoned stocking, made herself rather objectionable by the promiscuous use of her unusual weapon in a crowd, sometimes an "accident" would happen to her in the nature of a back-handed shillalah stroke which would place her *hors de combat.*

More often the women stirred up the men to fight, and urged them on. Sometimes a factious old hag would exert herself to the utmost to bring about a fight between her party and the rival faction, even going so far as to go up and call each enemy a coward or a poltroon in his very teeth, and if this did not have the desired effect, she spit in their faces and threw dirt in their eyes.

Factional fights have been uncommon in Ireland for many years. An Irishman explaining this said: "The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen — like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, and what brought them about, and the one answer is, whisky! No gun will go off until it is primed, and sure

in fights whisky is the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever and starvation."

My driver became quiet and gloomy whenever he spoke of the great numbers of young men and women who had left Tipperary, Kilkenny, Limerick, and Kerry for America. The rich lands which they had worked, and upon which they had raised great crops of wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, and turnips, were now turned out in pastures and hay-fields. The people had gone out and the cattle and sheep had taken their places.

His observations agreed with the facts as given by the official census. In the year 1831 county Tipperary had a population of 402,363. By 1871 the number of the county's inhabitants had decreased to 216,713; and the census of 1901 revealed a population of 159,754. In other words, the population in 1831 was 254 to the square mile; in 1901 it was 100. It is scarcely a wonder that such a tremendous decrease in population in three quarters of a century should have brought about stagnation in agriculture and every other pursuit requiring labor.

A Typical Irish Landscape.

That section of Ireland generally known as the Golden Vale comprises a large part of county Tipperary, extends westwardly through the center of county Limerick, and continues itself through northern county Kerry to the Atlantic Ocean. Limerick, therefore, is in soil one of the richest counties in Ireland. All kinds of crops may be raised, and the land lies well for cultivation. Yet the county has in seventy years decreased greatly in population. In 1831 there were 248,000 people in the county; in 1901 the census returned only 145,018. So Kerry also decreased from 250,000 in 1831 to 165,000 in 1901.

Thus all through south Ireland the people have been emigrating by the thousands, leaving the affairs of the country in the hands of those who for one reason or another have been actually unable to get away.

The depopulation of south Ireland has had a rather remarkable effect upon the outward appearance of the country. In some countries, certainly in many parts of the United States, land formerly cultivated and abandoned reverts to a production of useless scrubby undergrowth, pines and broomsedge. In south Ireland, with

its rich limestone soil, luscious grass takes possession of every uncultivated field. There is no extraneous growth whatever, except perhaps some sedge in the marshes and bracken upon the mountains. Thus, while the depopulation continues, agricultural statistics reveal a yearly increase in the number of sheep and cattle in this country. And in some respects the country becomes more beautiful as the grass covers all the hills and valleys.

It is the object of nearly all the reform societies, more especially the Congested Districts Board, to induce the people to resume the intensive cultivation of the soil by modern methods, and to check the tendency towards the abandonment of the land to the cattle and sheep. For over half a century the Government of the United Kingdom has been trying to introduce methods for the improvement of the Irish peasant's conditions. Some of the projects have succeeded fairly well, though some of them have failed. The Irish themselves have not always kindly accepted these belated offers of help from the Government, but have been disposed to resent innovations and reforms as interferences with their customs and invasions of their

rights. Nevertheless, the indefatigable efforts of these societies have resulted in much improvement in the Irish peasant's condition.

That June day as we drove along the Tipperary roads the rich grassy fields lay in all their luxuriancy about us. Now and then we passed on the roadside a thatched cottage of the usual type — bare of all ornament without and devoid of any means of comfort within. One of the truly remarkable things in south Ireland is the neglected home. Even when the laborer or farmer or workman, as the case may be, can afford it, he never thinks of making his home a more attractive place, but allows it to remain gloomy and uncomfortable within and without. This peculiarity of the native Irishman causes travelers to characterize him as thriftless or lazy. As a matter of fact, the houses are of a type that existed almost everywhere in the British Isles a century or more ago. Changes and reforms proceed but slowly in Ireland. The Irishman's peculiarity of temperament no doubt has much to do with this.

In his charming book of sketches, entitled, "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," Mr. Stephen Gwynn says: "Workers agree that

the task of getting the Irish peasant to make a new departure by himself is all but hopeless; he will do what his father did before him and his neighbors do beside him. The deterrent is not idleness, but the fear of ridicule which has been a power in the land since the days — fifteen centuries ago — when the order of bards exercised all but a tyranny in the country by the gift of satire. On the other hand, the Irish nation seems to lend itself strangely to innovations by groups, and there is no part of the British Isles where co-operation can show such surprising results. But these results have been attained by men who realize that you can do nothing with the Irish by laughing at them, nor by scolding them, nor can you radically change their nature. What they have done has been to develop the Irish quickness on its own lines, making full allowance for the prejudices and superstitions of the people, and realizing that with all these drawbacks — if one must call them drawbacks — the people are the most valuable belonging of the country."

Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy, in a lecture which he delivered frequently in Ireland, entitled, "North and South: Contrasts in Char-

Photo by Moloney, Cashel.

A Road in Tipperary.

acter," corroborates the statement that the Irish are abnormally afraid of ridicule and a certain kind of "public opinion." Says he: "A point of contrast between the North and the South is to be found in the sensitiveness of the people to what is called 'public opinion.' . . . I have known hundreds of people who were driven to distraction at various periods of their lives by the gossip of their neighbors, or, as it is more commonly called, public opinion. . . . There is, perhaps, nothing which so disturbs the southern Irishman as ridicule or disapproval."

One should not forget, however, that sensitiveness is usually a characteristic of emotional people, and is more often than not a mark of refinement and tenderness of heart. There are few who dispute that, despite some belligerent tendencies, the Irish are among the kindest and sweetest tempered people in the world.

Whenever the opportunity was presented to me I talked to Irishmen about the fairies that are supposed still to inhabit all parts of Ireland. My driver laughed when I asked him about the fairies, but admitted that there were many in Ireland who still believe in "the good people."

Sometimes, he told me, a whitethorn bush is allowed to grow immediately in front of a cottage doorway, actually blocking the entrance, yet no one would dare interfere with it. The occupants of the cottage believed it was a "gentle bush," and belonged to the fairies, and the one who harmed it would himself be destroyed. In western Ireland belief in the fairies was rather more prevalent than elsewhere in the country, but still there were many in Tipperary who would not dare cut down a gentle bush or block up a fairy path. There were paths through the grass of the meadows over which fairies traveled, and wo to those who were sacrilegious enough to get in the way of these good little people. Some houses had been built by a landlord almost directly in the way of a well-known fairy path, and as soon as the houses were occupied by tenants they were visited with sickness and a number of deaths occurred. The houses at length became tenantless.

Most of the Irish, even though still believing in fairies to a certain extent, are rather reluctant to impart these tales to a stranger; for it is considered unlucky to talk about the "good

people" without due respect; and the fear of ridicule is implanted deeply in every Irishman's mind. But in all parts of Ireland where the old Irish or Gaelic is spoken, and in some parts where it has long been superseded by English, every man, woman, and child believes in the existence of a fairy folk. The soil is peopled by wizards and goblins and fantastic creatures of all kinds who have nothing to do with the common laws of existence. Every stream, gnarled old tree, lake, or mountain peak, has its stories and memories of mysterious beings who do not belong to earth. The Irish peasant delights to talk about the natural objects near his home, and he can relate strings of legends about the stream which flows near by, or the lake in his neighborhood, or the steep hillside behind his cottage.

The old forts, or "raths," are invariably associated in the Irishman's mind with fairies. These ancient raths were built of earth upon hilltops, and were surrounded with deep fosses and ramparts. Their history is lost in the clouds and mists of the remote past, but wherever such an old remain exists to-day it is a source of unending strings of legends. There is nothing

which an Irishman regards with more superstitious dread than the rath. He believes it is the special property of the fairies, and it would be impossible to find a laborer who would be tempted to thrust his spade into such a spirit nest. As a consequence of this superstition, the raths exist in their entirety in many parts of Ireland to-day; and sometimes one may be found even in the center of a rich meadow. Many stories are told of punishments which have followed attempts to open or level these raths, and of scenes and objects witnessed by persons who have unconsciously slept beside them or passed them in the dead of night.

Sometimes the Irish fairies are useful and helpful, sometimes harmful; but they must all in some way be propitiated. For instance, when a cow is milked, the first few drains must be spilled upon the ground for the fairies, else the wrath of the "good people" is incurred. Many is the story of the peasantry as to how this man was beaten or that man warned, or of how another "saw the gentry" and "never did good after," but pined away in a dream.

Students of racial characteristics and of folklore say the remarkable belief in fairies in Ire-

land is due not only to the intensely emotional and imaginative natures of the Irish, but also to the fact that it is a very misty land, and almost every day and night the clouds and fogs and mists cling to the earth and assume strange forms which are easily misinterpreted by an imaginative and primitive people.

I asked my driver where the fairies were supposed chiefly to dwell. He said they lived amongst the rocks in the woods, upon the summits of the hills, in the whitethorn bushes, beside and under the old bridges of stone, and even in the "wather of the strames." He asked me if I had ever heard the story of the Leprahawn, or the Clericaune, as some people called him. I told him I had not.

"Hush!" said he. "See yonder dense little wood before us, tangled with birch, and holly and spruce? They say he lives there in the deep shades, though few there be who go there to search for him. Some of the ould people say they have seen him there at work. He makes shoes for the fairies, and he is also their miller. They say ye can hear his hammer ringing against his lapstone as he nails soles upon the shoes. He comes out on foine aven-

ings at sunset and bathes himself in the sunshine which falls on the western grassy hillside. Ah! he is rich, far richer than the American millionaires!"

If one caught this little fairy miller and shoemaker and held him fast, he said he would reveal the situation of his treasure-house. But those who had caught him — and he *had* at times been caught — had always allowed him to get away. One must always keep his eyes upon the Clericaune, for if he removes his eyes from him for a moment he is gone. If, however, he is caught and held firmly for a long time he will ask what is desired of him, "the penny purse, the shilling purse, or the two thousand purse." If one says "the penny purse," the Clericaune will conduct him to the spot where the treasure lies. But no one as yet has ever found the treasure.

And how exceedingly rich he was! "Grate crocks of gold!" all buried there in the raths, with nothing but the ghosts keeping guard over them. Yet if one could but dream about the treasure three nights in succession, and tell no one about it, he could walk "shtrait to the shpot" and get the gold and diamonds.

"Did you ever have three successive dreams of the buried riches?" I asked him.

He laughed and told me he had not; but once when he was a child and "raally belaved" in fairies he had "two splindid drames" of it. In his dreams there were long rows of heavy black pots full of gold coins and all kinds of strange-looking golden cups and plates; and diamonds and pearls hung glistening on golden strings. After the second dream, which was the exact counterpart of the first, he thought surely the treasure was his, but he took care to say nothing about it to anybody. On the third night shortly after he went to bed a storm arose in the southwest and swept up from the Kerry coast. The wind howled down the chimney, scattering the smoldering turf about the hearth and all night long he "dramed and dramed and dramed like a spalpeen" that a Banshee was wailing out in the howling storm. "Niver wanst came a vision of the jewels and gold!"

Besides the Leprahawn, or Clericaune, or Luracawn, as he is variously called, there are two other "spirits" peculiar to Ireland, the Pooka and the Banshee. The Pooka is a wild mule or horse which flies about at night search-

ing for a rider. Overtaking one who has been out dissipating, the Pooka in some manner gets him upon his back and carries him like lightning over miles and miles of strange territory, dropping him at morning at some spot near the starting-point decidedly more dead than alive. The Pooka is also supposed to play many tricks, one of which is to spoil all the blackberries on Michaelmas night, the twenty-ninth of September, after which date no Irish boy will dare eat a berry, however fresh or tempting the fruit may look or however hungry he may be.

The Banshee is the most noted of all the Irish superstitions. This spirit is supposed to be in the form of an old woman, thinly attired in white, with ragged white locks, and unmistakable voice, who with her strange unearthly screams announces to a family the approaching death of one of its members. The peculiarly mournful wail is always given at night, and while it somewhat resembles the wind it is distinctly a supernatural voice which cannot be mistaken by one who hears it. Some of the weird stories of the Banshee which are told by the Irish peasants are enough to make one

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

"The Top o' the Morning to Ye, Sir, and Welcome."

shudder. This strange spirit follows all the older Irish families, and it is strongly asserted that no death has ever occurred in those families which have descended from Brian Boru without a previous announcement of the Banshee.

Among the educated Irish such superstitions are no longer believed, still there are those who declare that the older belief in fairies and the supernatural has had a further development in the average southern Irishman's slavish obedience to the priest whom he is said to follow with genuinely superstitious dread. The power of the priest has undoubtedly been grossly exaggerated by hostile and partisan writers, though it is unquestionably true that the parish priest still has a great influence over his parishioners. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious believe the priest can do anything — even perform miracles and send souls to hell.

An Irish story, told by the Irish themselves, will illustrate how at least some of the peasantry still estimate the power and ability of the priests.

Patrick Mulligan had been drinking heavily. His family had been reduced to crusts and rags,

and his parish dues had for a long time remained in arrears. The priest visited his untidy cottage one day and admonished him severely:

"Patrick, this must stop! Too much drink will ruin any man. Here your family is in poverty and your dues unpaid. Get drunk just one more time and I'll turn ye into a rat!" The priest went away chuckling, but the threat had an immediate effect upon Patrick. For three weeks he was the soberest and the most industrious man in the parish. Not one drop did he touch — not even of porter — but worked every day from the rising to the setting of the sun, weeding potatoes and mowing hay.

When the Tipperary pig fair came off Patrick went down with some pigs, and after making a successful trade he was induced by an old companion to take "jist a dhrop f'r th' sake of ould toimes." It proved his undoing. He went home drunk; but before he reached his doorway remorse had smitten him. He remembered the priest's threat to turn him into a rat.

"Och! Biddy," he said, as he entered the door, "I've gone and done it! I've brought it upon me! Father O'Flaherty tould me he would turn me into a rat! Biddy, I feel th' change

a-coming now! I feel my eyes a-getting beady and my nose a-getting sharp! Yis, and I belave the long side-whiskers are a-coming, too! O Biddy, f'r th' sake of Hiven, if ye love me, *kape yer eyes on th' cat!*"

Driving westward, we came in sight of a singular elevation, an artificial mound of earth, turf-covered, rising perhaps seventy feet above the summit of the hill upon which it was constructed. I was told it was the Moat of Knockgraffon, one of the most noted raths in all Ireland. This ancient fort is a treasury of legendary lore. The ancient castle which formerly stood at its base was erected in the year 1108; tradition says that eighteen of the early kings of Munster were born and reared within its walls. From the remarkable appearance of the earthworks and the ruins of the old castle I thought it scarcely strange that the peasants throughout that portion of Tipperary should have connected the place with weird stories and strange legends.

We passed innumerable meadows where cattle and sheep grazed in the sunshine. The roads were unusually bare of travelers. Perhaps it was a good day for labor in the fields and all

the farmers and laborers were at work. Now and then we met a donkey-cart in the road with its driver dreaming and smoking his pipe. Thatched cottages of stone and mud, white-washed, were scattered irregularly all over the face of the country. A thin line of smoke came from some of the chimneys, showing that perhaps a meal was preparing within.

We came at length to a little village stretched along on both sides of the road, and, indeed, on both sides of the river Suir, which the road crosses at this point. The bridge across the Suir is very old and replete with legend and history. Upon it William III is said to have signed the charter of the "City of Cashel" in the year 1690. My driver said the village was called Golden, and the bridge was known as the Golden Bridge. Near by we saw the remains of an old round tower.

After crossing the bridge we turned northward, and after traveling for some time we came to an arched gateway of stone, covered with ivy from the ground to the summit, perhaps sixty or seventy feet in the air. I was told that this was once the entrance to a great and rich estate which had gone down to decay. Although the

soil appeared to be unusually fertile, most of the old places which we passed had degenerated quite into ruins. One old castle which I wished to examine had to be approached between the barbed wires of a newly stretched fence; and the next great house, which we had to go some distance out of our course to see, was situated out in the center of a grassy field where large numbers of cattle and sheep grazed the rich grass.

On the roadside we saw a man apparently thirty years of age with a crude hammer breaking limestone rocks for mending the road. We stopped and engaged him in conversation. He was in his shirt sleeves, with open vest, and a much-battered derby hat upon his head. While we talked about the roads and the stones and other subjects which I was able immediately to introduce, a tall, lanky youth of listless manner strolled out from behind a dwindling haystack near by, and stood with hands behind him listening to what we said. He wore a cap and an exceedingly ill-fitting suit of clothes, and very coarse, heavy shoes. Very soon a quiet old woman, with a black cloth over her head, came out of her little cottage or hut near by,

and also began to talk with us. I judged that the three lived there alone, and that the old woman was the mother of the two men. All of the three were listless and apathetic, though they were kindly disposed, and appeared to be much interested in me because I was an American.

The older of the two men asked me a number of questions about the United States, saying that he had long wished to cross the ocean, but that he had not up to that time been able to do so. He supposed he would be able to get better wages in America than he was getting on a Tipperary roadside breaking limestone rocks. He was constantly hoping that something would turn up yet and give him a chance to go. I noticed the pained expression upon the old woman's face as her son talked about leaving the old home. She was not quite so stout and large as the average Irish peasant woman, and there was a trace of refinement in her timid old face.

The hut in which they lived was but a short distance away in a little yard enclosed with loosely piled walls of stone. A dog, apparently a cur, had followed the old woman out to the

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

An Irish Country Store.

roadside, and while we were talking the family goat came up. I asked if they would allow me to make a small picture with my kodak of the home and its family. They readily assented, and we all went around to the front of the little home where they all, the two men, the old lady, the dog and the goat, posed in a group for me. It was all done with the gravity and seriousness which attends a funeral, and to me the whole scene was pathetic in the extreme.

The surroundings were pitifully and painfully bare. The little hut was of the usual type — walls of mixed mud and stone, white-washed, a roof of straw or thatch four or five inches thick, tied down with ropes of grass. The eaves were not more than five or six feet from the ground. There was no porch nor awning, but the door was a bare opening through the walls of mud and stone, on a level with the ground. In front of the door were some rough flat stones, lying loose upon the top of the ground; and on each side of the door was a window of four panes of glass, each eight by ten inches in size. Within the hut it was damp and gloomy, only a few rays of light finding their way through the small windows. The floor was of rough stones. The

furniture was scanty and very old. A large old pot hung suspended from hooks in a wide-mouthed chimney above a smoldering fire of turf. A flitch of bacon hung from a bare rafter; and a hen with one or two half-naked chickens picked about the floor. The goat and the dog had ready access to the room, and roamed in and out as they pleased.

I bade the gloomy-faced old woman good-by and spoke a word of cheer to her two sons, barely being able to keep back a tear at the thought of their pitiful lot in life. And yet, I thought, they had never known anything better; and there were thousands of others there in the rich Golden Vale who lived, like them, in hopeless poverty.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the woods which surrounded the station at Dundrum, on the Great South and Western Railroad. There was no one in sight in any direction when I bade my driver good-by on the little platform. Going inside, I found the agent, an intelligent young man, in his office. He was kindly in his manners, and disposed to be talkative. He asked me many questions about America, and wished to know

more than I was able to tell him of the operations of the American railroads. He rather deplored the Irish rush to America, and expressed the opinion that the American climate did not altogether agree with the Irish people. He had observed that the girls who went over with heavy shoes and shawled heads had stout forms and rosy cheeks, but when four or five years later they came back to visit the old home they had their hair done up high on their heads, wore a hat with plumes, and walked upon high-heeled shoes, and sometimes even wore long kid gloves. But nevertheless, that bloom upon the face was lacking, and they were invariably pale and sallow as though they had come from a bed of sickness. There was something about America, he thought, that took the color from the face.

He booked me for the next train which he assured me would be decidedly to my liking, for it was the "American Express," composed of corridor cars entirely. When I boarded the train he was at hand to help me with my baggage. When I glanced back he waved me a farewell from the cleanly-swept concrete platform.

Though it was in a sense a corridor train, entrance to the coaches had to be made from the sides, and the cars were small and the seats hard and uncomfortable. The passengers within, however, were interesting, and even before I desired it we had reached Limerick Junction, where I boarded another train for the ancient city of Limerick. When I went from the train and looked about me for an omnibus or a jaunting-car I found that the rain was falling steadily, and by the time I had become settled in a hotel a great gloom of mist had settled down over the "City of the Violated Treaty."

CHAPTER VI

WITH THE PEAT-CUTTERS IN GALWAY

Rap! Rap! Rap! It sounded faintly at first — something vague and mysterious and far away. Rap! Rap! Rap! It was louder this time and had become more tangible and real. Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! This time it was unmistakable; for consciousness had returned, and I managed in some way to look out from some great billows of loosely enclosed feathers just as a quizzical face set upon a pair of heavy square shoulders peered in at the door.

"Och! sir, and here ye are shtill abed, and you, too, who wished to shmell the dew frish upon the shamrocks! Bedad, sir, and the morning is foine and broight, the wind from the south, and not a cloud in the sky! Indade, sir, and ye don't know what ye're missing!"

It was Boots; and I remembered distinctly just then that I had told him the night before, the very last thing before blowing out the tallow dip, that I would like to be awakened early so

that I might have a morning walk across the Irish hills.

Boots was just as obliging and as agreeable as it is possible for a kind-hearted Irishman to be; and that is saying much indeed. Boots was not only "boots" in the little stone inn with which he was identified, he was also porter, and not infrequently waiter, and sometimes, though he confessed he knew very little about horses, he was actually called upon to be jaunting-car driver. That suit of green livery which he wore was one of the landmarks of the little inland Irish town; and, though somewhat frayed and faded from long usage, it agreed with him to a nicety. In fact, one could hardly have decided, in gazing upon the pleasing combination, whether the clothes had been made for Boots or Boots for the clothes. And that face of his was fortune enough for any ordinary country-town hotel.

After Boots, at my solicitation, had talked to me awhile about the weather, and the coming pig-fair, and had expressed himself upon several matters of local gossip, he hurried down-stairs to attend to some of his multiform duties about the little inn with which he had been connected

from childhood: I was left to dress and come down when I pleased.

My room was very old-fashioned in arrangement as well as in appointment. Pictures of Grattan and Parnell hung on one side, and on the other were fanciful engravings of St. Patrick and St. Bridget. An old rosewood dresser stood in one corner of the room, and in the corner near the window there was a queer little washstand upon which there was a great washbowl decorated with green shamrocks, and a pitcher, or "joog" as Boots called it, filled with cool water just from the well.

While washing I looked out of the little window into the yard which was shaded by a single bending yew-tree. Close by ran the village street. There were already signs of life to be observed, for donkey-cars were moving hither and thither, delivering produce and turf, and there were some pedestrians upon the smooth slick sidewalks. A long string of geese, chattering in genuine goose fashion, were on their way to a near-by grassy hillside which rose abruptly from a little cross street, and upon which a donkey and some calves were already grazing contentedly in the morning sunshine.

When at length I reached the dining-room my hostess, a hale and hearty old lady with a lace cap upon her head, sat knitting by the open fireplace. A table that would give accommodation to perhaps ten or twelve persons was set in the middle of the room. Upon it was a snowy table-cloth, a great loaf of white bread, two rolls of rich yellow butter, a big bowl of orange marmalade, and two crisply roasted ducks lying upon a platter. On one side of the table sat a girl of perhaps twenty-two years of age, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, red-mouthed, with a pair of glasses fastened rather saucily upon her well-shaped nose. She was talking and laughing in the best of humor, and did not appear at all to resent the intrusion of a stranger even though he might be an American.

In a few minutes two young men came in and took their seats at the table, bubbling over the while with good-natured conversation. They wished the landlady a good morning, and bowed chivalrously to the good-looking young lady, who sat waiting for her breakfast to come in.

Still another red-cheeked young lady came in and was seated beside her companion. She too wore glasses and carried a rather commanding

chin. Immediately the two girls plunged into conversation. Oh! it was *such* a fine day without, and this was the day when Agnes should come. Indeed, indeed, it had seemed so long waiting for her. But then, possibly the reason why we appreciate things in this world so much is because we sometimes lose sight of them for a while. It's the elusive that we long most for. Thus speculated one of the pretty young philosophers.

It is scarcely a marvel that over those rich roast ducks and juicy mutton chops and steaks and cocoa, with morning sunshine filtering into the room, we should have disregarded the fact that we were strangers to each other; nor was it unusual that our thoughts and our words, mingling together, should have centered upon sunshine, and shamrocks, and daisies, and green meadows, and clear running water, and blue skies, and Ireland, and everything else in the world that is truly delightful to dwell upon.

The young ladies were teachers in the National School in the little town, and the summer vacation was near at hand. They liked the work, and oh! the children were so good, but nevertheless they were happy that the session

was drawing to a close. They expected soon to visit friends away up in county Monaghan, and while there they were going to take a trip to Portrush, in county Antrim, where they were going bathing in the ocean; and they hoped they would be able to learn how to swim. Swimming was quite an accomplishment. But just now they wanted Agnes to come, and they could hardly wait until the arrival of the train which was to bring her.

Our thoughts left the Emerald Isle and wandered as far away as South Africa, and Chicago, and Manitoba — to all of which distant places Connaught people had gone — but we came back again to Ireland. One of the young men delivered himself of the opinion that Ireland would always be good enough for him. He made his living, and it was a fairly good living, too, traveling about in her thirty-two counties. "But," said he, "in order truly and really to see Ireland, though it would pain my heart" — turning with a gesture of gallantry to the ladies — "to say a word against Munster or Connaught, one should visit the city of Belfast up in the northeastern part of the island. Oh! it is a *grate* city. Shipbuilding and linen manu-

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A Country School.

facturing and whisky distilling reach their sublime heights there! And while you are there, sir," — turning to me — "you simply *must* make your home at the Badoque House, my headquarters when in the city. We have a foine company of young men there, some who work in Belfast and some who travel out of the city. Oh! such company as they furnish! And the landlady! Well, she is simply *deloightful!* Ah! what a place!"

The kindly old lady knitted away, now and then making a remark full of good humor. She was truly and really glad I was not an Englishman. Not that the Irish wished to perpetuate old hatreds, but the English did not seem to be at all anxious to have the Irish like them. For instance, not long before she had read an advertisement for a servant in the want columns of a Liverpool newspaper. A clause of it was, "No Irish need apply!" Och! what did I think of that? Wasn't it insulting to the whole Irish race? And a prominent Englishman had been approached and his aid solicited in reducing Irish rents. He was told the Irish had nothing to eat. "Then," said he, "let them eat that rich Irish grass!" What, indeed, was one to

think of such an outrage as that? No, she did not feel under any special obligations to love the English people. She wanted me to make myself at home in her house and remember that Americans were always welcome.

I had spoken of visiting Galway on my trip through western Ireland. The young man from Belfast wished to know where I expected to make my headquarters while there. I gave him the name of the hotel, whereupon he grew enthusiastic.

"Well, sir," said he, "it was the *very* place I was going to recommend. It is the best in western Ireland! Foine, sir, simply foine! Elegant table, decent attention! No better anywhere!"

After good-bys had been spoken all around and I had hung my feet over the wheel of the jaunting-car, the young man from Belfast said, "I hope you will go to that place. It's simply *foine!*"

After two days of rambling I reached Galway on the western coast. It was about noon, and I went immediately to the hotel which had been so highly recommended to me. The clerks were pretty young girls who were kind and obliging,

so I was given good quarters. There seemed to be quite a gathering of men in Galway that day. I do not know whether it was a market day, a political field day, or the day of a cattle fair, but when I went late into the dining-room I found many men thereabouts, and apparently many had been in ahead of me. It was a free and easy place, and dinner was served largely *table d'hôte*, though extra dishes could be ordered if one wished them. Vast rounds of beef, and Irish ham, and bowls of bitter orange marmalade, and stewed gooseberries, or dishes where these eatables had once been, stood upon the table. All the napkins had been used, and the table-cloth had been badly soiled. The waiters had been rushed until they were tired out; and I thought, after waiting some time for an order, that perhaps the kitchen force also had become rebellious. I was convinced that I had come upon the hotel on a day when it was not so "foine."

A big bowl of stewed gooseberries, however, and a pot of rich cocoa sent me out in excellent humor for a ramble through the old town.

Galway is the one Spanish-Irish town of the world. One can hardly conceive of a more re-

markable combination than one of Spain and Ireland — Latin-Moorish, of languid southern sunshine, upon the one hand, and Celtic, of northern storm and unrest, upon the other.

The facts of Galway's beginning and early history have been lost in the flux of the centuries. There is reason to believe, however, that a cluster of mud huts with roofs of grass arose here on a bay of the Atlantic long before St. Patrick's time. Here through the Dark Ages, cut off from contact with the activities of Europe, the simple Celts lived their lives. They fished for salmon in the bay, and hunted wild boar in the mountains of Connemara; and at all times they were prepared for raids from native chieftains and night attacks from Danish pirate ships.

About a hundred years after Strongbow and Henry II made their partial conquest of Ireland, or, more exactly, about the year 1250, a number of Anglo-Normans found their way across the island from the eastern coast and took possession of the village of Galway and all the surrounding countryside. There were thirteen families or households which came, and they were subsequently known as "the tribes of Galway."

Note their names: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Ffont, Ffrench, Joyes, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, and Skerret. The newcomers increased rapidly; and, strange to say, within a few generations they had forgotten all allegiance to England and France, and had become "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

During the next two or three centuries Galway grew rapidly. Walls were placed around the city, towers and castles were built, and straight streets were laid out. Extensive docks were constructed down on the waterside, and a commerce sprang up with the Italian cities, with Marseilles, with Lisbon, with the West Indies, and with the seaports of Spain. In 1657 Henry Cromwell wrote back to England:

"For situation, voisenage, and commerce it hath with Spain, the Strayts, West Indies, and other ports, noe towne or port in the three nations (London excepted) is more considerable."

The Spaniards came in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. There were households of rich merchants and retinues of servants. Spain was furnishing all Hibernia with her wines, and she was taking away in exchange Ireland's cattle, pork, grain and flax.

Many Spaniards exchanged permanently the soft sunshine of Malaga and Seville for the wintry skies of Galway. The city after a while became in at least some respects more Spanish than Irish.

That still clear summer day when I wandered about the streets of the ancient little city, now quiet and sleepy, with its vast empty docks and dreamy-eyed inhabitants, I saw marks of the Spaniard on every hand. Many of the women who sat about the doorways or stood quietly on the corners wore red skirts such as one sees nowhere else in Ireland but everywhere in Spain. And their eyes were black and piercing, and their figures straight, symmetrical and beautiful. Strange freaks of architecture — for Ireland — in the nature of wide old doorways, fantastic ornaments, and ancient Spanish coats-of-arms reminded one of sunny Cadiz or blue-misted Valencia.

Though there have been recent attempts to make of Galway the leading port for America, and several hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in dredging the bay and building wharfs, the project has been as well as abandoned; and a ship for a transatlantic port is a

stranger in the beautiful harbor of a city which, though fifteen hundred years old, has to-day not a thousand inhabitants for each century of its existence.

Turning a corner and passing down a lane with long lines of thatched cottages, I knew that I was in Ireland still. Irish children played upon the sidewalks, donkey-cars passed this way and that, and a long string of geese filed by. On a corner stood a jaunting-car, and its driver sat in a doorway near by smoking contentedly.

"Is this your car?" I asked.

"It is, sir," he replied. "And it would be a grate plisure, sir, to make it yours for a while."

I told him I wanted to drive throughout the afternoon, and asked if he were open to such an extended engagement.

"Sure, sir, and I am, and to-morrow too if ye like. Ye can get right up to your seat from this shpot."

We started off in a smart trot down a narrow lane.

"Och! sir, now and where do ye wish to go?" asked my companion. "The world is wide."

"Anywhere," I answered, "just anywhere.

Do you fully understand that word? I leave it to you. Suppose we say *anywhere.*"

"*Iverywhere*, sir, with a gintleman loike you and on a day loike this!" he said, as a happy little twinkle appeared in his eye.

After we had gone some distance down through the tangled lanes and streets and had come in sight of the grassy fields, I asked him if he knew of some spot away out in the country, far away from the influence of the town and out of reach of the screaming railroad, where peat-cutters could be seen at work getting their winter supply of fuel from the bogs.

"Och! sir, and I do. It is a quiet way, and now is the toime, under the midsummer sun, whin they do be cutting the turf and piling it up to dhry against the coming of the winter."

We were soon out in the green fields, leaving behind us the straggling rows of thatched cottages in the outskirts of the town. The white road passed between densely green fields where multitudes of red poppies and golden-hearted daisies grew. We came after a while to a fragment of an old castle which stood directly on the roadside. A man was engaged in posting upon its old walls a notice which my driver

We had Come in Sight of the Grassy Fields.

explained to me was no doubt some call to do political duty. He said that all western Irishmen were deeply interested in politics, and whenever anything in that line had to be done, the men of Galway were on hand to do it. What, indeed, he speculated, would become of any country whose citizens took no interest in politics?

A mile or two farther along we came to a little settlement with its houses irregularly set everywhere about in the fields. The soil was rocky in the extreme, and many of the stones had been picked up and put into fences until they appeared to cover almost half of the surface of the ground. The fields were miniature lots, planted mostly in potatoes which were flourishing in the morning sunshine.

Just over a fence which enclosed the road an old man was upon his knees in a potato patch, pulling out with his hands an extraneous growth of grass and weeds. When he saw us coming down the road he arose and with much difficulty shuffled over to the fence. His wrinkled old face beamed with genuine good humor and a real Irish welcome. My driver stopped the car, and I got out and talked with him for some

time. Being genuinely Irish, he spoke English very imperfectly, and often my driver had to interpret his remarks for me.

"Och! yis," he was glad to see an "American gintleman" so far out in Galway. He had never seen one there before, though he had heard very much about America. He thought some day he would cross the ocean and live in that country. To-day he was just weeding his potato patch. "P'taties" were doing very well because there was both moisture and sunshine. He was feeling quite happy these days because he had just moved into a new house; not exactly a new house either, but it felt like new to him. Could I see that small house over the stone "finces" down the hill there a little way? Well, in that house he had lived for fourscore and four years. The landlord had finally consented to let him leave it because the roof of thatch had rotted and the walls had begun to crumble away. No, he did not object, but he would be glad for me to make a picture of it.

I was not an expert at climbing the Galway fences. Just about the time I reached the topmost ledge of loose stones something would give way beneath me and I would go down on the

other side with what appeared to be half a ton of stones about me. I was really ashamed of myself for my bungling destructiveness. The little hut where the old man had spent his days was in bad condition. The roof of thatch had almost rotted away, and great cracks had come in the walls until one could see plainly into the interior. There was only one window and that was very small. The floor was of very rough stones; the chimney was built of mud. And this had been the home of a man for eighty-four years!

The old man then took his position upon his knees in the midst of the potato vines, complaining as he went down: "Och! Hivins, and how these old bones do hurt! Bedad, and the rheumatics do pain one sore!" He looked placidly out from under his much-battered, greasy old derby hat as I took his picture. Then as we drove off he waved his gnarled and twisted old hands and bade us farewell.

Mile after mile we drove through the fields, the country becoming more and more thinly settled and less rocky as we went; for we were not far from the boglands. We were now getting into a flat, level country, entirely treeless and

apparently almost barren so far as any kind of crop production was concerned. Only long stretches of monotonous bogland could be seen, and everything was covered with coarse grass, rushes and a kind of bracken. Finally some long black mounds came into view, and my driver told me we were nearing the place where the peat-cutters were at work. Those long black mounds were piles of peat or turf, left to dry in the sun, and the men and women were at work in the trenches hard by.

I left the car in the road and crossed a level piece of bogland, the rank turf springing beneath my feet as I walked along, sometimes entirely tripping me until I went down upon the turf. In the first trench which I approached two or three young men were at work. Down in a ditch one of them stood, in mud and water almost up to his knees. He presented a lugubrious spectacle indeed, for he wore only two garments, and they were not only tattered and unsubstantial but were reeking with the black mud of the ditch. With a peculiarly shaped spade he was cutting brick-shaped blocks of quivering muck from the bog and throwing it dexterously upon the bank where another work-

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

Four Score and Four Years Old, and on His Knees in a Potato Patch.

man dressed with a torn shirt and corduroy trousers was carrying it off and placing it in piles to dry. Another was busy turning over some half-dried bricks in much larger piles near at hand.

I immediately began to talk to the two men. They were very talkative, but they did not want me to use my kodak upon them. Oh, no, it would never do. I tried to argue with them, but they would not consent. I asked them why they objected to allowing me to have an interesting picture after I had come across the Atlantic just to see the strange things of Ireland.

"Och! and is it ye are an American?" one of them asked. "Faith, and I should have known it. I thought ye had come from Galway, and I was afraid ye would take the picture of us back and show it in the town. The divil a wheel would we be able to turn with the girruls there again. Whin we go to Galway to the fairs we do go drissed up, and the ladies niver know we do driss like this out here in the bogs."

"Sur," said the other, "we do not be objicting to the picther ye'r afther, only we think ye might be willing, if we sthand shtill from worruk long enough, to give us the price of a dhrink. The

public-'ouse is near by — jist over yon hill — and we do love a dhrink of porther, sur, — nothing shtronger — just as we get out of this mud."

When I left them I handed them sixpence apiece. Then I crossed the field to a trench where a very scantily dressed young man of perhaps five and twenty years was cutting out the turf and throwing it out to be handled by a young woman who stood upon the bank. She was perhaps no more than twenty years of age, but she was a superb specimen of womanhood. In figure she was exquisite, strong, active and shapely. She was dressed heavily in native wool. Even her skirt and bodice were of wool, as well as the shawl over her head and her thick stockings. She wore enormous shoes for protection against the dampness of the bogs.

I addressed many remarks to the young man in the ditch before I could get any reply from him. He appeared to be cordial enough and good-natured, but he would not talk. It mattered not what I said, he simply looked at me at every remark and grinned. At length the young woman saw that I did not understand the situation.

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

In a Galway Peat Bog.

"Faith, Sir, and I should Have Known Ye were an American."

"Oh! sur," she said, "good gintleman, ye must excuse him. He is that Irish he do not talk English at all at all. He do talk Irish well, and if ye know that language he will be glad to talk with ye."

I begged to be excused from talking Irish, but I talked with the young woman in English. They were husband and wife, and they lived in a little thatched house about a mile from these bogs. They cut turf here every day throughout the summer when the weather permitted. They sometimes made as much as a shilling apiece, and when they worked very hard they had made four shillings and sixpence between them. But this was not often. It was getting rather late for cutting turf, but some would cut it until fall. Turf from these bogs was sold in Galway and all through the countryside.

The vast level stretches of the bog extended as far as eye could see in every direction. Nothing but black mounds and coarse grass, with now and then a stunted shrub or a grass-covered hillock could be seen. In all parts of this vast stretch of waste land, where millions of square yards of peat lay open for the gathering, men, women, and children were at work cutting out

the brick-shaped masses and carrying them off to be dried. Many could be seen moving the piles and re-stacking the blackish brown blocks which, after drying, resembled decaying wood known as punk, and was elastic and porous and filled with roots and grass.

Peat, or turf, is found in almost all parts of Ireland and Scotland, but in the interior of Ireland, where the level boglands occur, the supply is most plentiful. Around the Irish coast on every side hills and mountains rise to give a peculiar beauty to the landscapes, but almost everywhere in the interior of the island the country is level. The bogs are not primitive or original masses of earth, but are merely accumulations of vegetable matter which has undergone a peculiar change under a degree of temperature not sufficiently great to decompose the plants and grasses which have grown upon the surface. In some of the bogs in Ireland there may be found remains of immense forests, a great variety of trees, the wood in some cases still so sound as to be of value to the builder.

As there is little coal in Ireland, peat-cutting for fuel is a great occupation for the peasantry.

The commonest method for getting out this peat, or turf, requires six operations. The first operation usually requires four men and two turf-barrows. The strongest man uses the slane, or spade, in cutting out the brick-shaped blocks, another places the turfs upon the barrows, and a third rolls them off and empties them. The fourth man shapes up the banks for the slane man. Such a gang of workmen is expected in a day to cut an amount of turf known as a "dark"; and it is estimated that from two to four darks of turf will last one cottage through the winter. Men thus engaged in cutting turf formerly got a shilling a day. The wages in nearly every part of Ireland are higher now.

The second operation is the spreading of the turf from the barrow heaps. This is usually done by women and children. The turf remains spread thus for about a week. Footing comes next. The turfs are collected in parcels of six each, and are set upon end where they are allowed to remain about ten days. The turf is then rickled. A rickle contains about ten footings or sixty turfs. After fourteen days in the rickle the turfs are placed in clamps or stacks

twelve feet long, six feet high and four feet wide. The last operation of all is drawing home and stacking near the cottage where it is to be consumed. Donkey-cars are almost invariably used for this purpose.

In almost every interior Irish village one may see little donkey-carts piled up high with blocks of this spongy, porous, fibrous combustible, which the drivers are anxious to sell at two shillings the load or twelve sods a penny. Many a peasant, with leased right from his landlord to gather turf from neighboring bogs, makes his simple living year in and year out drying and selling turf which is used almost everywhere in the country for fuel.

After wandering about among the trenches and footings, and rickles and clamps, I found my driver on the roadside lazily and heartlessly cutting off the heads of inoffensive daisies with the cracker of his whip. We drove in leisurely manner back to Galway. For a part of the distance the road was the same as the one by which we came, then we entered another road and went into an unfrequented country. Late in the afternoon we passed through a little village in a secluded spot at the foot of a long hill. It was

a typical western Irish village in all respects, the houses being small, thatch-covered and old. We drove by a little yard walled in with loosely piled stones, and I made a picture of the front of the house just as three half-grown white shoats emerged from the open doorway of the one room under the roof. Some chickens and ducks which also had free access to the room were near at hand, and the goat was near by. The woman of the house came out about this time and began to express her opinion of the driver for bringing a "shtrange gintleman" to her house. "Sure, and ye monkey-lipped spalpeen," said she, shaking her fist at him, "they'll be raising my rint or turning me out o' house and home all on account o' your impidence!"

My driver, seeing the old piece of skillet in her hand, did not waste any words with her; but cracking his whip loudly, and ducking his head as though dodging something, he drove off rapidly, leaving the woman in the doorway uttering torrents of heartily-felt vituperation. At another house in this settlement we saw chickens, geese, ducks, pigs, goats and even donkeys in the dooryards with license to enter the house at pleasure. And the children were

upon terms of equality with the other inhabitants of the premises.

It was just such a village, I suppose, that an American traveler not long ago visited for the purpose of studying the people of western Ireland. He was particularly impressed with the exceeding friendliness of the pigs which came up and with the utmost good nature began to root up his trousers leg by way of investigation. And he found that the custom was to allow the cow, the donkey and the goat to live under the same roof with the renters of the cottage, though in a different room; and sometimes piles of manure on the outside appeared to have been thrown out of the parlor window. This gentleman's description, as I proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, was not an exaggeration.

It was after sunset when we drew near the old city of Galway. We began to meet upon the road donkey-cars of all sizes and types, each one loaded to its limit with all ages of humanity. There must have been some gathering or celebration in Galway that day which I knew nothing of. It was a wonder to me then and has been ever since how one small animal could draw or one small cart contain such aggrega-

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

Three Half-grown White Shoats Emerged from the Open Doorway.

tions of individuals as we saw riding home that June day from Galway. Cart after cart passed us in the road. My driver and I vied with each other in giving them the glad word; but in this matter none can equal a citizen of Galway. They outdid us in cordiality, and their rollicking good humor was stimulating in the extreme. These people were apparently Celts of the purest stock, — black hair, blue eyes, long upper lips, and broad faces, I had up to that hour thought that the caricatures of the comic weeklies were gross and libellous exaggerations. I found that it would be hard to exaggerate the picturesqueness of a Galway peasant.

On the roadside we met a shapely young girl, absolutely barefooted and clothed apparently in but one single garment, and that not a very secure one. In looking upon her one would imagine she was the original Jenny Sutton of whom Morris said:

> "One single pin at night let loose
> The robes which veiled her beauty."

A red glow came into the sky, and a sharp wind blew up from the southwest. The folds of a dark cloud appeared, and now and then we felt in our faces fresh, cold drops of rain. Long

rows of thatched houses could be seen through the dusk, and children played, and geese cackled, and donkeys brayed; and a mist came up from the sea and settled down over all the happy scene.

CHAPTER VII

GALWAY'S TRAGEDY — THE FIRST LYNCHING

Behind us were the gray rocks of Jarconnaught and the luscious greenness of the Moycullen meadows. Eastwardly and on our left, stretching away into the north, Lough Corrib lay like a sheet of steely glass, its misty shore line fretted with moldering castle wall and ruined abbeys. Below us lay the old town of Galway awaiting in the damp twilight the fall of night. The wet fogs drifted in from the ocean and obscured the distant views of bay and inlet and river and field. Descending the long even slope, we entered the Claddagh where children played in the streets, fisher-folk passed homeward with their nets, and belated market-cars slowly turned towards the green fields. Then, crossing the long bridge, we went into the town.

I had seen much, that long summer day, of mountain and meadow, cottage and crumbling castle, but a restlessness drove me on. I bade

my driver good-by and went into the inn for an evening meal; then I went out again into the streets and strolled aimlessly about, observing the houses and wondering at the strange faces that passed me in the gathering darkness. There were Moorish gargoyles and Spanish facements upon the corners and at the entrances to the alleys. Now and then a tall, lithe figure brushed past me, and it was plain from his olive face and the odor of his cigarette that he had other than Celtic blood in his veins. Couples of women, with strange gypsy-like cheeks and ringed ears, passed me with downcast faces and cautious foosteps. They were reminders of Spanish days.

The shops had closed one by one until now the streets had taken on an appearance of desertion. At the end of a narrow alley down which I had gone in a search of an exit to another street which I wished to explore, I paused for a moment to look into a little barred window where some great old volumes bound in heavy sheep and a number of early engravings were displayed. Almost instinctively I turned the old-fashioned door-knob and went into the quaint little shop. Leaning over a somber

tome on a desk was a little old man with a long white beard. Two tallow candles sufficed to give him light.

"Ah! an American?" he asked, then went on as though the question needed no answer. "How different are your people from us of the older world. How quick you are, how conquering, and what a hopeful look you bear in your faces!" Then his black eyes scrutinized me closely, and a kindly smile played over his lips.

"I was reading," he said, "when you came in. It is Le Sage. The volume before me is 'Gil Blas.' I sometimes wonder how a Frenchman could understand Spaniards so well. Shrouded in Galway's mists, I lose myself often of evenings wandering with this loitering vagabond over the purple vineclad hills of Spain. This edition with its heavy covers and quaint old cuts was made in Paris nearly two hundred years ago."

The old man's kindly manner and intelligent conversation had begun to charm me. I needed not much urging to remain and talk with him for a while. He was lonesome, too, he said, and an American was a rarity with

him. It was a luxury to talk with one who had a heart, as he expressed it. Possibly he had reference to one who manifested interest in him and in those things which interested him. To that extent I must confess I certainly had a heart.

"I am of that strange mixture," he went on to tell me, "Spanish and Irish. I was born in this house, in a room above us. My father was indulgent with me, and when yet a boy I was sent to Madrid to learn my rudiments. Thence I went to Paris; and afterwards I studied philosophy in Edinburgh. A year at Trinity in Dublin completed my education, and I came back home. My father had this shop before me. I have been here since he died. No; I am the only one of my family in all the world save some distant relatives in Valladolid and Oviedo in Spain.

"But this little shop and these books — God bless us, how I love them! — they are, indeed, my life!"

And then he told me about Galway, its early history, its traditions. The city, he said, had been founded away back in the dark ages, long before the Anglo-Saxon came to Britain. The

island was densely wooded then, and there were savage tribes and bands of wolves in the mountains. And after the coming of Patrick, and still later of the Anglo-Normans, the Spaniards came, not gallantly with arms to fight, but in ships, to trade. Even the gargoyles that hung over the narrow streets to-day, though they represented dragons, had Moorish cheeks; and their eyes, too human, were the eyes that one sees to-day upon the streets of Burgos and Salamanca, or in the villages outside of quiet Avila in Spain.

The old man paused and took his old-fashioned glasses from his eyes and polished them with his handkerchief, staring the while into a dark corner of the shop.

"The history of the Spaniards in Ireland — what romance, what tragedy!" And the old gentleman paused again and sighed.

"You wish to hear a story. I know you do," he said. "Then come, walk with me upon the streets for a while, and let us gather its spirit from the darkness which is falling about us."

He locked the little door and placed the great iron key in a leathern bag which he carried in his hand. Then we walked up the narrow

alley, turned into the street and walked some distance, and then turned into another street where we met a cool breeze which swept in from the sea. We walked a while in silence, hearing nothing save the far-off swish of waves against the shore.

"I wish to tell you a story," said the old man, "a story that will thrill your heart.

"They say that Ireland has originated nothing. It is not true. God pity us that the green old island fathered the one institution which is a stigma upon the fair civilization of your country to-day.

"See before us through the mist that square black building of stone with armorial bearings above the great doorways, and strangely-carved ornaments about the windows? We call it 'Lynch's Castle.' That was for three hundred years the home of the most distinguished family of Anglo-Normans that came to western Ireland. Those exquisite gargoyles and the crest of the lynx at the entrance show that those who first built the castle were rich, not only in gold, but in refinement and descent as well.

"It came about that a scion of this family, one James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, was made

warden of Galway the next year after the Genoese with his caravels, the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*, set sail from Palos in search of land across the western seas. The Warden was a man of action; nor was he ashamed to be known as a nobleman in trade. He numbered among his personal friends Santangel, Spain's royal treasurer, and the Marchioness de Moya, the noble woman who plead on her knees before Isabella for funds to send Columbus on his voyage. Tradition has it that this warden sent to Spain a bag of gold to be divided equally between the cause of Columbus and that of driving Boabdil the Moor from Granada. If true, God blessed both gifts to the utmost. Fitz-Stephen's ships visited all the seaports of Spain. In those far-off cities he was known as though he were king of Ireland; and wherever his galleons sailed his name stood for all that was best in life — power, honesty, faithfulness to duty, justice to the weakest of humanity.

"One day in summer, when the ocean was quiet, and a soft mist hung over Black Head and Inishmore, a gaily-bedecked galleon drifted slowly up the bay and landed near where now is the pier whence comes the sound of the swish

of waves in this wind to-night. From it stepped forth a young man in scarlet attire, with attendants, and rich goods, and vast bales of products from Spain. To this black castle, then brilliant with life, he bore costly presents, and a letter, with seal of gold, addressed to the Warden of Galway. It was an illuminated parchment, after the manner of earlier days:

"'My son goes for a season to dwell with you in your northern home, as I promised you when you were in Spain that he would do when he came of age. His presence will prove the esteem in which Spain holds Ireland. At your good pleasure you may send your son to us in Spain that he may live in the home of my family and mingle with the people of rank in Valencia.'

"The letter was signed by Miguel Gomez, a merchant-lord of one of the richest cities of Spain.

"Young Rodrigue soon became a favorite in Galway. In body he was beautiful — active and strong, so that his manhood showed itself in the Irish games that call forth the best that is in the physical man. His temperament was gentle, and his voice had all that softness which

typifies the Spaniard at his best. His hands were fashioned to the lute, and Galway's evenings were enlivened with his soft music and his tender old Spanish songs.

"Walter Lynch, only son of the Warden, was even then making preparations to sail for Valencia in one of his father's ships, to remain many months as a hostage in esteem for his people on the western coast of Ireland. While he yet remained in Ireland he became the inseparable companion of the young Spaniard. They rode together over the Irish hills and vied with each other in swimming in the bay. Together they visited the gentry of Connaught, hunted in the mountains, and studied the works of the old masters.

"Galway, second not even to Limerick, has ever been known for the beauty of her daughters. At the time of my story there was none in all the West who could compare with Agnes, the only daughter of John Flood, a wealthy gentleman. Tradition ascribes to her not the gray-blue eye and the blue-black hair of Ireland, nor yet the jet-black eyes and the olive complexion of Spain, but rather hair and eyes that matched, and they a golden brown that glinted

in the sun. In form, she was supple and strong; in manner teasing and laughter-loving, and full of the passion of life, all inherited from her Norman ancestors, a race of conquerors. From infancy this girl had been as much at home in this black castle of the Lynches as she was in her father's great stone mansion across yon street. When she grew into maidenhood suitors came from far and near to win her smiles. Hardly a castle in western Ireland but sent a son here at one time or another to sue for her favors, nor a family that had not some scion which they would not gladly have grafted upon such a stock.

"But it was Walter Lynch, son of the Warden, who had won her heart when as children they played together about these great doorways; others came but in vain. One passion filled her breast, one hope ruled her heart. Indeed, it was currently believed that the son of the king himself might not have been able to displace this sovereign of her heart.

"On the night before the day which had been appointed for young Walter to sail for Valencia the Warden gave a feast in the castle before us. From yon small window in the turret to

the very dungeons underneath bright lights shone and gay music sounded. Such a supper had not been known in Galway before. All the rich and great were there. The gallant young Spaniard was that night clothed in purple, and with his lute he pleased all the vast company. It was observed that frequently he sat at Agnes' feet and played and sang old songs of Spain that seemed to please her much, and yet they brought forth tears from her eyes. It was scarcely a wonder that Walter should have gone apart with bitterness in his soul. Through the long months which were to follow, and he far away in Valencia, could this girl remain true to him, when beauty and gallantry and talent dwelt close by her side and at will could draw tears from her eyes? But the manhood in him prevailed. He stifled the wild pangs of jealousy and rage as unworthy of an Irish gentleman; and the next day he bade his sweetheart a long good-by, and sailed on a ship for Spain.

"Long months passed, and Rodrigue Gomez still remained in Galway. Walter Lynch Fitz-Stephen, faithful to the manner of those days, was a friendly hostage in the rich city of Val-

encia, in Spain. His companions there were folk of rank and wealth; and more than once he had gone to the Escorial as an invited guest. Everywhere he met with that hospitality for which Spain is famous. The handsomest and wealthiest of Valencia's daughters vied with each other in their attempts to please this brawny northerner who sought the bull-ring, the fields of wild riding, and all the manly sports rather than the company of women and their kind.

"Once a week one of his father's ships came into the port, bearing a cargo of barley, or wheat, or the rich root-crops of Ireland. Each rough commander brought carefully in his bosom a missive which servants of the palace of the elder Gomez bore swiftly to the young Irishman; and upon such occasions, whether in the bull-ring or in a hall of feasting, he quickly retired to his apartments in the palace and remained long hours alone.

"One week no letter came. Truly did the great dramatist tell how trifles light as air can confirm the bitterness of the heart of him who is jealously inclined. Young Fitz-Stephen shut himself in and saw no one until the next letter came. Agnes wrote that when the ship which

ought to have borne him a letter sailed from Galway she had been away from the city sailing with a party of friends on Lough Corrib, and had spent some days at Castles Ballycurrin and Annahkeen. Her letter was full of descriptions of the tender beauty of Inishmicatreer, and Inchiquin, and Inchacommaun, and of the yew-shaded Abbey of Ross and gray castle Moyne. Her descriptions of water and wood touched his spirit with melancholy and homesickness. And there was dread in his heart and bitterness. Pictures of the brown-haired girl would arise in his mind, and always by her side was a Spaniard in purple with soft voice and a lute in his hand.

"Again no letter came. Two weeks passed this time, and three. He sought the docks at night and talked long with one of his father's sea-captains. The rough man said he had waited at the Claddagh for hours, but no letter had been sent to him. We had heard it reported in the city that a party of the young gentry of Galway, including the Spaniard and Agnes Flood, had gone on a trip half across Ireland to Knockdrin Castle near Mullingar. Thence they would go to Castle Dromineer and Kill-

aloe on Lough Derg, and thence again to Limerick and home by way of Lisdoonvarna, Kinvarra, and Oranmore. Their trip, now half over, would extend through two months' time.

Days passed, and still no letter from Agnes. One morning there was consternation in the palace of Miguel Gomez, and all Valencia was filled with excitement. The strong young Irishman could nowhere be found. Search was made throughout the city and in all the neighboring cities of southern Spain. Some thought young Walter had been murdered, and others said he had been drowned at sea while sailing alone as he sometimes was accustomed to do. But there were wiser ones who said nothing at all, but only smiled and shook their heads. It was known that on the night when the young man disappeared a galleon loaded with wines had left the port for Galway in Ireland.

"Two weeks later, on a stormy night following a season of dreadful tempests, a ship, lashed with the waves, came into yon harbor which appears so dimly through the mist. The vessel anchored in the angry tide. Over its side came a man in Spanish attire, and in a

frail boat he fought his way to the shore. At midnight, alone, he passed up this street, half-running as he went along. He stopped beneath that window there — see how it hangs out from that quaint old castle of stone! That was the home of Agnes. The darkness hides from us the carved entablatures and the fretted escarpments. Nor can we discern the crest of the dove above the entrance.

"Out of that great old doorway at midnight came Rodrigue Gomez, clothed in scarlet, a lute in his hand. Under that window, Agnes standing above him, with clusters of golden-brown hair about her face, he stopped and sang a good-night song of love. Then a wave of the hand, a kiss thrown, and all became quiet again.

"Then Walter Lynch came out of the shadows. A dagger glittered in his hand, and his face was fearful to see. The young Spaniard turned and fled as from an apparition. Down this very street they went. Come, follow me, friend, down where they went, to the waterside."

The story of the strange old man fascinated me and thrilled me with horror. His intensity of feeling and his passion as he abandoned him-

self to his story made the scene live before my eyes. A veritable Ancient Mariner, he held me spellbound with the glitter of his eye. Yet there was tenderness upon his face. I walked with him down to the bay.

"Here on this very spot where we stand," continued he, "Walter Lynch plunged his dagger into the heart of Rodrigue Gomez. He cast the body into the tide. When the morning sun stole through the mist they found it here, all dressed in scarlet, yet stained with a deeper crimson about the heart.

"The murderer fled to the mountains of Jarconnaught, and sought safety in an ancient castle there. All Galway learned the secret of the crime, and pity filled every heart. The Warden, loving the boy better than his own life, publicly acknowledged the bitter tragedy.

"Parental love is strong — oh! stronger than death — but honor and justice, properly rooted, are stronger still. The love of a father may cause bitter tears to fall, and bosoms to heave, and faces to twitch and blanch, but honor implanted in the soul steels one to have his heart plucked from his bosom and his body burned with fire!

"James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, the sworn Warden of Galway, the upholder of all law, had never swerved from justice. A man of honor, death was sweet to him, when compared with the betrayal of a trust the people had placed in him.

"The next day, at the head of strong men, with steel and steeds, he set out for the mountains of Jarconnaught. Oh! how the tears of Galway's women fell! The young man's mother, with Agnes by her side, followed the stern father out of the city, begging for mercy for her son. Oh! was it not love which had brought about this tragedy? And could not one be forgiven anything for love? But the silent man turned not his head to left or right, but rode bitterly on. His honor and the honor of his country transcended every private thought; and ten thousand deaths with torture could not have turned him from his course.

"But they had not to travel far. Where the road passes Ballycuirke Lough, with waters always gray, they met young Walter riding a wild Irish steed. He flung himself from his saddle and knelt at his father's feet. The Warden tied him with his own hands and bore him back to Galway.

"All the city had come out to weep and to pray for the boy's release. Young Agnes, wondrous in beauty, with her rich-brown hair falling about her face, grasped the neck of the steed which bore the Warden. Sobs and wails went up from the women all along the way, and little children wept from sympathy. But the Warden heard not these sounds. He listened to but one voice, the voice of duty — and death!

"Yon black castle, with walls tumbling now, was his prison-house. It was but a few days that they kept him there. His father spent the whole time in the dungeon with him. What passed between them none but God and the angels know.

"The day of the trial came. Noblemen from far away Ulster, and citizens from rocky Donegal and Drogheda and ancient Cork; women from Limerick, richly clothed; stern soldiers from the castles at Athlone and Blarney and Armagh; peasants from Kerry and Mayo; men of law from Dublin — all came to beg for the life of the boy. But the father with calm brow and white lips sat still and sentenced his only son to death at the rising of the morrow's sun.

"There was much strange whispering in the

great crowd that had gathered; and one might have discerned the beginning of strange happenings. That night the city was filled with men from all western Ireland, and there was upon their faces a bitterness which might not be expressed. The young man went back to his dungeon unmolested and unafraid. All awaited with breathless anxiety the rising of the morrow's sun.

"That night the Warden called the priest into the cell and the three remained there in darkness until they saw the light; but it was the peaceful light from the face of God which shone into that cell.

"When the hour of execution was come the father called the stern officers of the law into the cell. They shuddered, and by no means could be prevailed upon to place the rope about the young man's throat. Neither threats nor appeals to duty prevailed. The Warden performed this office with his own hands. They then led the young man up the chill steps from the dungeon and flung wide the great doors which opened upon the place of execution.

"A great crowd of blanched faces and high-lifted arms met them. Teeth were clenched in

fury, and loud bitter cries were uttered. With drawn swords and daggers they rushed into the castle with shouts: 'Release the brave young Irishman! Death to those who would harm him!' They pierced through the foremost of the guards and ground them beneath their feet. The soldiers held their ground valiantly, fighting back the mob from the doorway, killing many of them with their swords. But the crazed multitude without fought their way into the castle over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

"James Fitz-Stephen, with rope about the neck of his son, led the young man quickly up the great stone stairway just as the mob cut down the last of the prison guard and stamped them under their feet. Reaching the top of the castle, closely pursued by shouting men, he quickly made fast the rope to an iron bar, then lifted the young man bodily and flung him from the window, leaving his body dangling above the heads of the angry mob below. The crowd became wild with fury, and men swarmed up the stairway intent upon cutting the rope before young Walter should die; but the Warden, an infuriated giant, stood at the head of

the stairway, and with the strength of a demon, his eyes the while flashing fire, he decapitated men and thrust through hearts until a river of blood flowed down the steps of stone. And then the steps became blocked with the bodies of the dead and dying so that further attempts to reach the Warden became useless. All the while of this carnage the body of Walter Lynch swung to and fro outside the castle walls writhing in death. At length the end came and the twitchings ceased.

"Filled with horror unspeakable, the great crowd dissolved like mist before the sun. They slunk away like cowed animals, lost in pity and despair.

"Then the Warden drew in the body of his son, threw aside the carrions upon the stairway, and buried the corpse with his own hands.

"The next day the old Warden — for he had become old and shrivelled in a night — left the city which he had ruled so well, and with his wife, now white and palsied and bereft of reason, went up into Connemara where a few days later both of them died on the stone floor of a peasant's hut.

"Yon church before us is St. Nicholas.

Within it there is a great square tomb, exquisitely carved in marble. Beneath it lie the bones of the Warden and his wife.

"Out there under the sod, hidden from us by the shadows of night, are two other graves, side by side. In one is Agnes Flood, in the other Walter Lynch Fitz-Stephen.

"Even through this mist and darkness you may see that fragment of a wall, and upon it a death's head chiselled in stone. On this stone is a strange and weird inscription, carved there many generations ago:

'REMEMBER DEATHE
VANITI OF VANITIS ALL IS BUT
VANITI'

"From that window just above the grinning death's head Walter Lynch was flung by his father; and here upon the very spot where we stand tradition tells us Agnes, looking upon the quivering body above her, swooned away in death."

The old man became silent and gazed up at the gray walls.

"Ah! God," he said, "What a tragedy!"

Then he was silent again. His story had

"From that Window Walter Lynch was flung."

"*Vaniti of Vanities — Alle is Vaniti.*"

been told. We could hear the waves moaning in the bay; and the wind came up and drove the mist into our faces. We turned and walked away from the place along the quiet street.

CHAPTER VIII

IN QUEST OF GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

We were in the very heart of Ireland. Behind us, toward the south, was the old garrison town of Athlone, lying quietly sleeping on the banks of the Shannon; on our right and left, steaming away in the hot June sunshine, lay fields of dank green grass; in front of us the white road stretched like a waving ribbon as far as eye could see in the distance.

"Och!" said my driver, who sat over the right wheel to balance me on the left. "Och! jist *think* of it — the beauty that dwelt in that heart and sowl!" He did not explain, but went introspectively on:

> "'Swate Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
> Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed!'

"The picther of the ould home *niver* lift him — the swate ould place where he wished to come and die! Glory be his bed!"

We could have been talking about none other than Oliver Goldsmith. We were in his country, near the spot of his birth. My companion was an Irishman on his native sod, and he was taking me in his own jaunting-car to visit Lissoy, now known as Auburn, "Goldsmith's Deserted Village."

Just before we left the little old-fashioned stone inn at Athlone, where eel steaks can be had the year round, the proprietor had taken me aside and told me that my driver was a man of "poethry and lore"; and from the remarks which he had let fall since we crossed the bridge into the blooming meadows of the country, I had reason to believe that my host had, in a measure at least, spoken nothing more than the truth. But when I looked across the fields that stretched about us, I felt something like pity for any one who could fail to be full of "poethry" upon such a day and in such a country as this.

Lough Ree came into view over a stone wall enclosing a meadow on our left, and to-day it was not an Irish lake at all — no gloomy grayness hung about it — but it flashed a broad sheet of gladsome, golden sunshine into the

faces of the dwellers in all that peaceful country-side; and they, like good Irish people, stood looking — just looking with solemn faces across the checkered fields.

Has any one ever been able to explain why it is that the Irish people at home like so well to stand, even in days of mist and gloom, and gaze up the rocky lanes or across the wind-swept fields? Has any one ever tried to tell us why the Irishman does not love the interior of his home, but even when the years have bent his back and whitened his hair, does his dreaming and thinking out under the open sky? And has any one ever thought out why it is that in these reveries there is upon the face of the dreamer somewhat of a vague sorrow and an indefinable melancholy? Is it that the Irishman revels in gloom, and that the law of sadness is in his heart? Or is it that indefinable thing which they call "the spirit of the Celt" which has followed him down the ages and will not let him be? Who knows? Whatever it be, on that sweet day of the solstice, when the June sunshine clung to the blooming hayfields, there were those in sight of a lake all aflame with dimpling joy who stood and gazed sadly off into the distance.

Some of them were young and strong, but most of the seers of visions had hearkened to some vague call from beyond the sunset line, and those who had remained at home were but simple dreamers of dreams. The old had been left behind, still in exile — destined never to know the how or why — never to see beyond the mountains that shut them in from the restless sea — remained to open and shut gates, to stand and gaze up bare, moldy alleys, to look mournfully upon daisy-flecked hillsides or across poppy-pied meadows. "Some day — yis, some *blissed* day!"

The old walled-in roadways showed signs of life in frequent low-backed cars, or an occasional barefooted old woman with her head muffled up in a shawl, trudging along with a basket or a bag. Sometimes we saw a good-natured Irishman spading away in his potato patch, or a ragged boy leading a turf-loaded donkey cart. Or, perchance, we got a fleeting glimpse of a bare-legged peasant girl standing out on a rocky hillside, her Celtic soul dancing out from the depths of her gray-blue eyes to meet the brightness of this day in June.

Far down on our right some long black mounds

came into view. The peat-cutters had been at work gathering their winter supply of fuel. My driver could not understand what might interest me in that "damp, dirthy place," but he was obliging and veered his car in that direction. An old man and an old woman, husband and wife, were re-stacking brick-shaped blocks of turf that had nearly dried. Their greeting was cordial even for Ireland. Ah! would I tell them of "Amuriky"? They would know about the "grate cities, the foine farrums, and the rich folk." And would I be pleased to tell them about the pigs; and did they burn turf or coal over there? And did I know Timmy O'Mulligan? It was strange that I had never even heard of him. He now owned three grocery stores in Philadelphia. It had been predicted that he would be a great man before he had left Ballynacarrigy.

"And, sir, are the wages good, and is there plinty of mate for all?" the old man inquired.

I told him wages were high, and so far as I knew there was not a citizen in the country who did not have a plenty to eat.

"Glory to God!" he exclaimed. "Jannie — turning solemnly to the old wife — "Amur-

Photo by Guy, Cork.

Standing Bare-legged on a Rocky Irish Hillside.

iky will yet be th' home of this ould mon! Ye've resisted me; ye refuse to go with me. Ye'll miss me whin I'm gone; but blissed be God, I'll come back to Ballaghkeeran a millionaire!"

We left the old couple piling the peat and just reveling in dreams of "that grate counthry" over the ocean.

The smooth road passed through bits of ancient wood of beech, oak, and fir. High stone walls of some estate of the "gintry" at times shut out the landscapes from view. One dense little wood incited my companion to remove his pipe and mention the fairy folk which many people hereabouts had long thought made their home in an ancient Danish "rath" hidden by the dense forest growths. The Leprahawn, the little miller and shoemaker of the fairies, came out, they used to say, on that very western slope before us, and there he bathed himself in the glowing sunsets on such fine days as these. This set me wondering whether or not there was more than one Leprahawn in Ireland; but I let him talk on.

I asked if there were still fairies in Ireland.

"The ould folks belave in the good people shtill. It's so all through this counthry. But

the young are doubters, and they, too, the ones who ought quickest to belave. The national schools have done it. The young boys and girruls sometimes even doubt there is a divil, bad luck to these evil toimes." And the old fellow grew thoughtful.

In the shady, walled-in roadway we met two bright-faced old Irishmen, contentedly driving a donkey-cart. Stopping to talk to us a moment, they asked me a few questions about America and "the Irish over there." Seeing me adjusting my little hand camera, one of the old fellows removed his pipe and said:

"Sir, allow me jist a word of advice before ye touch the button. Please do not do the thing naturally expected and let the ass's head get where Michael's head should be!" Then he nudged his companion with great glee and broke into a roar of laughter at his companion's expense.

"Glory be to God, sir, f'r the blissed land ye're from!" said one of the old fellows as we drove off.

Before us in the distance was another village, stretched along on both sides of the white road. The name of the village was Glassan, but my

Photo by Guy, Cork.

"Glory to God! Amuriky will yet be th' Home of this Ould Mon!"

driver said all the people in that countryside called it the "Village of Roses." When we reached the hamlet, lying peacefully in the June sunshine, I observed the peculiar neatness of the white cottages and the trim roofs of tile and thatch. Rambling pink, red, and yellow roses grew over the fronts of the houses, even to their eaves, and the air was filled with their faint perfume. The village was without a sign of life except the presence in the street of a baby girl that strolled along in white frock and muslin hood, and a constable in a clean, new uniform, who was leaning on a banister talking to a girl in one of the old doorways. When he saw our car approaching he turned and walked rather shamefacedly away.

"The Pinnacle of Kilkenny-West," said my driver, pointing to a granite shaft off to our right. And he explained that it had been erected on that grassy hill to mark the very center of Ireland. Only one more hill, he told me, and we should be in Lissoy.

When we reached the summit of the long incline I bade him stop the car. Before us lay what remained of Auburn, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. We sat there for a while in

silence. There was no real village in sight; no settlement so large as Glassan or Ballaghkeeran — only silent fields, thick-checkered with old stone walls, and now and then a gray cottage with roof of thatch, a tottering wall, or a fragment of a stone gable.

On the meadows the grasses were in bloom — sod-flowers, field daisies, white clover, and beds of red poppies and wild roses. The whole rich, damp earth was carpeted with dank, lush green. The sweet, wild freshness of the spring came to us over the meadows that rolled away into the north and east and west — simple meadows of grass, unworked by the spade and unturned by the plow.

We drove up to an old gate with pillars of stone, between which hung a modern farm gate of wood. A hundred yards within were some tottering gray stone walls which had belonged to the home in which the Reverend Charles Goldsmith lived when he was rector of Kilkenny-West, and where the boy Oliver spent his childhood days. We opened the gate and drove into the yard. Almost in front of what had once been the doorway some cows lay in the dense shade cast by a clump of ash-trees,

lazily chewing their cuds; and in a shallow pool of black water a pair of geese, with their half-grown family, were wading about and sipping the liquid, now and then protruding their necks and making resentful clatter.

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

The line occurred to me. This pool, though, could not have been here in the good old rector's front yard in those happy days, but the geese may have been able to trace their ancestry back to those which cackled so joyously when Goldsmith was here as a boy.

An Irishman of middle age came out of the weeds behind the ruins of the house and greeted us. He said it was truly the old home of Goldsmith. The house had formerly had two stories, with five windows opening upon the front. When it had a roof it was always of thatch. I observed that some new corrugated iron, painted red, now roofed in a part of the ruins, making the place useful as a stable for the cows and a shelter for the hay!

In 1770, when Oliver Goldsmith wrote *The Deserted Village* in London, and received for it a hundred pounds, the old home of his youth

had even then gone into ruins, and in some bitterness of mind he wrote:

> "Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled
> And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
> There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
> The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It is rather remarkable that the place should have remained in a state of decay for a hundred and thirty-five years without even an attempt to restore it. But such is the way of Ireland.

"Out there is the ould gyarden," said my new acquaintance, pointing to a weedy lot just back of the bare, gray walls.

I climbed the tottering stone fence, tearing down a part of it as I went down on the other side. In the field — for it was no longer a garden — tall weeds and hay were growing, all in bloom. A few gnarled old apple-trees grew at irregular intervals, showing that the place at some time had been an orchard. In the shadow of a high stone wall on the north side was an old shrub, apparently a lilac. An althea, probably a scion of an older root, grew close to a bunch of old-fashioned roses, half hidden in the weeds. Wild daisies and patches of white clover grew thickly about the spot just

back of the house where childish feet had pattered long ago. In vain I looked for some of the bushes where grew the fruit out of which the good wife used to make such excellent gooseberry wine. They had doubtless been choked out by the briars and weeds.

An old tenant-farmer lived in a double-roomed thatched house on the side of the yard in front. The house was apparently as old as the Goldsmith house, and had probably been used as servants' or tenants' quarters. The old farmer cordially invited me in and brought forth from his little library case a well-worn volume of Goldsmith's poems, which he opened on the table before him.

The old wife was busy about an old-fashioned fireplace in the adjoining stone-floored room, baking potatoes and cooking bacon over a smouldering peat fire. Some great pots hung on hooks inside the chimney, as they had probably done two hundred years ago. It was apparent that the cottage, though neat and clean, had suffered but few changes in many generations.

The old fellow told me many things of Auburn and the Goldsmith's, and I found that

his traditional knowledge coincided well with the best research of the historians into Goldsmith's early life.

The Reverend Charles Goldsmith, he told me, had lived at Pallas, a hamlet in the adjoining county of Longford, thirty miles away on the north, and there supported himself and a large family partly as a curate and partly as a small farmer. In 1730, two years after the birth of his son Oliver, he removed to Lissoy, to become rector of Kilkenny-West, with a salary of £200 a year. His home was the gray old mansion whose ruins were before us. Here the boy Oliver played, tutored by a maid-servant, and afterwards by a vagabond soldier who taught him the love of adventure and the fascination of wandering idly through strange lands.

As for the village, it had been known as Lissoy for centuries; but since the day of the poem called *The Deserted Village*, the place had been called "Auburn," from the poet's fanciful title for the little hamlet. Some old people called the village "The Pigeons," from the name of the ale-house and inn which was described happily in the poem but mentioned by name only in Goldsmith's play "She Stoops to Con-

quer." "The Three Jolly Pigeons" was still, after an existence of several centuries, the most lively spot in Auburn, or, indeed, anywhere in that section.

The old man, in telling me these stories, grew thoughtful, and more than once I caught him looking — just looking across the green fields into the sunny distance. I reluctantly left him there in the quiet of a June afternoon, and my driver took me up the road a little way to the top of the hill, the spot which once had been the center of the village. Near the roadside grew a thick cluster of whitethorn bushes, making a bower of dense, luxuriant shade. Here was the place, my driver said, where grew

> "The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The original bush had grown here, and for years it had been protected by the villagers; but one day a carter—"bad cess to his sacrilligious sowl," interjected the narrator — with a load of apple-trees allowed his wheel to level the bush to the ground. These bushes had grown up in its stead.

Just across the road stood a gigantic oak,

within whose shade rested a stolid peasant's cottage. Two old women stood outside the door and welcomed me, giving me the freedom of the place. There were two rooms, both on a level with the ground. It was damp and cool inside. Only a trace of light found its way through a small window cut through the thick stone walls. Uneven stones paved the floor; and above were bare, visible rafters, supporting a rat-infested roof of thatch. Around the large stone fireplace were a few old skillets and a suspended pot; and a hen picked about the floor. Adjoining the rooms was a pig-sty that contained two healthy-looking shoats. The house was interesting because it was one of the two hundred and fifty thousand Irish houses known in the census reports as "residences of the third class," and reputed to shelter a million and a half of Ireland's four million inhabitants.

We drove farther down the road and turned into a rocky lane enclosed with tumbling stone fences. On a hillside and near the lane stood two bare, gray gables of stone. Just below flowed a brook, half hidden in the tall weeds and grass.

My driver stopped the car and pointed to them:

"The never-failing brook, the busy mill!"

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

In the Heart of the Deserted Village A Home that has Survived.

The gables of the mill were quite small, showing that it had been but a peasant's cottage fitted up to do the grinding for the neighboring peasantry. And as the stream which runs past is small, it is evident that grinding could be done only in seasons of rain — which, by the way, are not altogether too infrequent in Ireland.

I began to look around me. The place was inexpressibly lonesome. Some summer insects sang away in the tall grass, and now and then I heard the croak of an Irish crow. I walked slowly down the lonesome lane seeking for some sign of life. In the midst of the solitude, wrapped in lonesomeness, I found an Irishman sitting on a low, tumbling wall in the sunshine, slowly smoking his pipe.

"Good evening, sir," I ventured.

"And to you, sir, whoiver you be — and ye seem a gintleman, heart and sowl," came the courteous and flattering reply.

I told him I was a stranger just rambling about the ruins of Goldsmith's Deserted Village to see what I could find. I apologized for breaking into his reveries, but he assured me that no "matarial harrum" had been done.

"Och! yis," he said, "it is a swate ould place. I have lived my loife in its blissed precincts — glory be to God!"

And he slowly arose and told me to follow him. We walked down the rocky lane, it getting rockier as we went, until we reached a brook, half hidden in the weeds and grass, that crossed the path in front of us. My companion stopped, slowly took the pipe from his mouth, pointed to the brook, and said:

> "No more th' grassy brook reflicts th' day,
> But, chocked with sidges, worruks its weedy way."

And that was all he had to say about it, but it was enough to show that he had poetry in his soul.

We came to a little field that contained some dwindling haystacks and a number of ancient thatch-roofed cabins of stone.

Again he stopped and repeated:

> "Besoide yon straggling fince that skirts th' way
> With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
> There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
> Th' village master taught his little school."

And I was informed that tradition had ascribed to this spot the location of the village school where the boy Goldsmith was educated.

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

Ruins of the "Busy Mill," Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

My companion and I then turned and walked up a rocky lane where we found a seat on a grassy bank in the shadow of a stone wall. Before and below us sloped a long hill, down which ran a lane edged in with wild daisies and shamrock, with here and there a wild rose bush or some straggling wild red poppies. This was the very spot, my companion informed me, where the poet played as a boy, on evenings when the sun went down.

> "Sweet was the sound, whin oft at avening's close
> Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
> There, as I passed with careless steps and slow
> The mingling notes came softened from below;
> The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung" —

My companion led me through a succession of lanes and paths to a long squatty building with roof of thatch, around and within which a considerable crowd of men and boys had congregated, thus celebrating some holiday which I was told was observed that day throughout Ireland. There was a sign above the door of the popular place. It was the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where similar crowds met in Goldsmith's boyhood days, and

"Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

Our arrival at the inn brought out the entire contingent of loafers, all of whom solemnly arranged themselves in front of the door while I got a kodak picture of the building.

The old millstone had been brought from the ruins of the mill and buried in the ground at the door of "The Pigeons," where it was always on view.

"Not only *supposed* to be, sir, but it *is* the *i-dentical* stone of the old mill," the proprietor said with pride in his voice. And he added that "over there in the trees," pointing to a grove upon a sloping hill upon the east, was still standing, though considerably changed,

"The decent church that topped the neighboring hill."

My driver, who had apparently just awakened from a dream in the sunshine, drove slowly up from the rocky lane where I had left him. I shook hands all around and took my seat on the jaunting-car. We drove up the lane and passed again the ruins of the Goldsmith house. The geese were still wading and sipping in the

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

Tavern — The Three Jolly Pigeons.

"Where village statesmen talked with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round."

pool, and summer insects sang in the blooming grass. All else seemed asleep.

On the summit of the hill we stopped again. Far away in front, resting in the quiet of an ancestral grove, and shut out from the world by great stone walls, was an ancient home of a gentleman: sprinkled over the long hillsides on either hand, and nestling in little groups in the valleys, were little stone houses with roofs of thatch: immediately below us, on the grassy hillside, was all that remained of Auburn, the Deserted Village.

The white roads stretched away into the distance. Long shadows began to appear across the fields of daisies and poppies. We heard in the distance the occasional braying of a donkey and the faint cackling of geese. Pigs and goats moved about the rocky lanes: now and then an old man or an old woman could be seen walking slowly along. Low-backed cars crawled along between gray stone fences up the long hills that stretched away beyond our sight.

This was the very heart of Ireland — there could be no mistake about it.

CHAPTER IX

THE IRISH WOMAN — ARISTOCRAT AND PEASANT

BROADLY speaking, there are but two classes in Ireland — the aristocracy and the peasantry. The inconsequential middle class is modern and artificial, and is found chiefly in north, or "alien" Ireland, and in the growing commercial cities like Belfast, Londonderry and Dublin. In England, Germany, and the United States the upper and lower classes are parasites on the middle classes; in Ireland the middle class is a parasite upon the serfs and aristocrats. The women of this commercial or farming middle class in Ireland are in no marked manner different from the women of similar classes elsewhere; it is the Irish woman aristocrat who is the most interesting study in the world, if, indeed, it is not the Irish peasant woman.

Perhaps no other women of the world have just that piquancy and vivacity of manner which characterizes the women of Ireland. There is

an animation, a force of manner, a spontaneity of expression which makes them attractive in the extreme. One cannot come in contact with them without feeling that with the proper environments they might furnish the world a type of the perfect woman.

The real "Irish type," so much extolled, may be found not infrequently in Ireland to-day. Sometimes it crops out in a remote bogland village where the girl with her wealth of Hibernian endowments lives away her years like a flower which is born to blush unseen; sometimes it shows itself in some old "castle" of the gentry hidden away in a dark grove and shut out from the world by tall stone walls.

The aristocratic class in Ireland is much larger than strangers to the island are accustomed to think. All around the picturesque coasts and even far in the remote inland regions, at intervals of a few miles, one passes the estates of native Irish titled aristocrats no less cultured in any way, and, in some respects, more exclusive, than the most favored of the aristocratic class of England. There is lack of wealth, it is true, and sometimes there is poverty that pinches, but this does not seriously affect that native

pride which, when full grown on Irish soil, outdoes the pride of any other people.

The old aristocratic homes are generally far from modern, but they are stately and spacious. They are situated back from the white walled-in roadways in ancestral groves of the densest and blackest green. Tall stone walls shut out the gardens from the view of the casual passer-by. In every section of Ireland this aristocratic class may be found, still maintaining the semblance of an elegance and a refinement that has disappeared from many a seemingly more favored section of the earth.

In traveling through County Clare, or Tipperary, or Mayo, or even rocky Galway or Donegal on a jaunting-car, you ask your driver the name of the family that lives in that castle which looms into view in yon dense grove. He will immediately out with a vast mouthful of titles which almost startles you; and his animated manner shows that, in spite of statements to the contrary, he is proud of the fact that Ireland, too, has its aristocrats whom he was born to serve.

Says Filson Young in his charming book, "Ireland at the Cross Roads": "Their castles

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

View from the Home of One of the Gentry.

surround you, beautiful of name and aspect, and wearing an expression of pride and reserve upon the worn stone walls that gleam between the trees. The houses themselves are often strange in architecture, full of builders' contrivances and local makeshifts for what was too costly to bring from afar, and when they were new many of them must have been ugly. But the busy climate, the busy creepers, and busy Time soon round off their eccentricities and clothe them with a merit greater than that of architecture. You see them in all stages of repair and decay. There is the house patched and mended with loving solicitude as each generation succeeds to its heritage of affection and encumbrance; where the children go without luxuries that the place may be kept up; where the boys' education is curtailed, in order that there may be no reproach when the will is opened. But this is not so frequent a case as that other, in which the old house itself is starved to pay for the son in the English regiment, and where the plaster peels from the walls so that his uniform may blaze with the best."

Here in these old secluded mansions of the past have been reared some of the most charm-

ing women of the world. The Irish people who have a reasonable chance generally make something of themselves. These, the descendants of the Irish nobility and royalty of early days, have retained until now the evidence of their good blood. Reared in seclusion, breathing the fresh air of the country, and getting all the wholesomeness of good food, and receiving at the same time the intellectual nourishment which comes from substantial companionship and good books, these Irish girls have had an opportunity to become marvelous specimens of womanhood.

They are not obtrusive, these high-born Irish girls, nor do they care for publicity in the society journals, yet in these old seats of the aristocracy, isolated from the world, and passing their years in the shadows of gnarled elms, and closely shut in with lofty stone walls, they are perhaps freer and happier than those who flourish in the society of the capitals.

Physically the Irish girl is a worthy specimen of what a woman living close to nature may be. The perfect Irish type shows a woman somewhat above the medium height, straight, well-formed, and exceedingly active of body and limb — all an inheritance of a hundred generations of phys-

ical prowess and unending courage. Their eyes are between a blue and a steel gray, bright and expressive in the extreme, and always cheerful and full of light. Their cheeks are highly colored, so much so that an American traveler at first suspects artificiality; but later he learns that it is the dampness of the climate and a luxuriant health which combine to paint these roses.

Their speech is always English, and it is such English as one delights to hear. It is said that the best English of the world is spoken in Dublin. The aristocracy of Ireland speaks Dublin English. There are antiquated forms and unusual expressions, but they are survivals of the older English — evidences of conservatism and pride in the tongue. One hears such pronunciations as "cyar," "gyarden," and "cyarpet," for car, garden, and carpet, even in the shadow of old Trinity College, in Dublin, spoken with that unbounded pride which Virginians display when they use exactly similar expressions around the walls of old William and Mary or the University of Virginia. These little mannerisms in the speech of the Irish gentry and the polished Virginian are but survivals of the best in the

language of former days. One cannot use them unless he is to the manner born.

Irish girls of the gentlewoman class are not idlers. Housework they do not do, of course, nor are their energies engaged by women's clubs and social routine; yet they have their society quietly to mingle with, though this sometimes requires long stages across the boglands; and there are always outdoor games to keep them supple and strong. They are good golf players; at squash and tennis they are certainly not bunglers; and around the seashore they develop great endurance in swimming in the tide. But above all things else, the Irish girl loves a horse. For centuries fox-hunting has been what might be termed the national sport of Ireland. Wherever one may go in the island he will find a hunt club where enthusiasm for this exhilarating sport is no less marked among the young women than among the men. But when the hunting season is over the horses are not allowed to remain idle. The Irish roads are perfect, and one may travel upon them in mid-winter as well as in June. A traveler upon these ancient Irish highways sometimes catches an elusive glimpse of a wonderful specimen of glowing young Irish

beauty disappearing with her horse over a wall, or clattering through a lofty stone arch homeward in a dainty trap.

Servants from among the peasantry do the work around these ancient Irish households. The cooking is done for the most part in great open fireplaces, and the pots are swung from hooks as was the custom in the Southern States of the Union in ante-bellum days. The excellent mutton chops, the rich Irish butter, and the cream from the luscious meadows insure that blooming healthfulness which pure plain food, fresh from the soil, can always give to the one who chooses to live the simple life.

Of course there are romances and courtships and affairs of the heart. Under the circumstances who could expect anything else? Let it be understood, however, that the outward manifestations of these inward feelings are different in Ireland from what they are in some other lands. Old customs there may not be broken with impunity; new methods of procedure in these serious matters are offences on a par with such things as treason and sacrilege. The suitor must first of all be agreeable to the heads of the household; and not long after he has crossed

the threshold he is expected formally and emphatically to declare his intentions. Unless he "means business" from the start it were better for him to be rather chary how he allows his sense of the esthetic to beguile him into complimenting the fair young damsel upon the glint of her eye or the peachbloom upon her cheek, else she might misunderstand and, confiding in her maternal adviser, blushingly report the happy steps of her progress; then the gallant, if he had no means of escape, would be compelled to make some mortifying explanations or, in case he were an unusually "good match," run the risk of having papers for breach of promise served upon him.

In many of the old families the priestly conception of discipline prevails. This means, in short, submission to authority — children to parents, parents to priests. In a book entitled "My New Curate," written by one Father Dan, a genial old priest of seventy-odd years, there are passages which reveal something of the idea of marriage which prevails to some extent in Ireland to-day. He is describing home life as he has observed it in Ireland during his long ministry. He relates a case

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Milking the Goat.

of genuine merit in this matter of giving up to authority:

"There was no lurid and volcanic company-keeping before marriage, and no bitter ashes of disappointment after; but the good mother quietly said to her child, 'Mary, go to confession to-morrow, and get out your Sunday dress. You are to be married on Thursday evening.' And Mary said, 'Very well, mother,' not even asserting a faintest right to know the name of her future spouse. But then, by virtue of the great sacramental union, she stepped from the position of a child and a dependent into the regal position of queen and mistress on her own hearth. . . . Married life in Ireland has been, up to now, the most splendid refutation of all that the world and its gospel, the novel, preach about marriage, and the most splendid and complete justification of the supernaturalism of the church's dogmas and practises."

This indifference to the matter of personal selection in matrimonial affairs increases as you go down the social scale until among the peasantry a proverb has been crystallized which states the truism that "There is not the odds of a cow between any one woman and another."

In many other ways, however, the pride of the Irish women, especially of the upper class, is almost proverbial. Even though they may have lost their estates through negligence or mismanagement, and become earners of their daily bread at what erstwhile they thought vulgar occupations, they still retain their pride; and this pride is disseminated and passed on to other classes, the shop-keepers and even the peasantry, until even the Irish writers have been forced to take notice of it. Hannah Lynch takes occasion in a book on French life to score her countrymen for their improvidence and their almost unnatural pride. Out of all sympathy with the recklessness with which the Irish upper classes spend money when they have it, only to keep up appearances, she writes:

"Go to Ireland and observe with lamentation and indignation the havoc made of home life, of family dignity, of the lives of unfortunate girls, by the miserable wastefulness of parents. On all sides you will hear sad tales of girls, obliged to work hard for shocking rates of payment, who were brought up in foolish luxury, whose parents 'entertained' in that thriftless, splash, Irish fashion, drank champagne, drove

horses, when the French of the same class would be leading the existence of humdrum small burgesses."

Comparing the tradespeople of Paris with those of the Irish cities, she says: "I was used to the simple, courteous, willing, active tradespeople of Paris, who give themselves no airs, dress dowdily, live modestly. I found the same class in Ireland, even in a small village, dressed daily as Solomon in all his glory never was, with tailor-made gowns worth ten and twelve guineas, and with haughty manners that would bewilder a princess of the blood; the one cutting the other, Heaven only knows upon what assumption of superiority, and all hastening from their counters in smart turn-outs, duly to subscribe their loyal names to the list of the Queen's visitors."

An Irish family which she had formerly known in opulence was forced to give up its fine residence and take another in an obscure portion of the town. This fact, however, did not deter this family from making as great a show as possible under the circumstances. She describes them in their new quarters: "The house I visited was one of a row, a poor, mean

quarter, where no sane person would look for any appearance of affluence. Over the fan-light the house rejoiced in an imposing Celtic name in three words in raised white letters, not the cheapest form of house nomenclature. A gardener was engaged trimming the infinitesimal garden front; the youngest girl, of twelve, was mounting her bicycle to career off with a companion; in the hall were three other bicycles belonging to different members of the family. The furniture of the drawing-room was new and expensive, and a young lady was playing up-to-date waltzes on the piano, without a trace of concern or anxiety; no sign anywhere of economy, of sacrifice, of worry. Yet I knew I was entering a house where there was practically not a thing to live upon, and where the proceeds of a sale that should have gone to the woman's creditors had been squandered on unnecessary things. One may criticize the meannesses to which thrift drives the frugal French, but I never felt more near to falling in love with what is to me an uncongenial vice than I did on leaving my native land after this visit, to have commercial dealings once more with people not above their business, instead of trading with

the spurious descendants of kings, whose sole anxiety is to make you feel their social superiority and extraordinary condescension."

Though some of the gentry have been forced by adverse circumstances into the ranks of the peasantry, there is no gradual line of demarkation between these two extreme classes of society in Ireland. A great gulf separates them so effectually that each has constant difficulty in understanding the actions and motives of the other. The fact that the Irish aristocracy is to a large extent of mixed, or alien, blood does not fully account for this, for the lower class in many parts of the island, noticeably in the north, east, and south, is also of mixed blood, there being a blending of the Danish, the Norman, the English, the Welsh, and even the Scotch with the original Irish Celtic; and the aristocracy, especially in western Ireland, is often of as pure Irish blood as may be found anywhere in the island.

An interesting example of the misunderstanding between the two classes came before the writer. I was traveling on a railroad train between Limerick and Galway in western Ireland. In my compartment were only two fellow-

travelers, a priest from California, on a visit to his old home in County Clare, and a middle-aged maiden lady, known to me to be such before she declared the fact, by the frequence with which she opened a basket under her seat and fed two half-grown cats with milk which she carried for that purpose.

At Ennis the priest left us; the lady and I being alone, and she intellectual in appearance, I ventured a general remark which elicited a response. We thereupon entered upon a conversation which proved most interesting to me.

The lady was a Miss Jackson who lived, as she told me, in a remote and wretchedly poor section of Connemara, about forty miles west of Galway. She was of the gentry, educated, refined, to a certain extent literary, and used only to the best of everything. In faith she was what might be called an Episcopalian, being identified with the church of Ireland. Upon my expressing surprise that she was connected with this church, she was careful to impress upon me the fact that there is a considerable class of the genuinely Irish who are in no way interested in the Catholic church. She frequently visited Limerick and Galway, and

sometimes even ventured so far away from home as Dublin and Cork, though she admitted her means were limited.

The most lasting impression which her conversation made upon me was her frequently expressed fear of the peasantry, which, from what she said, must have been intense. Whenever she mentioned "the Irish" she spoke with bated breath. She took occasion to tell me of the Fenian revolt and other uprisings, and declared that she lived in constant dread of massacre at the hands of the lower order. This dread of the peasantry, she told me, was shared by many of the gentry in the west. All this time I was observing that she had features which indicated that every drop of blood in her veins was Irish. Because her ancestors for generations back had been owners of the soil and possessors of a castle, she was separately more widely from the squatters and serfs upon her estate than the average southern citizen in the United States is from the ex-slaves of an alien and inferior race; while her dread of the peasants was apparently much greater than that which Americans have of the negro.

This lady told me that old papers in possession

of her family indicated that she was distinctly related to one Thomas J. or "Stonewall" Jackson whose ancestors many years before had emigrated to America. The name of her only brother was Stonewall, and her family was not altogether ashamed of this great man's fighting record in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

I confess I may have been mistaken, but when I looked at this lady's face I was startled with the wonderful resemblance which it bore to the portraits of the great Virginian. There were the steel-gray eyes, the black hair, the firm lips, the characteristic nose, and the high brow of Stonewall Jackson. Being a Virginian, I felt impelled to doff my hat to the very train which, disappearing over the boglands, bore her out to her home in the rocky barrens of Connemara.

The Irish peasant woman, though she differs greatly from the woman in the castle, is no less interesting a study. She is remarkable in many ways, though her individualities must be observed while she is at home and upon her native heath. When in young womanhood she comes to America as a servant the picturesqueness of her life vanishes. She is ubiquitous in Ireland, even after three quarters of a century of emigra-

tion. In Wexford, in Kerry, in Kilkenny, in Donegal, in Sligo, and even in Antrim, she may be found on every hillside or in every village lane. And she bears with her at all times her quickness of perception and her vivacity of speech.

But this peasant woman does not care much for home. She spends her time on the roadside, on the corners of the village street, in the market-places, about the fairs, out in the fields, but seldom in the house of which she is mistress and in which she was born. The home, or rather, the house in which she happens to be living and to which she sometimes repairs, is centuries old, squatty, and built of loose stones mixed with mud. There is no porch in front, nor awning, and no front yard. The windows are square little holes made through the thick walls; the chimney is of mud, and the roof is of thatch-straw tied down with ropes.

Usually a bare, tumbling stone wall encloses a bit of space in front of the door, and in this space, all bare of grass, though the adjoining meadow is covered with beautiful turf, the chickens scratch, the pigs root, and the family goat browses. Flowers in the dooryard are rarely if ever seen.

Cooking is done in great open fireplaces over smouldering peat-fires. There is precious little wood to be found anywhere in Ireland, and since coal must be brought from England and Wales, very little of that commodity is used. Even the living-rooms are damp and uncomfortable, and are often shared with the fowls. It is scarcely a wonder that the Irish woman does not love such a place; but it is indeed incomprehensible how she can even call it home and yet refuse, in a land of grass, to have a bit of turf in her front yard, or in a climate which produces wild blossoms in profusion, to plant a rose at the doorway or a morning-glory to give a touch of color to the little window that lets in the morning sunshine.

The Irish peasant woman generally keeps herself occupied, even if her energies are not usually expended in maintaining or adorning her home. She usually has her work to do, and she does it systematically and well. In some cases the Irish woman, like the aboriginal American Indian woman, does all the work that is done about the place, while Patrick is occupied at the public-house or grog-shop, an institution which may be found more frequently in Ireland in

Lawrence, Dublin.

An old Timer coming Home from the Wood.

proportion to the population than in any other country upon earth.

In haying season — and Ireland is a hay country — the buxom young women and the strong housewife go out into the fields to help gather in the hay. This work is done, of necessity, between showers, and sometimes in penetrating mists. They also pile the turfs in the peat-bogs, and help to plant, to weed, and to dig the potatoes. They assist in stacking the wheat and the oats; they drive home the cows and milk them, then take the milk to the creameries in donkey carts. In short, there is scarcely any kind of work about a peasant's home that is not participated in by the women.

It is perhaps at the village fairs on fair or market days when the Irish peasant women enjoy themselves most. At these fairs, denominated "pig-fairs," "cattle-fairs," "sheep-fairs," or "vegetable-fairs," whichever the case may be, vast numbers of women, young and old, may be seen participating in the activities of the day. These fairs and market days are held frequently in all parts of the island, and their dates are given more prominently even than the dates of the assizes, in all the local almanacs.

Crowds of men, women, and children frequent these gatherings to buy, sell, trade, or exchange their produce — pigs, chickens, geese, ducks, goats, sheep, and cattle. It is amusing indeed to visit one of these fairs on a bright spring day and watch the happy throngs of traders.

The writer arrived at a western Irish village the day after a fair had been held, and there were still marks of the event in evidence. A well-informed and witty villager, who appreciated the picturesque, said the fair was a notable one. At one time, when trading was brisk and the crowd largest, a wild pig from out Connemara way had gotten loose and had defied its pursuers. It soon became a thing of the whole crowd against the pig — men, women, and boys participating — and such strenuosity in the way of running, falling, scrambling, yelling, and using strong Irish invective had not been known in that part of the island since away back in feud days.

Many men and some of the women walk to the fairs, but usually they come in low-backed market cars, drawn by long-eared donkeys. They come sometimes as far as ten or fifteen miles to trade or mingle with the crowds. They

Peddling Turf — Twelve Sods a Penny.

bring with them oftentimes from the mountains queer costumes and a quaint brogue; and they are seldom so forgetful as to leave their native shrewdness behind. They are wonderful bargain-drivers, and will argue for an hour over the split of a penny, or allow a farthing to interfere with a trade. When at night they drive back home they go with the satisfaction which generally attends the close of a day most congenially spent.

Since the rise of the Gaelic League and the many societies for the improvement of the condition of the Irish peasantry, the women have been making a great deal of fancy lace and embroidery, and selling it to the tourists who swarm about the outer portions of the island. Much of this lace and other handwork is sold on the great passenger vessels which stop at Queenstown on their way to America. One must have his wits about him when he seeks to purchase of these sharp women traders, else he will find himself the poorer from his dealings with them. In many parts of Ireland, especially in the west and northwest, one may purchase excellent woolen shawls and the finest kinds of linen drawn work at merely nominal prices. They

also make a woolen tweed which is much sought after by the tourists. Looms are erected in the peasants' huts, and thus many of the girls and young women find employment that helps to keep the wolf from the door of many a household.

Since the establishment of the National Schools a chance has been given the girls to qualify themselves as teachers. As yet, most of the principals of the larger schools are men, but the majority of the teachers are women, and most of them have come from the ranks of the peasantry. These schools are scattered all over the country at intervals of a few miles, and attendance upon them is compulsory. It is quite interesting to visit these schools and study the manner of their instruction. Often in summer one sees a class out in the yard reciting under a tree, one of the female teachers or a girl in a higher class hearing the lessons. Irish children are early taught the lesson of obedience, and discipline is generally easy, though moral suasion has by no means superseded the birch rod in the matter of maintaining order and producing studiousness.

Church life in Ireland is totally different from

what it is in the United States. In the cities all denominations may be found, with the Catholics predominating, the Episcopalians second, and the Presbyterians third. There are a few Methodists, Congregationalists and Jews, but they constitute only a small part of the population. In the great modern commercial city of Belfast the Presbyterians control everything. They have a large number of churches, charitable institutions, schools, and a first-class university.

In the rural districts, except in Antrim, Down, and Londonderry, where the Presbyterians predominate, the Catholics have complete control. Throughout the east, south, and west of Ireland one may expect to find nothing but Catholic churches except in the cities and larger towns. The country Irish church is indeed a study. The peasants every Sunday morning go to early mass, and some of them return for regular services at noon. Generally one service a day suffices for the average countryman. After the service other things are indulged in. Often, if not generally, in summer, Sunday is the great day for sports, many of the big cricket matches being played that day. There is also at times Sunday racing.

In the service itself in these country Catholic churches there is often no singing at all. The congregations devoutly kneel upon the hard stone floors while the priest goes through the long services in Latin and preaches a short sermon in English or Gaelic, as the case may be. Sunday morning after mass is also hiring day in large parts of Ireland. The women and girls who work out repair to the public squares of the village and bargain with farmers for work during the coming week or month.

As a rule, the Irish women do not take an active part in church work. There is little for them to do since there are no church "societies," no Sunday schools like ours, no singing of hymns in English, and no church "entertainments." Yet most writers tell us that south Ireland is the most morbidly religious country in the world.

The wake is still an institution in rural Ireland and among the peasantry who still speak Gaelic, though it has not the social prominence it had fifty years ago. An Irish peasant will economize and hoard for years in order that he may have enough to insure him a "foine wake" and a "dacent funeral" at the end of his days.

Lawrence, Dublin.

A Seller of Blackthorn Sticks.

Both men and women take part in the wakes, though the women are the principal participants, and it is they who give it its fullest support.

Immediately after one dies, or even before the sad event occurs, in case it is fully expected, the usual formalities commence, and all is gotten in readiness for the wake. The priest who has been on hand to administer extreme unction remains to say mass over the departed soul. This is done in the room in which the body reposes.

The corpse is laid out in decent order on a table or bed, and is covered with a clean, white linen, the most expensive that can be obtained. The shroud is adorned with black ribbons if the deceased is an adult, or white ribbons if the person be unmarried; and in case it is a child flowers are used as decorations. Close by are laid plates of tobacco or snuff, and around the pallet are placed lighted candles. All the neighbors from far and near, particularly all the women, come to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead.

While all these preparations are making the most important personage of the entire ceremony is by no means neglected. She is the

chief mourner or "keener," and she may have been brought from a distant neighborhood on account of her great talent for wailing; for keeners, like poets, are born, not made. The word "keen" or "kein" comes from the old Celtic word "caoine," which means a lamentation for the dead.

The keener is generally above middle age or old. Her voice is strong, and is under perfect control, capable of expressing a wide range of feeling. She can work herself up into lofty pitches of lamentation, with a passionate abandonment to grief which carries everybody in her hearing with her. The keener is a poet, a singer, and an orator combined, and the keen is an improvised poem in Gaelic of irregular measures, delivered ecstatically, with a chorus from a large number of other women mourners present coming in at the end of every stanza.

There is a tradition that the keen is of supernatural origin, and that it was first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland.

The services of a professional keener are demanded far and wide; and her usually aged and haggard appearance, together with her

mighty gifts of voice and feeling, serve to give her a high place in the estimation of all respectable people. She is also well recompensed for her services.

The Irish wake usually lasts two or three days, during which time the good women folk gladly offer their services and lament unstintedly through the long nights. Formerly there was much drinking at the wakes "jist to kape up the spirits of the watchers," and the men consumed vast quantities of whisky at the expense, of course, of the bereaved family or estate. In recent years it has been considered disgraceful to drink to excess at such places, and rowdyism and debauchery have largely ceased. Still the modern wakes are not what might be termed dry parties.

At the conclusion of the wake the body is carried to the graveyard through the door which has remained open since the death occurred, and the funeral train takes the longest way to the grave, sometimes passing through fields, over stiles, and across narrow foot bridges, turning aside at landmarks, and widely avoiding places with evil associations.

When the body is finally put away into the

earth the mourning women return home with the bereaved family and offer all the comfort and help which they are capable of giving. Thus this creature of love and emotion is indispensable, not only in those vocations which help to sustain life and in the avocations which brighten the way, but most of all in those last sad scenes of earth, when the night comes, and in some light which is not akin to the dimness which shrouds the misty Irish hills, the traveler sets out upon his last journey into strange lands.

CHAPTER X

THE TWO IRELANDS — NORTH AND SOUTH

Late one summer afternoon I boarded at an inland Irish town a train bound for Dublin. The train was a handsomer one than those to which I had become accustomed during my stay in Ireland. The compartments of the coach which I entered were connected by narrow passages, making out of it what is known as a "corridor carriage"; and at the forward end there was a large plate-glass mirror into which the several lady passengers aboard gazed with many evidences of satisfaction.

I had not long seated myself before my attention was attracted by a young man in clerical garb who sat opposite me on a plush divan, nervously fingering a small volume which he had evidently grown tired of reading. This priest's face was intellectual in the extreme — the forehead high and broad, eyes bright and sparkling, and mouth indicating strength of character and, best of all, temperate habits.

I had no idea who this intellectual gentleman could be, but I at once concluded that he was a man of ability and perhaps of some national prominence, as I afterwards found him to be.

From the time I entered the train this young cleric kept his eyes upon me, evidently suspecting that I was an American traveler. Several times our glances met, and each time I observed an agreeable sparkle in his eye which invited friendship. Another recurrence of the sparkle, with a similar response from me, brought us together with a hand-clasp in the center of the aisle. Five minutes more sufficed to give each a thorough understanding of the other; then he began to tell me about Ireland. He was a brilliant conversationalist, thoroughly familiar with every phase of Irish life, and he carried upon his tongue a vast storehouse of information which he seemed to delight to impart to the one who was interested in a subject so congenial to him. At times when he discussed such topics as the Celtic revival of literature and the new movements for Ireland's uplift his speech fairly scintillated with *bon mot* and epigram.

He was a priest of the Catholic church, and

he resided much of his time in Dublin and London. This much he told me about his personal life. Further than this I felt a hesitancy in causing him to go, though I delighted to hear him express his clear-cut views upon Irish subjects, and I drew him out by telling him of things I had heard about Ireland and asking him if such things were true. An Irish Protestant would hardly be willing to believe that a Catholic priest could be so liberal in his views as he was and so charitable in his remarks about Irish Protestantism. He told me that many of the criticisms which I had heard and read of the Irish Catholic church were true; perhaps too true. No doubt I had not heard all that could be brought against the church. The priests in many cases did have too much power; there was corruption beyond any doubt; the church in some sections was certainly not doing the work it should be doing. He for one wished all these corruptions to be exposed; he rejoiced at all that had been published against these evils, provided these things brought out were true, even though the enemies of the church had published them. The truth might sometimes cause consternation and unrest; it

might revolutionize society; but he was a Catholic of such fiber as to believe that whatever the truth could injure was not genuine, and if truth succeeded in destroying the Roman Catholic church he would accept the ultimatum without a murmur. But he believed the truth would only purge it of its dross and leave the gold behind.

He discussed with me the two Irelands, Protestant North and Catholic East, South and West. Much had been said and written on both sides, and he was sure there were two sides to this as there were to every other question. He was particularly anxious that I should read some books which had been written upon Ireland. He wrote in my note-book the names of a few of the best recent books. The first of these was "Ireland in the New Century," a widely-circulated volume by Sir Horace Plunkett, an Irish Protestant and a most enthusiastic reformer. Then there followed, "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," a collection of sketches by Stephen Gwynn, a charming writer. "The Seething Pot," and "An Alien of the West" were two excellent pieces of fiction written from the Protestant point of view. And there

was a unique little volume called "Ireland at the Cross-Roads" which had had a wide circulation throughout the British Isles. It was perhaps a little wordy, and in places contained some tall writing, but it would certainly help to a better understanding of modern Ireland. "Ireland Industrial and Agricultural," by W. P. Coyne, would give me such information as I wished in regard to Irish products and manufactures.

These and a number of other volumes he recommended that I purchase and read. If I would go to the National Library in Dublin and present the name which he wrote in my note-book I would certainly get the best of attention at the hands of the librarians. The name I afterwards presented with almost magical results; though the officials of the library I found to be polite and obliging in the extreme even to those who came without a password.

As we neared Dublin the companionable young priest told me he had visited America. His last trip across the Atlantic was taken for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures on Ireland at one of the great universities of New England.

I spent some days in Dublin, which I found to be a delightful city, handsomely built, with broad streets, impressive buildings, and many interesting sights. Being the capital of Ireland, and very accessible to England, it is a cosmopolitan city with a large Protestant population, though, of course, Catholicism predominates. The number of Dublin's inhabitants about equals that of New Orleans, Cincinnati, Havana, or Edinburgh, and it is growing, if not rapidly, yet steadily and surely. The country surrounding the city, with wonderful mountains in the background, is gorgeously beautiful and one such as the eye delights to dwell upon.

Leaving Dublin, I traveled by train up the eastern coast through the ancient siege-town of Drogheda, where the bloody Cromwell massacre occurred in 1649, and where the Battle of the Boyne was fought forty years later. Thence I went to Dundalk where Edward Bruce was crowned King of Ireland, and where he was killed in 1318. Later I visited Newry, a small city in county Down where I had the pleasure of meeting some intellectual people to whom I had letters of introduction. From Newry

I proceeded to Belfast, the great commercial metropolis of Ireland. After crossing the river Bann in county Down, into Ulster proper, I observed a great difference in the appearance of the country. The fields were better cultivated, flax and potatoes and oats were growing in luxuriancy, and there was exhibited an effort at real farming which I had not observed anywhere in rich South Ireland. The smoke-stacks of factories could be observed in all the busy towns which succeeded each other along the railroad. At Portadown and Lurgan and Lisburn there were evidences of much commercial activity. I had gotten into the flax country, and great new linen mills arose on every hand. In approaching Belfast one might have thought he was entering Glasgow or Pittsburg, so busy and smoky everything appeared. Even in the far-outlying suburbs there were long lines of handsome new houses, and miles of freshly-paved streets. Immense linen factories were built even out in the grassy fields; and as we entered the city I was impressed with the immense stores, churches, warehouses, dwellings and places of amusement, which had been newly erected, or were in the process of building.

Belfast is one of the busiest cities of the British Isles. It manufactures the finest linens in the world, and builds such steamships as the "Celtic" and the "Cedric" of the White Star Line. In population it has far eclipsed Dublin, its growth during the last quarter century having been quite phenomenal. Its population at this time is about 400,000, and it is the commercial capital of that portion of Ireland known as the Province of Ulster.

It may not be improper here to repeat that early Ireland was divided among many tribes and into many kingdoms. At the death of Brian Boru, which occurred upon the day when he gained his great victory over the Danes at Clontarf in 1014, the country was divided amongst four rulers, each of the four sections being a federation of tribes and ruling families. These four kingdoms of the north, east, south and west bore the Latin names Ulidia, Lagenia, Mononia, and Conacia, which have been modernized into Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught. These great divisions of Ireland hold to-day, though each is subdivided into a number of counties; and the great divisions themselves have no special political significance.

The province of Ulster comprises fourteen counties in the north of the island, all except the five northernmost counties being small.

The Ulster section of Ireland may be said to be dominated by the three intensely Protestant counties of Antrim, Down and Londonderry. Here we find to-day such devotion to English rule that our memories must be revived by history to realize that Ulster was the province which held out longest against English aggression; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after intense effort that it was finally subjugated. Even after the country had apparently been conquered there were repeated uprisings and rebellions. In Elizabeth's reign O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, and O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, headed a revolt, and after much hard fighting were forced to flee from the country to Rome where after some years both of them died as exiles. James I, whose reign began in the year 1603, when Elizabeth died, and continued until 1625, used this rebellion as a pretext for dispossessing the Irish people of their lands, and it was in his reign that the "Plantation of Ulster" was made. The land was taken away from the Irish and turned over

to an anti-Irish colony of Englishmen and Scotchmen. At one stroke the entire counties of Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan and Armagh were confiscated. Thus began the Scotch settlement of Ulster which continued through several generations. To-day north-eastern Ulster is not only the most intensely Protestant section of Ireland but possibly of the entire world.

One finds in Ulster Ireland, more particularly in Antrim, Down and Londonderry, where the Scotch and English elements have full possession of the soil, a Protestantism which never relaxes its aggressive antagonism to Catholicism. It may be said that the intensest hatreds of the world exist between the Scotch-Irish of the North, and the Celtic and Catholic Irish of the South, East and West of Ireland. Perhaps an American citizen can best understand the intensity of this feeling by recalling, if he can, the bitterness, now happily disappeared, which was felt in the United States between the North and the South during Reconstruction days. Certainly ever since the "Plantation of Ulster" these hatreds have existed in Ireland, and the centuries have but served to intensify them.

One day when riding in an electric tram-car which ran from the heart of Belfast out to Cave Hill, a grassy mountain beyond the suburbs, the conductor of the car observed a small Masonic pin upon my lapel, and felt permitted to engage me in conversation. There were few passengers aboard, so we talked together for some time. He was surprised that I was bold enough to travel through the South and West of Ireland with a Masonic emblem in view. He was a Mason, but he declared he would certainly not be willing to wear a Masonic pin through Munster.

This young man was also a Presbyterian and an Orangeman. He explained to me just what this latter term meant. The Society of Orangemen was a secret order of Protestants organized and maintained primarily to oppose Catholic aggression in Ireland. The order had an elaborate ritual and conferred many degrees upon its candidates. It was an extensive society, and numbered among its members thousands of north Irishmen, some of them men of considerable prominence.

This society took its name from William, Prince of Orange, who after coming to the

throne with the "Bloodless Revolution" in 1688, set out to drive the deposed James II out of Ireland whither he had come from his exiled home in France to stir up a rebellion. The two armies met near Drogheda, on the eastern coast, where the Battle of the Boyne was fought on July 1, 1690. James fled from the field and his army was overwhelmingly defeated. The cowardice of James moved even his followers to scorn. "Change kings with us," said a taunted Irish soldier, "and we will fight you again."

The Battle of the Boyne was essentially a Protestant victory over the Catholics. Since that time this Protestant Society of Orangemen have felt called upon to do their utmost in the way of resisting the Catholics, and their hatred of Catholicism is returned in kind by the southern Irish. Naturally, the south Irish hate British control, and have for many years been contending for "Home Rule." The Orangemen of the North, more nearly identified with the rest of Great Britain, are Unionists, and are outward opponents of home rule. The favorite political cry of the South, "Down with the King!" is answered through the clenched

teeth of the Orangemen with the irreverent imprecation, "To hell with the Pope!"

Plainly speaking, the Ulster Protestants oppose home rule in Ireland because home rule means the rule of the majority, and the great majority in Ireland is Catholic. If the majority in Ireland had been Protestant it is safe to say that they would have had home rule generations ago. Upon the platforms the gigantic controversies which have been carried on were based principally upon religious and political grounds, the northern Protestants asserting that chaos would reign if the government of the island were placed in the hands of the Catholics, which meant really the priests.

The business interests of the North have also been intensely opposed to home rule. When Mr. Gladstone was attempting to get his Home Rule bill through Parliament strong petitions were presented against the measure by the manufacturers of Ulster. Writing of this matter, Sir Horace Plunkett says:

"The intensely practical nature of the objection which came from the commercial and industrial classes of the North who opposed Home Rule was never properly recognized in

Ireland. It was, and is still unanswered. Briefly stated, the position taken by their spokesmen was as follows: 'We have come,' they said in effect, 'into Ireland, and not the richest portion of the island, and have gradually built up an industry and commerce with which we are able to hold our own in competition with the most progressive nations in the world. Our success has been achieved under a system and a polity in which we believe. Its non-interference with the business of the people gave play to that self-reliance with which we strove to emulate the industrial qualities of the people of Great Britain. It is now proposed to place the manufactures and commerce of the country at the mercy of a majority which will have no real concern in the interests vitally affected, and who have no knowledge of the science of government. The mere shadow of these changes has so depressed the stocks which represent the accumulations of our past enterprise and labor that we are already commercially poorer than we were.'"

When in Ireland I talked with the southern Irish as well as those of the North about the differences, particularly in an industrial way,

between the two sections. I frequently asked, just because I wanted the information, why the province of Ulster shows such activity and Munster and Connaught are so stagnant. Some of those with whom I talked offered one answer, some another. Mr. T. P. O'Connor told me it was due to the favoritism which the National Government had lavished upon Ulster from the first Scotch settlement. Prominent editors and professional men of the North told me it was due to the difference in the stock of the people and the religion which they professed. They accused the south Irish of being lazy in the first place and priest-ridden in the second.

I talked plainly with a number of Catholic priests in the South about this very matter. They disclaimed any great interference with the liberties and rights of the people. In defending the southern Irish, they laid the blame for their non-progress upon the evils of landlordism and past oppressions on the part of the Government.

I was uniformly well treated by all the south Irish with whom I came in contact, and especially by the priests whom I found to be kind, cordial, good-natured and hospitable to

a fault. All this, too, in spite of the fact that they knew me to be a Protestant and openly a member of a secret society which as it exists in Ireland they possibly have a reason to dislike. They told me that most of the hatred which existed between the two elements in Ireland was mostly in the hearts of the Protestants; the Catholics had almost forgotten the old antipathies.

I believe there may be a number of black sheep among the priesthood in south Ireland—men immoral, dissipated and profane, and who are in the ministry for what they can get out of it — but to say that even a respectable minority are vicious men would, I believe, be stating a monstrous untruth. Besides, in the North there may be little or no intemperance or immorality among the Protestant clergy, yet from what I observed and heard I am inclined to believe that there is with them much more intolerance than with the Catholic clergy; and it is indeed a question whether anything can be worse than a life spent in nourishing in the heart bitterness and hatred towards one's fellow-creatures.

Yet a stranger cannot help seeing the vast

difference which exists between North and South Ireland. It may be observed even in the appearance of the people. Throughout the South one meets with a preponderance of the Gaelic or Celtic characteristics — black hair, broad faces, and grayish-blue eyes. In Antrim, Down and Londonderry one sees men and women of light or reddish hair, blue eyes, and very ruddy complexions. The speech of the North is quick, vigorous and strong, decidedly Scotch in its accent. The Irish brogue of the South, soft and in some respects pleasing, disappears almost entirely when one crosses the boundary of county Down into Ulster.

The difference between the two sections also shows itself in the fields, which, stagnant and reverting to pastures in the South and West, are cultivated more and more intensively in the North. In the South, outside of a few cities such as Cork and Limerick, where some activity may be discerned, there are few manufacturing establishments of any kind; in Ulster smokestacks arise on every hand. The difference in the industrial respect between counties Antrim, in Ulster, and Kerry, in Munster, or,

say, Sligo, in Connaught, is about such as exists between Pennsylvania and New Mexico.

The religious differences are also great; and they make a most interesting study. When in Dublin I had access to the official census statistics first-hand, and I made note of a number of important items.

The last official census of the population was taken in 1901. By that census we learn that, barring changes made in the seven years since that time, which do not materially change the proportions, there are 4,458,775 people in the island, of whom 3,308,661 are Catholics, 581,089 Episcopalians, 443,276 Presbyterians, and 61,976 Methodists. There are also a small number of Unitarians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and other scattering sects in the large cities. Of the entire number of Presbyterians, 426,177 live in Ulster, leaving a small remainder of 17,000 scattered through other parts of the island. Of the Episcopalians, 359,898 dwell in Ulster, leaving 222,000 for the rest of the island. It might be stated that this church was formerly the "Established Church" of Ireland, precisely as the church was also established in England; and it was

A Landscape View of North Ireland.

Here Prosperity Reigns.

supported by the Government. Mr. Gladstone succeeded in having the church disestablished in 1868. The number of Methodists in Ulster is 47,172, leaving about 15,000 for other sections. Offsetting this large number of Protestants in Ulster, there are in that province 699,152 Catholics, the vast majority of whom inhabit the eleven small southernmost counties, leaving Antrim, Down and Londonderry almost purely Protestant.

In all Ireland the Catholics constitute 74.20 per cent. of the population; the Episcopalians, 13.03 per cent., the Presbyterians, 9.94 per cent., and the Methodists, 1.39 per cent. In the decade between 1891 and 1901 the Roman Catholics lost 6 per cent. of their population; the Episcopalians, 3 per cent.; and the Presbyterians, .04 per cent. While the Catholic and the Episcopal churches are gradually losing ground in proportion to the population, the Presbyterians are gradually gaining. This gain of the Presbyterians is all shown in Ulster.

The Irish Presbyterian church is a most interesting body, vigorous and aggressive in the extreme, with strong missionary tendencies. These Presbyterians are descended not only

from the settlers who came at the time of the "Plantation" under James, but also from English and Scotch non-conformist refugees, and officers and soldiers of the armies of Cromwell and William III. They have at this time five synods, 36 presbyteries, 660 ministers, and 106,665 communicants.

In his readable book, "Ireland at the Cross-Roads," Mr. Filson Young tersely and epigrammatically contrasts the different sections and religious beliefs of Ireland. He scores strongly the Catholic church for its despotic power over the masses, but states that he would score any church that would enthrall a people as Catholicism has done Ireland. He also writes scathingly of the Presbyterians of the North for their narrowness and bigotry; and he reminds the Episcopalians, with an ironical touch, of their pride and unwarranted pomp. His description of the Ulster village, with its sects, is unusually instructive as coming from one who has observed these matters from childhood. Thus he writes:

"In every little village of the North of Ireland the population is strictly divided into at least three camps—Presbyterians, Roman Cath-

olics, and Episcopalians. Of these the Presbyterians will probably be a virile community, containing the best yeoman stock of the country, and representing the bulk of the agricultural interest. The Catholics will number in their fold the very poor and those engaged in labor, with many of the servant class, and an occasional unprosperous farmer, and a prosperous publican; while the Episcopalians will be a rather weak and nondescript community, consisting of those classes, whether tradespeople or professional, who regard themselves of social importance, and who have the mental qualifications for conforming in religious matters to their views of what is socially expedient.

"And of the three camps the Presbyterians and Episcopalians will certainly have dealings with each other, and a kind of friendly rivalry, as of those who should oppose each other in the same cause. But neither of them will have any dealings at all with the Roman Catholics. It will be enough that a man should be a Roman Catholic for him to be refused employment in their affairs if a Protestant is available.

"However small and meager the social re-

sources of the place may be, no one would dream of inviting the priest to any social entertainment; and, indeed, if such an invitation were given it would hardly be understood. Priests, being in the minority there, are far more tolerant and kindly in their views than their Protestant brethren, just as in other parts of Ireland, where they are in the majority, they are apt to apply the boycott in their turn in just the same way.

"But the two sets of people might belong to different races and be of different colors for all that they will have to do with each other."

As to the chance of the final triumph of Protestantism in Ireland, and the stamping out of Catholicism, as England formerly tried to do, and as some Protestants still hope to see accomplished, the writer says:

"You might stamp out Catholicism, but it would be by stamping out the Catholics; you might destroy religion, but not before you have destroyed the nation; and although I am convinced that Roman Catholicism is in its essence anti-national, I am also convinced that it is twisted like ivy about the very life of Ireland; and though it will destroy the tree if the growth

continues, yet I am sure that you could not uproot the one without fatal damage to the other."

It would appear that the intensive farming and the manufacturing of Ulster act as a check to emigration. The population of Munster in the last decade decreased 8.29 per cent., and Connaught decreased 10.08 per cent., while Ulster decreased only 2.28 per cent. Leinster in the East, including the city of Dublin and eight counties, showed a decrease of 3.36 per cent., though every one of the eight counties showed a decrease except county Dublin. With the exception of this county, and counties Antrim and Down in Ulster, each of which increased at the rate of about 7 per cent., all the other twenty-nine counties of the island decreased in population, ranging from 13.60 per cent., in the case of Monaghan to 5.10 per cent. in the case of Londonderry. Many of the towns in the South and West, such as Limerick, Galway, and Kilkenny, showed substantial decreases, while Dublin increased at the rate of 7.60 per cent., and Londonderry city at the rate of 20 per cent.; while Belfast, a city which, as I was informed by Mr. T. P.

O'Connor, "will not have even a policeman if he is a Catholic," increased at the rate of 27.08 per cent., a rate of increase greater than that shown by some of the most progressive American cities.

The province of Munster in South and Southwest Ireland, which includes the counties of Cork, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare, had at the last census a population of 1,075,075, having decreased from 2,404,460 since 1841. Of the present population the Catholics number 1,007,283, and the Protestants 67,792, a proportion of 94 per cent. to 6 per cent.

Michael J. F. McCarthy, a native Irish Catholic lawyer, in a recently-published sensational book, says:

"The priest is lord of Munster. The newspapers see through him, but they flatter him; for in himself alone he represents a large circulation and advertisement business. The professional men privately despise him, but are forced to beg for his influence. The traders and farmers partially see through him, but he infuses them with such a spirit of laziness and cowardice, and so distorts their minds in youth,

Homes in South-western Ireland.

that, while they are always in a state of smothered repudiation of his pretentions, they pass through life without assailing him. All classes, but especially the laborers, fly from him in thousands across the Atlantic and Indian Ocean. The decrease in Catholic Munster within the last decade was 8.29 per cent., while in Presbyterian Ulster it was but 2.28 per cent."

The book from which the above paragraph is taken is entitled "Priests and People in Ireland." Together with its companion volumes, "Rome in Ireland" and "Five Years in Ireland," I found it for sale on book-stalls throughout the British Isles. These books are of large size, and are illustrated with photographs. Each is literally crammed with statistics intending to prove the deteriorating effect of "Priest Rule" in Ireland. The writer contends that he is a native-born, typical southern Irishman and a loyal Catholic, though he declares eternal hatred of the Irish priest. The priests look upon him and speak of him as being a turncoat. McCarthy has lectured in various parts of Ireland and England upon this subject so congenial to him, and has run some serious risks at times. In Ulster, according

to his own accounts, he met with great audiences and was hailed almost as a hero.

The Irish National Schools, North and South, have served within recent years greatly to decrease illiteracy in the island. It is said, however, that the schools of Ulster surpass those of the South and West. The census of 1901 reveals the fact that the percentage of illiteracy among the Roman Catholics was 16.00 per cent.; among the Episcopalians, 7.30 per cent.; and among the Presbyterians, 4.90 per cent. This would seem to indicate that the Presbyterians of the North are more careful to have their children to learn to read and write. In considering this matter, however, one must consider the vast numbers of older people of the South and West, all genuine Irish and Catholics, who never had the opportunity to attend school.

All recent writers upon Ireland have been more or less free in the matter of contrasting the North and the South, or, perhaps more correctly, in contrasting the Protestant and Catholic elements of the country. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in his book "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," has some particularly fine paragraphs bearing upon the subject:

"It would be hard to exaggerate the separateness, the cleavage, that runs through the whole country. . . . Broadly speaking, at the Protestant houses you do not meet Catholics. They are kept apart by instinctive antipathies — instincts maintained, no doubt, by the deliberate policy of the Catholic church. . . . It would be hardly too much to say that the Catholics in Ireland form among themselves — without intention and even without knowledge — a huge secret society, like all secret societies, amenable to a social code.

"The historic genesis of this attitude is not hard to find. Throughout Ireland, on the whole, Protestants are the possessors. Catholics the dispossessed. They are dispossessed not less for their religion than for their race; and their religion is to-day in many cases, perhaps in most, the only mark of their separate origin. It has been the lasting bond, indeed the one and only positive link of union among them — for hate is only a negative tie. Persecution and penalization were directed against the religion, and in their clinging to what was attacked, they fell away hopelessly from the attacking force — which was the law. And

the secret law which grew up among them was so indissolubly bound up with their religion, that the religion could not, if it would, shake it off.

"Catholicism is a strong religion, perhaps the strongest in the world, but to no people in the world does it represent so much as to the Irish. It is the one thing they retained. They lost their land, they lost their language, and with it their traditional culture, but they kept their religion; and when their religion ceased to be attacked they kept the habits and the instinctive organization that they acquired in defending it. The Irish peasant who passes for an expansive, confiding creature, is in reality the most reserved of human beings. . . .

"Taking it all round, throughout Ireland wherever Catholics are in the majority the upper classes are Protestants, separated from the lower class not so much by any great difference in the possession of money (since the successful shopkeeper is apt to be better off than the average landlord) nor in education, as by a radical divergence in social code and religious creed. . . .

"Where Protestant and Catholic see most of each other in Ireland is over sport; and in

these cases, the Protestant shoots, the Catholic carries the bag; the Protestant hooks the salmon (if he can), the Catholic gaffs it. I should be the last to deny that real friendship grows up out of this relation; but the mere fact that people meet exclusively as employer and employed, or patron and client, stamps a special character on the intercourse. It is not the same thing as playing together on a side; rather the relation, in establishing itself, marks the essential separateness."

Sir Horace Plunkett, from whose book, "Ireland in the New Century," I have already quoted, says, in contrasting the two great sections of Ireland:

"Protestantism has its stronghold in the great industrial centers of the North and among the Presbyterian farmers of five or six Ulster counties. These communities, it is significant to note, have developed the essentially strenuous qualities which, no doubt, they brought from England and Scotland. In city life their thrift, industry and enterprise, unsurpassed in the United Kingdom, have built up a world-wide commerce. In rural life they have drawn the largest yield from relatively infertile soil.

Such, in brief, is the achievement of Ulster Protestantism in the realm of industry. It is a story which, when a united Ireland becomes more than a dream, all Irishmen will be proud.

"But there is unhappily another side to the picture. This industrial life, otherwise so worthily cultivated, is disturbed by manifestations of religious bigotry which sadly tarnish the glory of the really heroic deeds they are intended to commemorate. It is impossible for any close observer of these deplorable exhibitions to avoid the conclusion that the embers of the old fires are too often fanned by men who are actuated by motives, which, when not other than religious, are certainly based upon an unworthy conception of religion. . . . This bigotry is so notorious, as for instance in the exclusion of Roman Catholics from many responsible positions, that it unquestionably reacts most unfavorably upon the general relations between the two creeds throughout the whole of Ireland. The existence of such a spirit of suspicion and hatred, from whatever motive it emanates, is bound to retard our progress as a people towards the development of a healthy and balanced national life. . . .

"From such study as I have been able to give to the history of their church, I have come to the conclusion that the immense power of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy has been singularly little abused. I think it must be admitted that they have not exhibited in any marked degree bigotry towards Protestants. . . . My own experience distinctly proves that it is no disadvantage to a man to be a Protestant in Irish political life, and that where opposition is shown to him by Roman Catholics, it is almost invariably on political, social, or agrarian, but not on religious grounds."

Further contrasting the North with the South, he writes: "I have learned from practical experience amongst the Roman Catholic people of Ireland that while more free from bigotry, in the sense in which that word is usually applied, they are apathetic, thriftless, and almost non-industrial, and that they especially require the exercise of strengthening influences on their moral fiber. . . . North and South have each virtues which the other lacks; each has much to learn from the other; but the home of the strictly civic virtues and efficiencies is in Protestant Ireland."

In describing the intelligence and love of knowledge which the people of Ulster display, Sir Horace agrees entirely with Michael McCarthy in his conclusions upon the same subject. In "Rome in Ireland" the latter writes as follows:

"I have never yet gone into a Presbyterian house in which I did not find one or more well-filled bookcases occupying a place of honor; and the acquaintance with every phase of current thought to be found amongst the Presbyterians is no less characteristic of them than their love of travel and the extent of their topographical knowledge. Let others depict the shortcomings of the Presbyterians if they will — and the carping critics are far from few in number — I shall not be deterred from calling attention to their good points, or from recording my own experience of them for that section of humanity who condescend to read what I write."

I carried with me to Ireland letters of introduction to prominent people in Newry, Belfast, and Ballymoney in North Ireland. I found these people courteous, kind and attentive, and happy to make my acquaintance. I was im-

pressed wherever I went in the North with the comfortable dwellings, the extreme cleanliness of everything about the premises of the homes, the attempt at making and keeping the home attractive, and, above all, with the great habit of industry which seems to pervade the very atmosphere.

In the market town of Ballymoney, in Antrim, where resided some distant kinsmen of a distinguished Virginia author and scholar, who had given me personal letters of introduction to them, I found a congenial company of people who reminded me of cultured Bostonians or Richmonders. In this small town of three thousand people, situated in the midst of a fine farming country, with its big barns reminding one of the Shenandoah and Cumberland Valleys, there were three Presbyterian churches, all with different pastors and active organizations. There were practically no poor people in or around the town, and all whom I met appeared healthy and happy. The Roman Catholics had a small chapel in the town where the few inhabitants of that faith worshiped.

Along the side-tracks upon the railroad I saw several car-loads of mowing and reaping

machinery; and I had the curiosity to go and learn that these up-to-date farming implements were products of American factories. Thus Ulster Ireland is linked closely with a similarly progressive land across the sea.

I visited a number of other towns in the North, and was much pleased with the general appearance of prosperity and thrift throughout that section. I was particularly interested, however, in the people of the North, the Scotch-Irish, that sturdy and indomitable stock which our American school histories teach us, went forth to provide the brawn and brain which opened up the forests of America, fought back the savage tribes, laid the foundation of the nation, and at length wrested freedom from England's grasp.

While traveling through Antrim and Down I felt sometimes that I was treading upon hallowed ground. I was within two miles of the low-lying stone cottage, with roof of thatch and floor of stone, which sheltered many generations of the ancestors of President McKinley; and I traveled over long stretches of clover-scented meadow and densely-green hillside, every mile of which contained some sturdily-built home

within whose rough stone walls had lived the ancestry of such makers of America as Andrew Jackson, James Buchanan, John C. Calhoun, Ulysses Grant, Stonewall Jackson, and multitudes of other statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, preachers and citizens who will be known to history as among the greatest men who ever lived in the world.

CHAPTER XI

RURAL IRELAND AS IT IS TO-DAY

It is largely as a result of the unprecedented loss of half its population in half a century that the present condition of rural Ireland is so interesting and so remarkable a study. The depopulation of Ireland has largely changed the life of the people and brought about vast differences in the face of the country. The Ireland of to-day is by no means the Ireland of sixty years ago.

Owing to lack of labor, the former intensive cultivation of the soil has to a large extent ceased. Tillage has been superseded by pasturage. Thousands of acres that in former years were teeming with laborers planting and working potatoes and turnips, and harvesting wheat and oats, are now turned out in grass; and the song of the laborers and the music of the whetting of scythes have been hushed, and in their place can be heard the tinkling of sheep-bells and the lowing of cattle.

Coragher's Farm.

The Home of the Ancestry of President McKinley.

In all parts of the middle, south, and west of Ireland one may see evidences of this remarkable change, — more remarkable since the signs of former possession and cultivation are still evident. For sixty years the young and vigorous farm-hands have been dropping the hoe and spade and emigrating to America, leaving behind them to attempt their work their infirm old parents and their little brothers and sisters. The children dream through their boyhood and girlhood of the time when they in turn can go down to Queenstown and sail on the big ship for New York or Boston. Whole villages have thus been robbed of their young people, and vast country sections that once teemed with vigorous farm laborers now contain but a handful of men who are capable of hard labor. Indeed, one of the most striking, and at the same time most mournful, sights in rural Ireland to-day is the unusually large number of despondent-looking old men and women who mope absent-mindedly about the roadways of the country-sides or the alleys of the hundreds of semi-deserted villages. Their sons and daughters have grown up and gone to seek their fortunes in the West. Not one in a hun-

dred of them will ever return to hoe and spade the rocky old Irish fields again.

A brief study of the rise of Ireland's population and its subsequent decline, even though some statistics may be involved, is by no means unprofitable or uninteresting. Indeed, Ireland's history in this respect reads almost like a romance.

Let it be understood, then, that Ireland is an island off the northwestern shores of Europe, situated so far to the north that if it were in the Western hemisphere it would be bound perpetually in snow and ice; but since it is in the path of the Gulf Stream and certain warm winds, its climate is mild, its summers are humid and cool, its winters damp and comparatively warm. The dank moisture of the island prevents a great amount of freezing, and the grass remains green the year round.

The area of Ireland is 32,583 square miles. This is slightly less than the area of Indiana, about two-thirds that of New York State, or a little over half that of England.

We have no way of knowing the number of Ireland's inhabitants in early days. Perhaps before the sixteenth century it would have been

Landscape — Western Ireland.

The Young Have Gone, the Old are Left Behind.

impossible to take even a comparative census, so crude were the methods then employed, and so difficult must it have been to obtain accurate information from the people themselves. But in 1593, near the close of Elizabeth's reign, Moryson visited Ireland with Lord Mountjoy and estimated just at the close of the Civil War that there were 700,000 people in the island. In 1672 Sir William Petty estimated, on the basis of five persons to each house, that the population was 1,100,000. By 1785, according to Hearth-Money Collectors, the number of inhabitants was 2,845,932. It was during the century between 1750 and 1850 that Ireland's population increased by leaps and bounds; for the first complete parliamentary census, which was taken in 1821, revealed the fact that Ireland had 6,801,827 inhabitants. By 1845 this large population had increased to 8,295,061. At this time the population to the square mile was 254, while that of Scotland was only 97, and England but 280. Then Ireland held one-third of the population of the British Isles. Her hills fairly swarmed with people, all of whom, in a manner which can hardly be understood, eked out a living altogether from the

soil, since there was no manufacturing in the island and comparatively no commerce.

It was at this period of Ireland's intense activity in getting a living for its teeming population that every foot of land which could be worked was put into a state of cultivation. The bogs were drained, the woods were all cut down, and the mountain-sides were leveled. The limestone rocks that jutted up out of the ground were dug up and crushed for the roads or made into fences which still remain. The soil was worked with the spade and fondled until it was of the consistency of ashes, and produced abundantly.

It was just at the time when every foot of ground was required to bring forth to its utmost to fill the hungry mouths of the teeming thousands that the potato crop failed. In 1846 and 1847 the famine killed thousands of Irish people. It was then that the rush was made for America. Each census since 1841 has shown a decrease in population, until that of 1901 reveals that there are but 4,458,775 people in Ireland, or, adding the decrease since that time, about half the population of 1845.

Still, one must not think of Ireland as being

a deserted country. Its population per square mile is even now 137, or a much greater density than exists in such progressive states as Ohio and Illinois, or, leaving out Philadelphia and New York City, of the states of Pennsylvania and New York. Nor must one under any circumstances imagine that Ireland is a worn-out country, with ragged or uneven appearance. There could not be a greater mistake than this. To the traveler the soil of the greater part of Ireland appears to be inexhaustibly rich, with a covering everywhere of dense and luxuriant green; while its fine limestone roads, its picturesque stone fences, its wonderful mountains, its gray lakes, its placid rivers, and its undulating fields, with their carpets of green plush, make it one of the most entrancingly beautiful countries upon earth. The depopulation of the country has but served to increase its beauty; for all the old landmarks remain — castle, tower, bridge and cross — and the little farms that were formerly diligently worked with the spade are now covered over with a sward of green.

Still, a traveler in Ireland cannot help being depressed with the apparent stagnation which

exists on every hand. And it is not hard to account for these conditions. For whatever other obscure evils may be at the root of that evil, the emigration craze alone has been sufficient to demoralize every industry and occupation of Ireland. No country can stand the loss of the vigorous and active half of its people without suffering dreadfully from it. Stagnation in business and all kinds of industries that require labor is the first and most evident result of such a condition. In Ireland to-day we have a case of the survival of the unfittest.

One must remember, in studying this matter, that the northern portion of Ulster can in no way said to be stagnant. It is this Ulster section of Ireland, progressive as the best portions of England and Scotland, which makes all the agricultural and commercial statistics of Ireland, bad at the best, appear as well as they do.

It is in large portions of Leinster, in Munster and in Connaught that the real "Irish question" is centered. In these portions of real and typical Ireland the conditions are most interesting, even if in some respects they are unpleasant to dwell upon. Even in such

wonderfully beautiful and apparently prosperous sections as County Cork and the "Golden Vale of Tipperary" the conditions are yearly growing more acute. It seems but nothing that the soil is rich and the outward conditions favorable. The immense loss of population and the consequent stagnation in business and agriculture has depressed the life of the country, and disheartened those who are left in possession of the soil.

The census of 1901 gives some interesting statistics as to the occupations of the Irish people. Of the 4,458,775, given as the total population, 131,035 were classed as "professional"; 255,144 as "domestic"; 83,173 as "commercial"; 936,759 as "agricultural"; 656,410 as "industrial"; and 2,494,958 as "non-productive and indefinite." The inclusion of considerably more than one-half of the total population of the country in the class of non-productives tells in no uncertain way the real story of rural Ireland. It is this aimlessness in affairs which has within recent years been furnishing material for so much discussion and agitation for reform on the part of the publicists and government experts.

The counties of Kerry, in the southwest; Galway, on the middle western coast; Mayo, the next county to the north of Galway; Sligo, and Roscommon, in the northwest, and some of the counties in the north central portion of the island are among those which present rather remarkable agricultural conditions at this time. In most of the counties named the population is still considerable, and in some cases congested. The soil is in many places rocky, and along the mountain-sides is so rough that the use of elaborate farm machinery, if ever dreamed of by the inhabitants, would be quite impossible. There are no cities and few towns of size in these sections, and there are no mills or factories of any description. The commerce is inconsiderable, though harbors are numerous along the coast; and railroad traffic, as might be expected, is small. The living that the people get must come from the ground.

Throughout the counties named, as well as in most of South and West Ireland, there are, as stated in a previous chapter, but two classes, — the gentry, who own large portions of the land, and the peasantry. The former are seldom seen, because even in this day many of

them are non-residents, while the latter are ubiquitous. The masses of the people live generally in one-story stone or mud houses, scattered over the long mountain-sides, or clustered in the little one-street villages peculiar to Ireland. Around these houses one generally finds a small garden patch, in which are raised potatoes and other hardy vegetables. In front of the doors are small inclosures, or yards, walled in with stones, sometimes so loosely poised upon each other that one may through the interstices see into the sheep-walks beyond their bounds. Here, around the doorway, the family goat browses; and here the pigs, the geese, and the chickens are wont to gather, indefatigably seeking and as freely obtaining uninterrupted entrance into the living-room of the dwelling.

The interiors of the houses are too often comfortless and bare. It is seldom that more than one room out of a possible two or three has a wooden floor. The others are paved with roughly-fitting flat stones, and are generally cold and damp. In the rural districts there are no stoves or ranges, so cooking is done over the open fire in large fireplaces. Peat is uni-

formly used for fuel except near the coasts where coal is sometimes imported from Wales. In the interior the use of coal and wood for fuel is unknown.

There are no verandas or porches to the Irish rural or village dwellings; the windows are small square holes made in the thick walls, and stopped with from four to eight panes of glass. Ventilation is unprovided for. Frequently a pigsty or a stable for the cow is inclosed under the same roof of thatch, which is a coating of sedge or straw from six inches to a foot in thickness fastened down with ropes.

Such dwellings as described above exist all over Ireland. It is rather remarkable how little variation there is from the type. They are termed "third class" by the government. The last census shows that there are 251,606 of such in Ireland. The dwellings called "fourth class" are the lowliest kinds of huts, with dirt floors and one room with one window. There are to-day in remote rural sections of Ireland 9,873 such huts, inhabited by probably thirty or forty thousand people.

The "second class" houses are of a somewhat better type, especially when found in such

An Irish Interior.

cities as Limerick, Cork, Dublin and Belfast. In the better agricultural districts, as in Antrim and Down, Tipperary, Wicklow, and Kilkenny, they may also be found. Many of the second class houses are covered with slate, though in the interior thatch is used. There are 521,000 second class houses in all Ireland. The houses of the "first class" are the "castles" of the gentry and landlords scattered through the country and the houses of the prosperous business and professional men of the cities. There are 75,000 of these in the island.

The landlord question is still the one all-absorbing topic in Irish affairs, as it has been for the past three centuries. From the time of Cromwell, and before, the Irish have chafed under landlord rule. For many years the tenure system was unregulated by the government, and the landlord had the entire disposition of his estate. As might be expected from such a state of affairs, there was constant friction and no little bitterness between the landlord and his tenants. The Irish peasantry for generations contended that it was not to their advantage to improve lands upon which, as a result of the improvement, heavier rents would be

exacted. Thus the habit of unthrift and untidiness was fastened upon the people.

The government, in 1868, through the first Gladstone land act, recognized the right of the Irish tenant to compensation for improvement effected by him in the soil which he had cultivated, should he be deprived of his holding or should his rent be changed. This was the beginning of legislation, which, through successive acts of Parliament in 1870, 1871, and 1876, enlarged and modified by more recent enactments, resulted in the passage of a measure, in 1903, that promised for a time to settle effectively the landlord question for the country. This great act provided for the purchase of lands from the landlords by the small farmers and peasants, the government advancing the necessary cash to the purchasers at a nominal rate of interest. Every student of Irish affairs has for the past five years been watching with the closest interest the operations of this gigantic piece of legislation. For two or three years after the act went into force the fullest advantage was taken of its provisions by the rural Irish, and the large sums set apart by the government to be applied in loans to purchasers

were taken up greedily in all parts of the country. Many of the priests of the South and West, quick to recognize the advantages of the offer, bought land upon the usual terms.

So loud were the demands for additional appropriations to be applied in these land loans that three years after the original land act an additional $50,000,000 was set apart by the government to facilitate the operations of the act and to remedy the stoppage of sales of land through lack of funds.

In selling the land to their tenants for the cash advanced for them by the government, the landlords have generally demanded as a price that amount which the land would produce in rent in twenty-two and a half years. Some have demanded more, some less, than this. The average purchase of the tenant is his dwelling, sometimes an outbuilding, and from six to twenty acres of land. The price paid, based on the rent value, varies from $20 to $60 an acre.

An actual case of purchase is as follows: A small farmer lived upon a tract of 16½ acres of land in a good agricultural section. For some years past he had been paying to the landlord

an annual rent of £6 12s., or about $33. He wished to purchase the land, and it was offered to him by the landlord for £150, or about $750. He made the necessary application to the authorities, borrowed the money from the government, and paid the landlord for the place, gaining from him a deed in fee simple. The government retained what might be termed a first mortgage upon the place, which is to be released at the expiration of forty years, and after forty yearly payments of £4 4s., or about $21. In forty years from 1904 the purchaser will have paid to the government about $840 for his farm. He began also to pay taxes upon the place as soon as it was listed in his name. His first year's taxes amounted to 26s., or about $6.50. This amount may be increased or diminished according to the valuation put upon the property and the rate of taxation adopted from year to year.

During 1907 and the early part of 1908 there was much friction in the congested districts of western Ireland, and even in better parts of the island, caused by the fact that landlords refused to sell their best lands to bidders, but offered only their very stony mountain lands

or unproductive boglands, retaining their best lands for pasturing large herds of cattle. The peasantry, becoming disgruntled on account of such conditions, often in the dead of night would drive the cattle from the lands of the landlords, thus running serious risks of arrest at the hands of the constabulary. Taking all things into consideration, there has been remarkably little trouble as a result of the operation of this land act which is altogether revolutionary in its processes; and it is almost certain that in time it will serve to bring about a complete solution of the land problem in Ireland.

As the rents for the past fifty years have to a large extent been paid by American citizens, so the farmer or tenant who buys land generally does so with a view of paying for it in yearly instalments sent to him by children or relatives who have emigrated to the United States. It would be impossible to estimate the amount of money which is sent to Ireland every year from this country. Private inquiry sometimes brings to light the fact that almost every cent of the rent and taxes paid by certain villages and sections of counties was provided by American Irish.

The above statement will not appear so strange if one remembers that there are 595,210 people of Irish parentage in New York City alone, which means a population greater than the combined Irish populations of Belfast and Dublin, the two largest cities of Ireland. There are in Boston 160,000 full-blooded Irish people; 185,000 in Chicago; and 225,000 in Philadelphia, not to mention the hundreds of thousands scattered through other sections of the country. These American Irish are as a rule industrious and steady, and they command good wages. One may very readily see how it is that Ireland to-day is supported so largely by American money.

Indeed, it is necessary for the native Irish to receive help from somewhere, otherwise about half the population could not be kept from starvation. The Earl of Dunraven, president of the Irish Reform Association, in a pamphlet which was strewn broadcast through the British Isles, declares that out of the 500,000 holdings in rural Ireland, fully 200,000 might be classed as uneconomic, or incapable *per se* of maintaining a family. Unless the purchaser has some other means of sup-

port besides the proceeds of the land, he will not be able to pay for his property or live except in the most abject poverty. Starvation, then, in the case of purchasers of such property is kept off by money which is sent from America.

Of the 300,000 economic holdings, the vast majority are self-sustaining, not from tillage, but from dairying and stock-raising. Dairying has within the past nine years received an impetus through the efforts at cooperation made by the Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which was created in 1899. This board has provided instruction for the people in dairying in many schools, and has established creameries throughout Ireland, with expensive machinery for stripping butter from milk fresh from the cow. To these public creameries dairymen haul their milk and receive credit for each gallon brought according to its butter-producing value. Tests are applied to every can of milk received. The establishment of these creameries, insuring cleanliness and a regular supply of butter, has succeeded in opening up a fresh market for Irish butter in the great manufacturing centers of England where

enormous quantities of butter are required; and has stimulated dairying in almost every part of the island. The cooperative plan may be said to be even yet in its infancy, and it must prove what it will accomplish if universally patronized.

Stock-breeding among the small farmers is increasing with the decline of tillage. Most writers upon the subject look with great disfavor upon the change. Stock-breeding is generally considered to be a branch of industry fraught with considerable danger to the small capitalist. In Ireland especially cattle and sheep-raising is a speculation rather than an investment, and, like all species of gambling, is attended with great risk to the man of small capital. The depressing outlook of the rural life of England and Scotland, so much commented upon, is brought about by the passing of the land from under the plow and its being given over to stock-raising. In these countries there is a saying that "the men decay as the kine increase." In Ireland, conditions are still worse. Those who are forced to leave the Irish farms for lack of work do not drift into native towns and cities to engage in manufac-

turing or mercantile pursuits, as they do in England and Scotland, but emigrate to America, leaving a remnant of the old and infirm and unfit to engage in the "lotus-eating occupation of opening and shutting gates" for the cattle and sheep to pass through.

Rural Ireland has gained largely in the number of its cattle and sheep even within the past five years, but it has lost to an even larger degree in the activities and productiveness of its people in all other lines on account of the stagnation in agriculture due to this rush towards pasturage. It is a well-known truth that the decline of tillage in any country, whatever be the cause, involves an enormous waste of national resources. In Ireland the worst possible results have come from such a condition.

The Irish tenant, or independent farmer, of the present time generally turns out the larger part of his land in permanent pasture. Upon this he grazes from two to ten cows, three or four calves, sometimes a small flock of sheep, raises half a dozen pigs, and sometimes keeps a horse or a donkey. Hardly half of the ordinary Irish small farmers keep a horse. The small cultivation which the land gets is done

with the spade. All farm work, except in a few favored sections, is done in the most primitive manner. A modern plow or mowing-machine, outside of Ulster, would be looked upon with amazement by the Irish farmer. There are large tracts of land in central and western Ireland that have not known a plow for a century. The land is down permanently in grass, and an occasional top-dressing of the soil with fertilizer in the spring is practically all the attention which is paid it.

In those few sections of the island where the land is still worked intensively splendid yields result. Wheat, oats, potatoes and all kinds of hardy root crops yield richly, and in the north flax can be most profitably raised. It is indeed remarkable why the large land-owners and farmers with large holdings do not go more fully into the intensive cultivation of the soil. The English market is at their doors, and prices are always good. Labor, too, may be had cheaply if only a permanent demand is made for it. Every summer thousands of laborers from central and western Ireland go over to Scotland and England to work in the harvest fields. They return late in the autumn

having spent most of their summer earnings in the Scotch and English public-houses. If the same wages could be had in Ireland they would remain at home.

Both men and women work in the fields, the men commanding a somewhat larger wage than the women. In those sections where labor is in comparatively active demand, the prices average from $2.25 to $3.00 a week. In county Roscommon laborers get 9s. 1d. ($2.18) a week; in Sligo, 8s. 11d. ($2.14); and in Mayo, 8s. 9d. ($2.10). Out of this wage the laborer must board himself. It can readily be seen that the large farmer, with proper management, might profitably employ large numbers of men and women, upon such terms, to produce vegetables for the English market.

In Kerry and Galway a good stout farm-boy is often employed for £10 ($50) and board a year. It is hardly necessary to add, however, that when these farm-boys do succeed in raking and scraping together enough money to pay their steerage fare from Queenstown to New York they lose no time in shaking the Irish dust from their feet for good and all.

In the greater part of Ireland the soil is black

and rich, — far richer than the average American soil. Nowhere in the world does grass grow more luxuriantly, and in no other country is the land so little encumbered with weeds, briers and undergrowth. Much of the country was originally rocky, but long cultivation, particularly in the days when the island was overflowing with people, has put the loose stones into walls and fences, while many have been crushed in making the Irish roads, which are as fine as any in the world.

Considering the natural fertility of the Irish soil, and its adaptability to almost all kinds of grain and root crops, one is naturally surprised that, with such cheap labor, the crops for the past few years have been so small. Some comparisons here will certainly not be amiss:

The total wheat crop for Ireland for the year 1907 was 1,325,000 bushels, which was valued at $1,127,000. Fifteen of the States of the Union produced more than ten million bushels each, and five of them produced more than forty million bushels each. The wheat crop of Indiana, the same size as Ireland, was valued at $30,000,000. Ireland produced 6,700,000 bushels of barley, a crop particularly well

The Vale of Glendalough, County Wicklow.

suited to the soil and climate. The State of Minnesota produced 26,600,000 bushels, while five other States produced over 14,000,000 bushels each. The oat crop of Ireland is one of its staples. In 1907 this crop amounted to 50,000,000 bushels, valued at $24,000,000. The oat crop of Iowa was 108,000,000 bushels, valued at $41,000,000. Illinois produced 101,000,000 bushels.

The Irish climate, always cool and moist, favors the production of all kinds of root crops. Turnips, swedes, mangolds, cabbage, and potatoes were formerly grown in enormous quantities. Indeed, since its introduction into the island by Sir Walter Raleigh, late in the sixteenth century, the potato had grown by the middle of the last century to be the chief staple of Ireland. In many parts of the island it was the sole support of the people. Throughout central and western Ireland in the early half of the century there were thousands of peasants who hardly knew the taste of either meat or bread. Potatoes and buttermilk constituted their food supply. The cultivation of the potato superseded that of wheat and other cereals, and after it had come into universal use, fewer pigs were raised and even less meat was con-

sumed than before. Between 1800 and 1845 perhaps three-fourths of the Irish people were wholly dependent upon the potato for support.

The potato crop of Ireland is still its largest production. In 1907 this amounted to about 111,000,000 bushels, worth about $40,000,000. The total potato crop of the United States was 298,000,000 bushels, worth $183,000,000. New York State produced 41,000,000 bushels, worth $23,000,000, a sum more than half the total valuation of the entire crop of Ireland. With all its rush towards pasturage, the total hay output of Ireland in 1907, sown grass and permanent grass, was but 5,000,000 tons. New York State produced 6,000,000 tons and a number of other States produced almost as much. These staple crops, with the exception of flax, which is produced largely in North Ireland, are practically all that Ireland must fall back upon for a livelihood. The climate is too severe for Indian corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, or the thousand and one small crops that help to make the American farmers independent. If it were not for their cattle and sheep the Irish could not make a living on the island.

The farmers and others in rural Ireland might be helped by mining, milling, timbering, and other such pursuits, but none of these things is done there. The country is said to contain iron, silver, gold, lead, and copper, but not an ounce of these metals has been produced in fifty years. The coal-beds are very small, and the output is inconsiderable. The Irish rivers might furnish enormous power for manufacturing if they were properly harnessed, but this has never been done. There are not even grist or flouring mills of any consequence, and the very nature of the case excludes saw and wood-working mills.

An American who travels in Ireland begins to wonder as soon as he looks about him and sees the stagnation of the country why it is that the Irish people themselves or their wealthy sympathizers among the English or the Scotch do not devise some means for supplementing the earnings of the small farmers and laborers in some of those ways so well known in the United States. This might be done by establishing mills or factories, even upon a small scale, throughout the rural section where labor is so cheap and agriculture so restricted. Some

say, in answer to this, that Irish labor is so uncertain and the Irish coal-beds so small that Ireland can never hope to be a manufacturing country. The few factories in Ireland to-day, outside of a few cities, count for but little in the life of the great masses of Irish people.

The rivers of Ireland are particularly well adapted to bear commerce and furnish power; but to-day they are of little more use to the Irish that the Hudson was to the aborigines four hundred years ago. The Shannon, a wonderful stream flowing for 240 miles through a naturally fertile and beautiful country, with tumbling towers and ruined castle walls on its banks, is without commerce except in summer when one lone daily steamer is run for the benefit of tourists and transients; and from its source in the beautiful hills of Cavan to the magnificent bay at its mouth, there is not a single mill or factory outside of the old and declining city of Limerick. The same condition of stagnation exists on the Suir, the Lee, the Blackwater and the Erne. All these streams might be dammed and harnessed, and made to produce electric power sufficient to manufacture millions of dollars' worth of woolens

and linens, and convert central and southern Ireland into a rich and busy country.

The condition of stagnation in Ireland's rural life has within the past two or three years brought to life many schemes for the reawakening of the old island to a conformity with modern progress in living. The Gaelic League was organized in 1893 by the Irish people themselves for the purpose of reviving the old Irish, or Gaelic, tongue. Its object primarily has been and still is to revive interest in the study and publication of existing Irish literature and to cultivate a modern literature in Irish. In this way the effort is made indirectly to create a new national and racial pride and to stimulate all kinds of industry.

In a large number of the national schools the young people are engaged in learning this difficult and peculiar language of their ancestors. The Irish claim that this course will serve to give back to the Irish the dreams in which Irish nature revels and upon which Irish nature thrives. Many practical people are opposed to the movement upon the grounds that a revival of Irish sentiment with a useless language will serve only to separate Ireland still

further from all that is practical and progressive. Isolation, they say, with too much sentiment, has been to a large extent the cause of Ireland's undoing. Still, the League is doing a great work in the island, and is astoundingly popular with the great masses of the Irish people, especially the Irish-speaking people of the West. It issues two or three periodicals and publishes books in the old Erse or Gaelic tongue. During one year more than a quarter of a million copies of a Gaelic book were sold among people who were never known to purchase or read an English book. Friends of the Gaelic League and those who are pushing its work declare that it will eventually result in the remaking of Ireland upon the old national lines by creating a pride in the language and the race among all classes of the people. It may be said to the credit of the League that it is strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It yet remains to be seen just what this rather remarkable movement will accomplish in the way of rejuvenating the old land.

The various efforts of individuals and of government boards to stimulate Irish agriculture, such as those put forth by the Irish

Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, the Earl of Dunraven, President of the Irish Reform Association, Sir Horace Plunkett, and others, have met with a fair measure of success. The establishment of creameries, as already mentioned, is one of the innovations made by these agencies. Scotch fishermen, with boats, have been employed to teach the Irish of the west coast profitable methods of fishing; technical schools have been founded in conjunction with other schools in various parts of the country, and small markets have been established for the sale of Irish home products. Hand-weaving, spinning, knitting, embroidering, shirt-making, lace-making, and crocheting have been developed somewhat within the past few years, especially in mountain regions of the West, where poverty most abounds, in order that the women might be able to help keep the wolf from the door.

This is a period of Irish history which generations of the future will probably look back upon as the beginning of an era of change and development when Ireland emerged from a long-continued state of depression and stagnation, brought about by centuries of misrule, into a

condition of freedom and happiness to which the richness of her soil, the gentleness of her climate, the strange beauty of her scenery, and the genius of her people entitle her.

CHAPTER XII

SUNSET AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

The legend relates that long, long ago — far back in the dim ages of the past, ere civilized folk had ever set foot upon the Green Isle — an expedition went out from some distant country for the purpose of conquering the strange peoples upon this rich island of the sea. The little ships were nearing the mountains which stood along the coast when the leader arose in his boat and declared that whosoever of all the men should first touch the shores should possess the land and become sovereign of the kingdom; and no one might ever dispossess him, but he should hand it down to his heirs forever. One dark-browed man, with strength and power written upon his face, strove with all his might to reach the land first of all, but his ship was heavier than the rest, and his oarsmen were weak, and another boat seemed about to push ahead of him to the shore. So the man of beetling black brow

ground his teeth, seized an axe, and severed his left hand at the wrist. With his right he threw it far out on the sandy shore. Thus the first of the O'Neils, tradition says, came into Ireland to possess it and to rule it forever.

Hence a sinister hand, gules, became the armorial ensign of the Province of Ulster. That red left hand has for centuries struck terror into the hearts of those families or tribes or clans or peoples who in one manner or another gained the enmity of that fierce race of kings who first ruled upon the Irish shores.

As one travels in leisurely manner from Belfast northwestwardly to the ocean which bathes the picturesque northern coast of Ireland, he meets with many a hoary ruin that holds in the vineclad tower and tumbling keep innumerable stories of those warlike O'Neils who through all the centuries of written and traditional Irish history were connected in one manner or another with almost every important event which occurred.

On the northern shore of Lough Neagh, known in olden times as Lough N'Eachach, jutting out into the waves upon a peninsula,

are the ruins of Shane's Castle, one of the most famous castle remains of Ireland. Here, almost covered up in the shade of great gnarled trees, are tumbling walls, and vine-covered turrets, and ruined towers, and danksome keeps — silent and mournful reminders of those old days of Ulster

> "When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
> Led her Red-Hand knights to danger; —
> Ere the emerald gem of the Western world
> Was set in the crown of a stranger."

Within and about the tottering ruins are marks of the olden times. Here was for a thousand years, and is to-day (if you will but listen to the stories told by neighboring peasantry), the primal and original home of the Banshee. She made her home here to keep watch over the family of the O'Neils. Whenever one of them was killed in battle, or was lost at sea, or passed quietly away in some other castle fastness, all the night long her shrieks could be heard down in the dense woods, upon the lake shore, high up in the great old castle, or in the vaults and dungeons underneath. Oftentimes her bitter wail could be heard coming from the graveyard where mul-

titudes of the O'Neils were buried in the yew-trees' shade. And even in modern days, long since the last O'Neil was deprived of temporal power, the Banshee has been heard repeatedly to wail. Her cries come at night whenever a descendant of the O'Neil family dies, it matters not whether he is of the gentry or is but a lowly peasant dispossessed of his land. If he is an O'Neil or has O'Neil blood in his veins, his death will be announced in and about the ruins of Shane's Castle by the Banshee who for so many generations has kept watch over the O'Neil family. To hint a doubt of the presence and residence of the Banshee here would be considered by the old folk as something near akin to blasphemy. "Och! and did I not hear the wail myself that night the ould master died?" one will tell you. Or "Indade, sir, and I have seen her virry gyarments glisten there against the wall o' stormy nights whin a death had occurred in the ould family." And they will describe to you the mournfulness of her wail until you actually become unwilling to ramble too far alone among those black old ruins or about the ancient graves.

Along the lake and on the island near the

shore are innumerable ruins of castles and round-towers; and they say that underneath the waves there are many others that have long ago sunken out of sight. For there are many strange legends connected with the old place. In Caxton's history, published in England in 1497, there is an account of how this the largest lake of the British Isles originated. The old book earnestly relates that "there were men in this contre of evyle lyvinge" — this was why calamity overtook them. And in the following manner their sins were visited upon them: There was a well in the neighborhood where all came to be supplied with water. It was a magic well, and had to be kept covered at all times. One day it chanced that a woman went to the well to get water, and being in a hurry she "hyed fasd to hyr chylde yd wepd in ye cradele," leaving the well uncovered. That night it overflowed and made a lake out of the valley. Entire towns and villages, they say, were submerged. The old record recounts: "Fysshers of yd water see in ye grounde under ye water rounde toweres and hyghe shapen steeples and churches of yd land."

Sings the poet about it:

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear soft eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

At Antrim, a small town near Shane's Castle, one sees in the deer-park which formerly belonged to the castle a stone which once marked the burial-place of a large number of the O'Neils. It has a rather remarkable inscription upon it: "This vault was erected in the year 1660 by Shean MacPhelim MacBryan MacShean O'Neil, Esq., as a burying-place for himself and the family of Clandeboy."

A few miles north of Shane's Castle is Ballymena, a prosperous flax-market town, about which are innumerable ruins and landmarks. Here is Ballykeel Moat, a rath fifty feet high, and a great amphitheater which is probably of Druidical origin. Not far away on the east is Sliemish, a mountain upon which St. Patrick lived as a shepherd for several years after he first came to Ireland. Near Sliemish is a Druid's altar of much impressiveness.

Traveling between Ballymena and Ballymoney on a train bound for Portrush, I often broke the rules of the Irish railways by thrust-

A Bit of Coast in North Ireland.

ing my head far out of the window of my compartment, where I had been some time alone, to see some interesting bit of scenery or some unusual sight along the way. I noticed that another head was often outside of another window in the compartment adjoining mine. I did not even suspect that my neighbor might be a fellow-countryman until at the little station of Glaryford, where the railroad crosses the River Clogh, I heard him with a keen Yankee voice comment upon a bit of scenery against the grassy hillside. Then I spoke. Within five minutes he had transferred his handbaggage to my compartment, and we were talking like old friends. "Look at me!" said he, standing up. "I'm actually one-sided from riding in a jaunting-car so much. But I've seen it all, sir, actually *all* in south Ireland!" We talked together, comparing notes, until we reached the northern coast, when we separated to meet again the next day and remain together during a tour of Scotland. He was a New Yorker, a Master of Arts of Yale, and his greatest pleasure was found in joking with the railroad officials and country peasants, and playing upon the pianos at the hotels and

charming all the many who stopped to hear his music. As we sailed away from Ireland he assured me that while he had traveled extensively he knew of no country comparable to Ireland in the rare beauty of its scenery or in the kindness of its people. Whenever we came in contact with American tourists in Scotland, which was frequent, I overheard him advising them to include Ireland in their itinerary. I mention these facts only to show how all Americans are impressed with Ireland after having traveled through its interior.

Passing Ballymoney, we were soon nearing the end of our day's journey. The country about us was beautiful. Rich meadows lay on every hand, with the River Bann down on our left, flowing placidly down to the ocean. In the western distance were round grass-covered mountains that reeked with greenness. Turning due north at Coleraine, a prosperous little city of very early foundation, we soon came in sight of the ocean. Ah! how it gleamed and glittered in the light of the summer sun! How blue, and pure, and tender it appeared, begirt with green shores and beset with emerald islands!

We left the train at Portrush, a clean, new town on the coast which is rapidly becoming the most popular seaside resort in Ireland. Every day in summer crowds come over the railroads to bathe in the ocean, stroll along the coast, and play golf on the Portrush links. On that day there were many visitors in the town, all of prosperous-looking people. Among them were many children who came to bathe in the ocean. They undressed among the rocks upon the sands, got into a slip of a garment, and waded out into the water where they enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

An electric line runs from Portrush eastwardly along the coast to the Giant's Causeway, eight miles away. It was a particularly bright afternoon when I made the trip. We ran instantly out into the green meadows, rich with all kinds of summer bloom. The golf links, stretching along the coast, were swarming with players, as, I was informed, was the case almost every agreeable day in summer. They are the best links in Ireland, and so far as scenery goes perhaps the most happily situated links in the United Kingdom. For here begins a view of sea-coast which for genuine

beauty and grandeur is acknowledged to be one of the most charming in the world.

As we glided to the top of a smooth green hill and began descending on the other side the beauty of it all dawned upon me. The richness of the country was remarkable. On our left was the sea, densely blue in the summer haze, and on our right, towards the south, was an undulating country of meadows and fields — the picture of pastoral peace. Five miles away, in front, arose the mighty cliffs at whose base lay one of the wonders of the world. Down through meadow and orchard and daisy-flecked field we went, turning now here, now there, while the rich sweetness of summer blossoms and new-mown hay was swept in to us from the fields.

The car men had talked with me in Portrush before we started, and they had agreed to point out to me the places of interest and stop the car for me to get some of the prettiest views. On the way the man who handled the trolley and collected the fares, known in America as the conductor, came around and talked with me about himself and his work. He and the driver were stout fellows with pleasant faces

and genial manners. The driver was paid twenty-five shillings a week for his work, and the conductor fifteen shillings, equivalent to $25 and $15 a month, American money. It is scarcely a wonder that they both were anxious for me to procure jobs for them in the United States.

About four miles east of Portrush we came opposite the ruins of Dunluce Castle, a vast pile of gray turrets, walls and towers, built on the summits of jagged and precipitate masses of rock arising from the ocean a hundred feet below. These ruins are picturesque in the extreme. The rocks upon which the castle is built are connected with the shore by a narrow wall only eighteen inches in thickness which was built in the place of a former drawbridge. When the castle was in use it must have been quite impossible for an enemy to take it or even to reach it at all except by crossing the drawbridge.

In one of the chambers of the gray old castle a Banshee is said still to reside. The older and more superstitious folk in that region are confident that she makes her home among these ancient and gloomy ruins, else why is it that

the chamber is always kept swept so clean, and why is it that one can hear on stormy nights her wail arising above the sound of the waves which beat against the cavern walls underneath the castle rock?

One of the rooms of the castle is suspended in the air, being held in position only by connection with the rest of the structure. That portion of the rock upon which it was built has fallen into the sea. There was a similar happening in 1639 when the Marchioness of Buckingham was entertaining guests in the castle. It was a stormy night, and the waves boomed outside against the cliffs, but those within felt snug and secure. However, late in the night a portion of the cliff gave way and precipitated one of the apartments adjoining the kitchen into the waves. Eight servants who were sleeping therein went down into the sea with the stones.

Though there is lack of definite data, it is thought that Dunluce Castle was built by the McQuillans about 1550. For several centuries its history was replete with romance and tragedy.

The day when I saw the castle the sun streamed down upon it softly, the waves below

Dunluce Castle. – Near the Giant's Causeway.

were gentle, and all along the grassy tops of the cliffs summer daisies were growing and birds were building their nests in the ruined walls.

Two miles east of Dunluce is the old village of Bush Mills, a pretty rural town of about a thousand inhabitants, situated in the midst of a country of grass and grain. The Bush River, upon which it is situated, is a fine stream which turns the wheels of factories and furnishes good fishing.

Making a sharp turn at Bush Mills and proceeding northeast through the green fields and along the rolling hills, one soon reaches the end of the tramway line where he alights and walks up the hill to the tourists' hotel.

The first evening after my arrival I ate supper in a dining-room overlooking the sea, attended by Swiss waiters and entertained by an old German professor who had come hither with his *Frau* to recuperate after a hard winter's lecturing in one of the universities.

After supper I set out alone to explore the Causeway. I fought off all proffers from guides, for I was determined that this evening should be one of quiet enjoyment of nature.

Descending a long and in some places steep decline, I at last found myself almost on a level with the sea. Here my walk abruptly ended until I produced the sixpence which was required of me before I could be admitted through the turnstile.

"The rocks are wet," said the old gate-keeper. "See that ye keep a firm step over the smooth stones, else we might have to come after ye in a wheelbarrow. But jist go where ye will and enjoy yourself to the utmost."

In ten minutes more I had seen the Giant's Causeway. I hardly knew what to think of it at all. This was one of the world's great wonders, but to me there was nothing sublime there. No lump came into my throat, and no tears into my eyes. I must confess that I was disappointed. I had seen pictures of the Causeway in school geographies when a child, and I expected to see here some of those gigantic masses of rocks and stormy waves. But the sea was rippling quietly on the shore, and the stones of the Causeway were small indeed. Yet there was something remarkable there unlike anything which I had seen before. There spread out before me were forty thousand pil-

lars of stone, all apparently about twenty inches in diameter, and with a few exceptions all having five or six sides, cut with an exactness approximating a geometrical figure. These pillars, they say, are jointed like bamboo, the sections having a convex base and a concave top. The columns are down on the shore only a few feet above the level of the sea. One may walk around on the tops of the stones where he pleases and make such observations as suits him — wondering the while how it was that Dame Nature should ever have thought of effecting such a freak as this.

After wandering around for some time upon the Causeway stones, I went up and sat on a bench with the keeper and several of his visitors, possibly neighbors of his who had come to look out over the sea, tell stories, and while away the twilight hours. Among them was a Scotch-Irishman of above middle age who talked to me for some time about the Land Act of 1903. He himself had purchased a small farm under this act, paying for it with money borrowed from the Government. He was glad indeed to get from under the thumb of the landlord. He felt now like a free man.

"Now," said he, "I have no more dealings with the landlord than I do with the devil," adding after some thought, "possibly not quite so much." The man was what might be called an uneducated small farmer, though he had good sense and was above the average in powers of conversation. He talked most sensible of Ireland and her problems, choosing rather the Scotch-Irish view of the matter, though he was decidedly democratic in spirit. He would have made a successful farmer in America or a shrewd man of business.

An old woman was seated on a bench near by. She had begun talking to me when I first came in sight, and had kept up her conversation as best she could all the time I sat there. She appeared to be real Irish, and her manner of expression was that of the South. Och! no, I did not have to tell her I was an American. She knew it as soon as I came in sight. She could tell Americans as far as she could see them. Possibly there was some peculiarity in their dress, but it was most of all their quickness and the business-like manner in which they went about everything, even the exploration of the Causeway. They lost

no time in anything except the pronunciation of their words and the formation of their sentences. She could not understand this exactly, but she was certain the Irish were much quicker of speech. But how she did like the Americans! They were so cordial and so kind. And she had many friends in the United States. She was sure it must be a "grate counthry."

And the little group continued to talk to me about Ireland, its affairs and its traditions.

Did I see that green island lying out there in the ocean? One of those sitting by asked me. Well, far out beyond it were the many islands off the western coast of Scotland. One of them was the isle of Staffa, and upon it, down on a level with the sea, was Fingal's Cave. Though the nearest Scotch island was scarce thirty miles across the North Channel, yet Staffa was ninety miles away on the north. At one time many, many years ago the Giant's Causeway extended from these cliffs where we sat to Staffa. Any one might be able to see that it had been built by giants. Only giants could hew and handle those mighty stones. The building of it came about in this wise:

Fin MacCoul had for many years been the champion of all Ireland. Not another giant in the country, and there were many, had ever dared openly to oppose him in anything. But over in Scotland there was one great fellow, Benandonner, who was most insolent in the messages which he constantly sent over to Fin. He just wanted to see Fin once and give him a drubbing that he would not soon forget. Only it was winter, and the water was cold, and he did not care to swim over. Fin applied to the king for permission to construct a causeway connecting the two countries, in order that the Scotchman might have no excuse for not coming. The king gave his permission — he was not unused to allowing Fin to have his way in most things — and the Irishman, who was a rapid workman, lost no time in completing the causeway across to Scotland. The Scotch giant reluctantly came over, but he had no sooner planted his feet on Ulster soil than Fin gave him a beating that left him black and blue for many a day. But, like all true Irishmen, Fin was generous and kind, and he gave Benandonner permission to marry and settle in Ireland. This the Scotch giant was glad

to do, being that Scotland is such a poor country to live in anyway, and everybody knows that Ireland is the best country in the world.

After the giants died the causeway went into disuse and gradually sank beneath the waves. Only portions of it might now be seen — at either end and on the coast of Rathlin Island.

Beetling above us were a number of tall slender rocks known as the Chimney-tops. In Elizabeth's time these rocks were battered by cannon-balls from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada whose crew mistook them for the turrets of Dunluce Castle. Thus losing its bearings, and the night being stormy, the ship went down on the rocks in that bay before us. It was now known as Port-na-Spania. Casks of gold were rolled in on the shore by the waves, and they say that the rocks are stained with Spanish wine even to this day. Many years later the skeletons of the lost Spaniards could now and then be found; and sometimes a skull laced up in armor would come in, with death laughing through the chattering jaws.

The sun was nearing the ocean which lay quietly before us. The air was full of the fresh odors of the sea and the bloom of summer

flowers on the cliffs. I left the little company there in the quiet of the approaching twilight, and walked up the path along the cliffs. As I went on I got higher and higher above the sea. The scenery grew wilder and the prospects became mightier. In some places the path along the cliffs was cut around boulders or made to hang over dizzy precipices. It was only after I had climbed these heights that I fully understood why the Giant's Causeway is so popular with those who love the beautiful and the wonderful in nature. That marvelous floor of polished hexagons down near the waves perhaps attracted many to the place that they might study the strange formations in stone, but it was these mighty cliffs, reaching from the sea up to dizzy heights that added a touch of the sublime which once having been seen can never be forgotten.

More and more beautiful grew the wide-stretched sea, purpler grew the cliffs, and tenderer the sky. Onward and upward still I went until at last I reached the summit. Before me were no rocky mountain-sides or wastes of stone. Instead, there were meadows flecked with daisies and primroses; and coun-

Photo by Plummer F. Jones.

Sunset at the Giant's Causeway.

try lanes, enclosed with hawthorn hedges, stretched into the hazy distance of this day of June.

The linnets were singing their evening songs; sweet odors of sod-blossoms and new-mown hay filled the summer air. Far, far out, stretching away from the foot of these giant cliffs, the sea lay, dimpled like some inland lake.

And oh! the glory that filled the sky when the sun sank into the sea! I thought it was worth crossing the ocean only to sit there for an hour upon the sward of matted shamrocks at the top of the beetling heights, with the ocean sleeping at its feet, and watch the blazing red change to gold, and the gold to saffron, and the saffron to pink, — and opaline, and gray, and somber lead — and the evening star and the crescent moon of an Irish summer night.

THE END

INDEX

PAGE

Adrian IV, Pope 93
Aghamarta Castle 14
Agriculture and Technical Instruction, Board of . . . 299
Aherlow, Valley of 95
Ailbe, Saint 109
"Alien" Ireland 218
"Alien of the West, An" 250
Anglo-Normans in Ireland . . . . . 93 *seq.*, 156
Annahkeen Castle, near Galway 187
Anne's, St., Church, in Cork 34
Antrim County 152, 241
Aristocracy, Irish . . . . . 218 *seq.*
Arklow, Famous Woods Near 121
Armada, The Spanish, at the Giant's Causeway 331
Athlone, Garrison Town of Central Ireland 198
Auburn, "The Deserted Village" . . . . . 205 *seq.*
Austin, Alfred, Description of Killarney 82

Ballaghkeeran Village, Near Auburn 203
Ballycuirke Lough 191
Ballycurrin Castle, near Galway 187
Ballyhoura Hills in South Ireland 95, 119
Ballykeel Moat, Near Ballymena, in County Antrim . . 318
Ballymena, a Flax-Manufacturing Town in County Antrim 318
Ballymoney, a Market Town in County Antrim . 278, 279, 318
Bann, River, in County Antrim 253, 320
Banshee, The, Ireland's Greatest "Spirit" . 135, 136, 315, 323

PAGE

Barr, Saint Finn, the Founder of Cork 31
Bars, Irish, The Frequency of 236
Bars, Irish, The Luxuriancy of 96
Beaconsfield's, Lord, Speech on Ireland 3
Beggars, Irish, The Importunities of 38
Belfast, the Largest City of Ireland 21, 152, 253
Benandonner, The Giant 330
Black Head, on Galway Bay 181
Black Rock Castle on the River Lee 14
Blackwater River in South Ireland 308
Blackwater Valley 94
Blarney Castle . . . . . 43 *seq.*
Blarney Lake 46
Blarney Stone, The 30, 44, 48
Blarney, The Groves of 53
Blarney Village 30, 41, 43
Blood, Irish, Mixed 231
Boglands of Galway 163
Boyne, Battle of the 252, 258
Brefni, Lord, or Chief of 92
Brian Boru 92, 254
Bridget, Saint 149
Bruce, Edward, Crowned King of Ireland 252
Buchanan, James, a Scotch-Irishman 281
Buckingham, Marchioness of, at Dunluce Castle . . . 324
Bush Mills, in Antrim, near the Giant's Causeway . . . 325

Calhoun, John C., a Scotch-Irishman 281
Cashel, City of, in County Tipperary 103, 107, 108
Cashel, Rock of 103, 106, 108
Catholic Church, The 232, 241
Causeway, The Giant's, in County Antrim 321
Caxton's History 317
Celtic Revival of Literature, The 248

PAGE

Cenn-gecan, an Early King of Munster 117
Censuses of Ireland . . . . . 284 *seq.*
Characteristics of the North and the South Irish . . . 263
Charleville, Town of 95
Chimney-Tops, The, at the Giant's Causeway 331
Church Life, Irish 240
"City of the Violated Treaty, The" 146
Claddagh, The, Part of Galway City 175
Clancarty, The Lords of 45
Clare, County 61
Clare, Richard of, Known as "Strongbow" 93
Classes, The Two Irish 218, 231
Clericaune, The, an Irish Spook 133
Clonakilty, on the South Irish Coast 5
Clonmel, The Church of, near Queenstown 14
Clontarf, Battle of 92, 254
Cloyne, Village and Tower of 14
Coleraine, a Town of North Ireland 320
Comeragh Mountains in South Ireland 118
Commerce with Southern Europe, Galway's 157
Congested Districts Board 90, 126
Congregationalists, The 241
Connaught, The Province of 92
Connemara, The Western Portion of County Galway . 156, 232
Constabulary, The Irish 69
Corcach, The Old Name of Cork 33
Corc, Son of Loo-ee 105
Cordiality of Galway People 173
Cork Harbor 15
Cork, The Ancient City of 19, 25, 31
Cormac MacCarthy 45, 110
Cormac's Chapel, on the Rock of Cashel 109
Corrib, Lough 175
Country Church, The Irish 241

PAGE

Courtmacsherry Bay 5
Courtship, Irish Method of . . . . . 225 *seq.*
Cove of Cork 10
Creagh, Archbishop 110
Creameries 100
Cromlechs, Remains of Early Inhabitants 13, 105
Cromwell, Oliver 293
Cromwell's Armies at Killarney 80
Crops of Ireland, The . . . . . 304 *seq.*
Crow, The Irish 75

Danes in Ireland 32, 91
Dan, Father 226
Danish Raths 203
Declan, Saint 109
Decrease in Population 269, 282, 286
Denominational Statistics 264
Dense Forests of Early Ireland 104
Description of Ireland, General 284
Deserted Village, The . . . . . 205 *seq.*
Devil's Bit Mountains 116
Devonshire, Duke and Duchess of 94
Devorgilla, Wife of the Chief of Brefni 92
Disestablishment of the Irish Church 265
Divisions of Ireland, The Four 254
Doneraile Park 95
Doordry 105
Down, County 21, 241, 252
Downpatrick, Burial-Place of St. Patrick 21
Drake, Sir Francis 14
Drake's Pool, near Cork Harbor 14
Drink Bill, Ireland's Great 98
Drinking in Ireland 96
Drogheda, Siege Town, North of Dublin 252

PAGE

Dromineer Castle 187
Druidical Remains 318
Druidism, Religion of 105
Druids, in Early Ireland 13, 20
Dublin City 252
Dundalk 252
Dundrum, Railway Station in the Golden Vale 144
Dunloe, Gap of, at Killarney 63
Dunluce Castle, on the Northern Coast . . . . . 323 *seq.*
Dunraven, The Earl of, a Reformer 298, 311
Durmot MacMurragh 92

Eagle's Nest, at Killarney 63
Early Ireland 104, 178, 179
Elizabeth, Queen 255
England's Conquest of Ireland . . . . . 91 *seq.*
Ennis, a Town in County Clare 232
Episcopalians, The 241, 264
Erne River 308

"Faerie Queene, The" 95
Fairies, Irish Belief in . . . . . 129 *seq.*, 203
Fairs, Irish . . . . . 237 *seq.*
Famine, The Potato 11, 286
Father Matthew 97
Fear of the Peasantry, The Gentry's 233
Fenian Revolt 233
Fights on Hiring and Market Days 121
Fingal's Cave 329
Finian, Saint, Founder of Innisfallen Abbey 81
Fin MacCoul, the Giant 330
Finn Barr, Saint, Founder of Cork 31
Fitzgeralds, The 13
Fitz-Stephen, James Lynch 180

PAGE

Fitz-Stephen, Robert 93
"Five Years in Ireland," McCarthy 271
Flax Manufacture 253
Fuel, Peat or Turf Used for 168
Funerals, Irish . . . . . 242 *seq.*

Gabhul 21
Gaelic League 90, 239, 309
Gaelic Tongue 131, 242, 244
Galley Head 5
Galway City . . . . . 154 *seq.*, 178
Galway County, Fences of 162
Galty Mountains 95, 119
Geese, Strings of 73
Giant's Causeway, The . . . . . 321 *seq.*
Glandore Harbor 5
Glaryford, in County Antrim 319
Glassan, "The Village of Roses" 204
Glena Wood 82
Golden Bridge 140
Golden Vale of Tipperary 87, 95, 114, 119, 125, 289
Golden, Village of 140
Goldsmith, Oliver 206
Goldsmith's Deserted Village . . . . . 205 *seq.*
Goldsmith, The Rev. Charles 206
Goold's Cross 103
Grattan 149
Groves of Blarney, The 53
Gwynn, Stephen 127, 272

Hearth-Money Collectors' Census 285
Henry II of England 93, 156
Hibernia 20
Hiring Day in Ireland 119, 241

PAGE

Homes, Neglected in Ireland 127, 235
Home Rule 88, 258
Home Rule, Scotch View of 88
Hore Abbey, at Cashel 116
Hospitality, Irish 52

Imokilly, Seneschals of 13
Inchacommaun 187
Inchiquin 187
Industries of the North 263
Inishmicatreer 187
Inishmore 181
Innisfallen, Annals of 81
Innisfallen, Island and Abbey 80
Interiors of Irish Homes 291
Intolerance of Protestants 262
Ireland, Area of 284
"Ireland at the Cross-Roads," by Filson Young 220, 251, 266
"Ireland Industrial and Agricultural," by Coyne. . . . 251
"Ireland in the New Century," by Sir Horace Plunkett 250, 275
Irish Church, The 264
Irish in America, The 298
Irish Pronunciation and Speech 223
Irish Type, The 219, 222
Irish View of England 153

Jackson, Andrew 281
Jackson, General "Stonewall" 281
Jackson, Miss, Relative of Stonewall Jackson 232
James I of England 255
James II of England 258
Jarconnaught 175, 190
Jaunting-Car, The Irish 12
Jeffreys, Sir James 46

PAGE

Jews in Ireland 241
John, King of England 94

Keen and Keeners, The 244
Kenmare, Earl of, and Estate 67
Kerry County 58
Kerry County, Decrease in Population 125
Kildare, Earl of 110
Killarn 105
Killarney, Lakes and Mountains of 62
Killarney Town 58, 61
Kilcolman Castle 95
Kilkenny-West, Charles Goldsmith made Rector of . . 210
Kilkenny-West, Pinnacle of 205
Killaloe 188
Kinsale, Old Head of 5
Kinvarra 188
Kippeen, a Staff for Fighting 121
Knockdrin Castle 187
Knockgraffon, Moat of 139

Land Acts 294
Land Bill of 1903 . . . . . 294, 327
Leane, Lough 63
Lee, River 14
Lee, Valley of the 55
Leinster Province 92
Leprahawn, The 133, 203
Limerick, County 95
Limerick County, Decrease in Population of 125
Limerick Junction 95
Limerick, The Ancient Siege City 95
Lisburn 253
Lisdoonvarna 188

PAGE

Lismore, Village and Castle 94
Lissoy, The "Deserted Village" 205
Longford County 210
Low-back Cars 41
Lynch, Hannah 228
Lynch's Castle 180
Lurgan 253

MacCarthy, Cormac 45, 110
MacCarvill, David 116
MacCoul, Fin, The Giant 330
MacCulinan, Cormac 110
MacGillicuddy Reeks, at Killarney 63
Mahony, Francis S., The Poet 54
Mallow Junction 61, 94
Mary, Castle 13
Mass, Sunday 241
Matthew, Father Theobald 97
McCarthy, Justin 92
McCarthy, Michael J. F. 128, 270
McKinley's, President, Ancestral Home 280
McMurragh, Dermot 92
McQuillans, The, Builders of Dunluce Castle 324
Meeting of the Waters, Killarney 63
Methodists, The 241, 264
Mildwin O'Donoghue 81
Millikin, Richard Alfred, The Poet 53
Monoghan County 152
Montaigne, Earl of 94
Moore, Thomas 82
Moryson's Census 285
Moycullen, in Galway 175
Moyne 187
Muckross Abbey, at Killarney 80

PAGE

Muckross Lake, at Killarney 63
Munster, The Province of 45, 88, 92, 269, 270
Muskerry, The Lords of 45
"My New Curate," by Father Dan 226

Natfraitch, King 117
National Schools 151, 204, 240, 272, 309
Neagh, Lough 314
Neglected Homes in Ireland 127, 235
Newry, a City of County Down 253
Newspapers, Irish 25
Norman Conquest of Ireland 91

O'Brien, Donald 110
O'Briens, The 13
O'Connor, Hon. T. P. 98, 261, 269
Occupations of the Irish People 289
O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel 255
O'Donoghues, The 80
Oengus, Patrick's First Convert in South Ireland 109, 116, 117
O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone 255
O'Neils, The, of Ulster . . . . . 314 *seq.*
Orangemen, Society of 257
Oranmore 188
Origin of Lynching 180

Pallas, the Birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith 210
Parnell 149
Partial Character of the Norman Conquest 94
Pasturage Supersedes Tillage 282
Patrick, Saint 20, 109, 149, 318
Peasant Woman, The Irish . . . . . 234 *seq.*
Peasant Woman, The Irish, Her Duties . . . . . 236 *seq.*

PAGE

Peat-Cutting in Galway . . . . . 164 *seq.*
Penn, William 14
Petty, Sir William, Census of 285
"Pigeons, The" 210, 215
Pinnacle of Kilkenny-West, The 205
Plantation of Ulster, The 255, 266
Plunkett, Sir Horace 250, 275, 311
Politics, Irish Interest in 161
Pooka, The 135
Pope Adrian IV 93
Population of Ireland 11, 284
Portadown 253
Port-na-Spania 331
Portrush, in County Antrim 152, 321
Potato in Ireland, The 305
Presbyterians, The Irish 241, 264, 265
Presbyterians, The Irish, Thrift of 275
Pride, Irish . . . . . 228 *seq.*
"Priests and People in Ireland," by Michael McCarthy . 271
Protestant Ireland . . . . . 255 *seq.*
Prout, Father, Francis S. Mahony, The Poet 35, 54
Pyne, Sir Richard 45

Queenstown 1, 10
Queenstown Harbor 6, 7
Question, The Irish 57, 288

Railway Stations, Irish 96
Railway Travel, The Three Classes of 17
Rathlin Island 331
Raths, Peopled with Fairies 113, 203
Red Hand, The Armorial Ensign of Ulster 314
Ree, Lough 199
Richard of Clare 93

PAGE

Roads, Irish 55, 224, 304
"Rock-Close, The Sweet," at Blarney 53
Rock of Cashel, The 103, 116
"Rome in Ireland," by Michael McCarthy 271, 278
Ross Abbey 187
Ross Carberry Bay 5
Ross Castle 79
Rostellan Castle 13
Round Towers, Irish . . . . . 111 *seq.*

Sadness, Irish, Due to Climate 58
Scotch-Irish, The 256
Scotch View of Home Rule 88
Scott, Sir Walter 52
"Seething Pot, The" 250
Seven Heads 5
Shandon Bells, The 34
Shane's Castle in County Antrim 315
Shannon, The River 198, 308
Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, The 87, 234, 279
Shillalah, the Weapon Used in Factional Fights 121
Sliemish Mountain 318
Slieve-na-Muck Hills 100
Spaniards in Ireland . . . . . 155 *seq.*, 179
Spenser, Edmund and His Home 95
Sports in Ireland, Sunday 241
Staffa, Island of 329
Stagnation in Agriculture 287
St. Anne's Church, Cork 34
Stevenson, Robert Louis 81
St. Nicholas' Church, Galway 195
Stonewall Jackson 281
Stonewall Jackson's Relative 234
"Strongbow," Richard of Clare 93, 156

PAGE

Suir, The River 140, 308

Tillage Superseded by Pasturage 282
Tipperary County, Decrease in Population of 124
Tipperary, Golden Vale of 87
Tipperary, Town of 99
Titled Aristocrats 220
"To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," by Gwynn . 127, 250, 272
Torc Lake, Killarney 63
Total Abstinence Society 97
Towers, Irish Round . . . . . 111 *seq.*
Trains, Irish 247
"Tribes of Galway, The" 156
Turf-Cutting in Galway . . . . . 164 *seq.*
Turf-Sellers 65

Ulster, Province of 89, 92, 255, 314
University of Paris 91
University of Virginia 223
Unthrift, Irish 229

Village of Roses, The 204

Wages of Farm Hands 303
Wakes, Irish . . . . . 242 *seq.*
Warden of Galway, The 180
Waterford, The City of 99
Wattle, a Weapon Used in Fighting 121
Weir Bridge, Killarney 63
Wexford, Taken by English 93
Wicklow County, Woods of 121
Wild Animals and Birds, Early Irish 104
William and Mary College in Virginia 223
William III, Signed Charter of "City of Cashel" . . . 140

PAGE
William of Orange 257
Wolfe, Rev. Charles 14
Women of Ireland . . . . . 218 *seq.*

Yeats, An Irish Poet 81